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# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## SCENERY AND A SCENE.

Truth is no Doctoresse; she takes no degrés at Paris or Oxford, amongst great clerks, disputants, subtle Aristotles, men *notori ingenii*, able to take Lully by the chin; but oftentimes, to such an one as myself, an *Idiota* or common person, no great things, melancholizing in woods where waters are, quiet places by rivers, fountains; whereas the silly man, expecting no such matter, thinketh only how best to delectate and refresh his mynde continually with nature, her pleasaunt scenes, woods, waterfalls; on a sudden the Goddess herself, Truth, has appeared with a shining light and a sparkling countenance, so ~~as~~ ye may not be able lightly to resist her."—BURTON.

" Ever thus  
Drop from us treasures one by one;  
They who have been from youth with us  
Whose every look, whose every tone,  
Is linked to us, like leaves to flowers—  
They who have shared our pleasant hour  
Whose voices, so familiar growth,  
They almost seem to us our own—  
The echoes of each breath of ours—  
They who have ever been our pride,  
Yet in their hours of triumph dearest—  
They whom we must have known and tried,  
And loved the most when tried the nearest—  
They pass from us, like stars that wane,  
The brightest still before,  
Or gold links broken from a chain  
That can be join'd no more."



WILLIS.

JOB SMITH and myself were on the return from Niagara. It was in the slumberous and leafy midst of June. Lake Erie had lain with a silver glaze upon its bosom for days;—the ragged trees upon its green shore dropping their branches into the stirless water, as if it were some rigid imitation—the lake glass, and the leaves emerald;—the sky was of an April blue, as if a night-rain had washed out its milkiness, till you could see through its clarified depths to the gates of heaven; and yet breathless and sunny as was the face of the earth, there was a nerve and a vitality in the air that exacted of every pulse its full compass, and searched every pore for its capacity of the joy of existence.

No one can conceive, who has not had his imagination stretched at the foot of Niagara, or in the Titanic solitudes of the west, the vastness of the unbroken phases of nature;—where every tree looks a king, and every flower a marvel of glorious form, and colour—where the rocks are rent every one as by the "tenth" thunderbolt—and lake, mountain or river, ravine or waterfall, cave or eagle's nest, whatever it may be that feeds the eye or the fancy, is as the elements have shaped and left it—where the sculpture, and the painting, and the poetry, and the wonderful alchymy of nature go on under the naked eye of the Almighty, and by His own visible and uninterrupted hand, and where the music of

nature, from the anthem of the torrent and storm, broken only by the scream of the vulture, to the trill of the rivulet with its accompaniment of singing birds and winds, is for ever ringing its changes as if for the stars to hear—in such scenes, I say, and in such scenes only, is the imagination overtaken or stretched to the capacity of a seraph's; and while common minds sink beneath them to the mere inanition of their animal senses, the loftier spirit takes their colour and stature, and outgrows the common and pitiful standards of the world. ~~Leatherstocking~~ and Leatherstocking thus became what they are—the one a high ~~poet~~ imagination and poetry, and the other a simple-hearted but mere creature of instinct; and Cooper is no more a living man, liable to the common laws of human nature, than Leatherstocking a true and life-like transcript of the more common effects of those overpowering solitudes on the character.

We got on board the canal-boat at noon, and Job and myself seated on the well-cushioned seats, with the blinds half turned to give us the prospect and exclude the sun, sat disputing in our usual amicable way. He was the only man I ever knew with whom I could argue without losing my temper; and the reason was, that I always had the last word, and thought myself victorious.

"We are about to return into the bosom of society, my dear Job," said I, looking with unctuous good nature on the well-shaped boot I had put on for the first time in a month that morning. (It is an unsentimental fact that hob-nailed shoes are indispensable on the most poetical spots of earth).

"Yes," said Job; "but how superior is the society we leave behind! Niagara and Erie! What in your crowded city is comparable to these?"

"Nothing, for size!—but for society—you will think me a Pagan, dear chum,—but, on my honour, straight from Niagara as I come, I feel a most dissatisfied yearning for the society of Miss Popkins!"

"Oh, Phil!"

"On my honour!"

"You, who were in such raptures at the Falls!"

"And real ones—but I wanted a woman at my elbow to listen to them. Do you know, Job, I have made up my mind on a great principle since we have been on our travels. Have you observed that I was pensive?"

"Not particularly—but what is your principle?"

"That a man is a much more interesting object than a mountain."

"A man! did you say?"

"Yes—but I meant a woman!"

"I don't think so."

"I do!—and I judge by myself. When did I ever see wonder of nature—tree, sunset, waterfall, rapid, lake or river,—that I would not rather have been talking to a woman the while? Do you remember the three days we were tramping through the forest without seeing the sun, as if we had been in the endless aisle of a cathedral? Do you remember the long morning when we lay on the moss at the foot of Niagara, and it was a divine luxury only to breathe? Do you remember the lunar rainbows at midnight on Goat Island? Do you remember the ten thousand glorious moments we have enjoyed between weather and scenery since the bursting of these summer-leaves? Do you?"

"Certainly, my dear boy!"

"Well, then, much as I love nature and you, there has not been an hour since we packed our knapsacks, that, if I could have distilled a charming girl out of a mixture of you and any mountain, river, or rock that I have seen, I would not have flung you, without remorse, into any witch's cauldron that was large enough, and would boil at my bidding."

"Monster!"

"And I believe I should have the same feelings in Italy or Greece, or wherever people go into raptures with things you can neither eat nor make love to."

"Would not even the Venus fill your fancy for a day?"

"An hour, perhaps, it might; for I should be studying, in its cold Parian proportions, the warm structure of some living Musidora—but I should soon tire of it, and long for my lunch or my love; and I give you my honour I would not lose the three meals of a single day to see Santa Croce and St. Peter's."

"Both?"

"Both."

Job either thought I was quizzing (which I was not) or disdained to argue against such a want of sentimental principle, and, pulling up the blind, he fixed his eyes on the slowly gliding panorama of rock and forest, and I mounted for a promenade upon the deck.

Mephistophes could hardly have found a more striking amusement for Faust than the passage of three hundred miles in the canal from lake Erie to the Hudson. As I walked up and down the deck of the packet-boat, I thought to myself, that if it were not for thoughts of things that come more home to one's "business and bosom" (particularly "bosom"), I could be content to retake my birth at Schenectady, and return to Buffalo for amusement. The Erie canal-boat is a long and very pretty drawing-room afloat. It has a library, sofas, a tolerable cook, curtains or Venetian blinds, a civil captain, and no smell of steam or perceptible motion. It is drawn generally by three horses at a fair trot, and gets you through about a hundred miles a day as softly as if you were witch'd over the ground by Puck and Mustard-seed. The company (say fifty people) is such as pleases heaven; though I must say (with my eye all along the shore, collecting the various dear friends I have made and left on that long canal) there are few highways on which you will meet so many lovely and loving fellow-passengers. On this occasion my star was bankrupt—Job Smith being my only civilized companion, and I was left to the unsatisfactory society of my own thoughts and the scenery.

Discontented as I may seem to have been, I remember, through eight or ten years of stirring and thickly-sown manhood, every moment of that lonely evening. I remember the progression of the sunset, from the lengthening shadows and the first gold upon the clouds, to the deepening twilight and the new-sprung star hung over the wilderness. And I remember what I am going to describe—a twilight anthem in the forest—as you remember an air of Rossini's, or a transition in the half-fiendish, half-heavenly creations of Meyerbeer. I thought time dragged heavily then, but I wish I had as light a heart and could feel as vividly now!



### *Scenery and a Scene.*

The Erie canal is cut through a hundred or two miles through the heart of the primeval wilderness of America, and the boat was gliding on silently and swiftly, and never sailed a lost cloud through the abysses of space on a course more apparently new and untrodden. The luxuriant soil had sent up a rank-grass that covered the horse-path like velvet; the Erie water was clear as a brook in the winding canal; the old shafts of the gigantic forest spurred into the sky by thousands, and the yet unscared eagle swung off from the dead branch of the pine, and skimmed the tree-tops for another perch, as if he had grown to believe that gliding spectre a harmless phenomenon of nature. The horses drew steadily and unheard at the end of the long line; the steersman stood motionless at the tiller, and I lay on a heap of baggage in the prow, attentive to the slightest breathing of nature, but thinking, with an ache at my heart, of Edith Linsey, to whose feet (did I mention it?) I was hastening with a lover's proper impatience. I might as well have taken another turn in my "fool's paradise."

The gold of the sunset had glided up the dark pine tops and disappeared, like a ring taken slowly from an Ethiop's finger; the whip-poor-will had chanted the first stave of his lament; the bat was abroad, and the screech-owl, like all bad singers, commenced without waiting to be importuned, though we were listening for the nightingale. The air, as I said before, had been all day breathless; but as the first chill of evening displaced the warm atmosphere of the departed sun, a slight breeze crisped the mirrored bosom of the canal, and then commenced the night anthem of the forest, audible, I would fain believe, in its soothing changes, by the dead tribes whose bones whiten amid the perishing leaves. First, whisperingly yet articulately, the suspended and wavering foliage of the birch was touched by the many-fingered wind, and, like a faint prelude, the silver-lined leaves rustled in the low branches, and, with a moment's pause, when you could hear the moving of the vulture's claws upon the bark, as he turned to get his breast to the wind, the increasing breeze swept into the pine-tops, and drew forth from their fringe-like and myriad tassels a low monotone like the refrain of a far-off dirge; and still as it murmured (seeming to you sometimes like the confused and heart-broken responses of the penitents on a cathedral floor), the blast strengthened and filled, and the rigid leaves of the oak, and the swaying fans and chalices of the magnolia, and the rich cups of the tulip trees stirred and answered with their different voices like many-toned harps, and when the wind was fully abroad, and every moving thing on the breast of the earth was roused from its daylight repose, the irregular and capricious blast, like a player on an organ of a thousand stops, lulled and strengthened by turns, and from the hiss in the rank grass, low as the whisper of fairies, to the thunder of the impinging and groaning branches of the larch and the fir, the anthem went ceaselessly through its changes, and the harmony, (though the owl broke in with his scream, and though the over-blown monarch of the wood came crashing to the earth,) was still perfect and without a jar. It is strange that there is no sound of nature out of tune. The roar of the waterfall comes into this anthem of the forest like an accompaniment of bassoons, and the occasional bark of the wolf, or the scream of a night-bird, or even the deep-throated croak of the frog, is no more discordant than the out-burst of an octave flute above the even melody of an orchestra; and it is surprising how the large rain-drops, pattering

on the leaves, and the small voice of the nightingale (singing like nothing but himself, sweetest in the darkness) seems an intensive and a low burthen to the general anthem of the earth—as it were a single voice among instruments.

I had what Wordsworth calls a “*couchant ear*” in my youth, and my story will wait, dear reader, while I tell you of another harmony that I learned to love in the wilderness.

There will come sometimes in the spring—say in May, or whenever the snow-drops and sulphur butterflies are tempted out by the first timorous sunshine—there will come, I say, in that yearning and youth-renewing season, a warm shower at noon. Our tent shall be pitched on the skirts of a forest of young pines, and the evergreen foliage, if foliage it may be called, shall be a daily refreshment to our eye while watching, with the west wind upon our cheeks, the unclothed branches of the elm. The rain descends softly and warm; but with the sunset the clouds break away, and it grows suddenly cold enough to freeze. The next morning you shall come out with me to a hill-side looking upon the south, and lie down with your ear to the earth. The pine tassels hold in every four of their fine fingers a drop of rain frozen like a pearl in a long ear-ring, sustained in their loose grasp by the rigidity of the cold. The sun grows warm at ten, and the slight green fingers begin to relax and yield, and by eleven they are all dropping their icy pearls upon the dead leaves with a murmur through the forest like the swarming of the bees of Hybla. There is not much variety in its music, but it is a pleasant monotone for thought, and if you have a restless fever in your bosom (as I had, when I learned to love it, for the travel which has corrupted the heart and the ear that it soothed and satisfied then) you may lie down with a crooked root under your head in the skirts of the forest, and thank Heaven for an anodyne to care. And it is better than the voice of your friend, or the song of your ladye-love, for it exacts no gratitude, and will not desert you ere the echo dies upon the wind.

Oh, how many of these harmonies there are!—how many that we hear, and how many that are “too constant to be heard!” I could go back to my youth, now, with this thread of recollection, and unseparate a hoard of simple and long-buried joys that would bring the blush upon my cheek to think how my senses are dulled since such things could give me pleasure! Is there no “well of Kanathos” for renewing the youth of the soul?—no St. Hilary’s cradle?—no elixir to cast the slough of heart-sickening and heart-torturing custom? Find me an alchymy for that, with your alembic and crucible, and you may resolve to dress again your philosopher’s stone!

## II.

Every body who makes the passage of the Erie canal, stops at the half-way town of Utica to visit a wonder of nature fourteen miles to the west of it, called Trenton Falls. It would be becoming in me, before mentioning the Falls, however, to sing the praises of Utica and its twenty thousand inhabitants—having received much hospitality from the worthy burghers, and philandered up and down their well-flagged *trottoir* very much to my private satisfaction. I should scorn any man’s judgment who should attempt to convince me that the Erie water, which comes down the canal a hundred and fifty miles and passes through the market place of that pleasant town, has not communicated to the hearts of its citizens the expansion and depth of the parent lake from which it is

### *Scenery and a Scene.*

drawn. I have a theory on that subject with which I intend to surprise the world whenever politics and Mr. Bulwer draw less engrossingly on its attention. Will any one tell me that the dark eyes I knew there, and whose like for softness and meaning I have inquired for in vain through Italy, and the voice that accompanied their gaze—(that Pasta, in her divinest out-gush of melody and soul, alone recalls to me)—that these, and the noble heart, and high mind, and even the genius, that were other gifts of the same marvel among women—that these were born of common parentage, and nursed by the air of a demi-metropolis? We were but the kindest of friends, that bright creature and myself, and I may say, without charging myself with the blindness of love, that I believe in my heart she was the foster-child of the water-spirits on whose wandering streamlet she lived—that the thousand odours that swept down from the wilderness upon Lake Erie, and the unseen but wild and innumerable influences of nature, or whatever you call that which makes the Indian a believer in the Great Spirit—that these came down with those clear waters, ministering to the mind and watching over the budding beauty of this noble and most high-hearted woman! If you do not believe it, I should like you to tell me how else such a creature was “raised,” as they phrase it in Virginia. I shall hold to my theory till you furnish me with a more reasonable one.

We heard at the hotel that there were several large parties at Trenton Falls, and with an abridgement of our toilets in our pockets, Job and I galloped out of Utica about four o'clock of as bright a summer's afternoon as was ever promised in the almanac. We drew rein a mile or two out of town, and dawdled along the wild road more leisurely, Job's Green Mountain proportions fitting to the saddle something in the manner and relative fitness of a skeleton on a poodle. By the same token he rode safely, the looseness of his bones accommodating itself with singular facility to the irregularities in the pace of the surprised animal beneath him.

I dislike to pass over the minutest detail of a period of my life that will be rather interesting in my biography, (it is my intention to be famous enough to merit that distinction, and I would recommend to my friends to be noting my “little peculiarities”), and with this posthumous benevolence in my heart, I simply record, that our conversation on the road turned upon Edith Linsey—at this time the lady of my constant love—for whose sake and at whose bidding I was just concluding, (with success I presumed,) a probation of three years of absence, silence, hard study, and rigid morals, and upon whose parting promise (God forgive her!) I had built my uttermost gleaning and sand of earthly hope and desire. I tell you in the tail of this mocking paragraph, dear reader, that the bend of the rainbow spans not the earth more perfectly than did the love of that woman my hopes of future bliss; and that ephemeral arc does not sooner melt into the clouds—but I am anticipating my story.

Job's extraordinary appearance, as he extricated himself from his horse, usually attracted the entire attention of the by-standers at a strange inn, and under cover of this, I usually contrived to get into the house and commit him by ordering the dinner as soon as it could be got ready. Else, if it was in the neighbourhood of scenery, he was off till heaven knew when, and as I had that delicacy for his feelings never to dine without him, you can imagine the necessity of my greedy manœuvre.

We dined upon the trout of the glorious stream we had come to see; and as our host's eldest daughter waited upon us, (recorded in Job's journal, "in my possession since his death, as "the most comely and gracious virgin" he had seen in his travels), we felt bound to adapt our conversation to the purity of her mind, and discussed only the philosophical point, whether the beauty of the stream could be tasted in the flavour of the fish—Job for it, I against it. The argument was only interrupted by the entrance of an apple pudding, and not that our tongues were fully occupied in removing it from place to place as the mouth felt its heat inconvenient, and then, being in a country of liberty and equality, and the damsel in waiting, as Job smilingly remarked, as much a lady as the President's wife, he requested permission to propose her health in a cool tumbler of cider, and we adjourned to the moonlight.

### III.

Ten or fifteen years ago, the existence of Trenton Falls was not known. It was discovered, like Pæstum, by a wandering artist, when there was a town of ten thousand inhabitants, a canal, a theatre, a liberty pole, and forty churches within fourteen miles of it. It may be mentioned to the credit of the Americans, that in the "hardness" of character of which travellers complain, there is the soft trait of a passion for scenery, and before the fact of its discovery had got well into the "Cahawba Democrat" and "Go-the-whole-hog-Courier," there was a splendid wooden hotel on the edge of the precipice, with a French cook, soda-water and olives, and a law was passed by the Kentucky Travellers' Club, requiring a hanging-bird's-nest from the trees "frowning down the awful abyss," (so expressed in the regulation), as a qualification for membership. Thenceforward to the present time it has been a place of fashionable resort during the summer solstice, and the pine woods, in which the hotel stands, being impervious to the sun, it is prescribed by oculists for gentlemen and ladies with weak eyes. If the luxury of corn-cutters had penetrated to the United States, it might be prescribed for tender feet as well—the soft floor of pine-tassels spread under the grassless woods, being considered an improvement upon Turkey carpets and greensward.

Trenton Falls is rather a misnomer. I scarcely know what you would call it, but the wonder of nature which bears the name is a tremendous torrent, whose bed, for several miles, is sunk fathoms deep into the earth—a roaring and dashing stream, so far below the surface of the forest in which it is lost, that you would think, as you come suddenly upon the edge of its long precipice, that it was a river in some inner world, (coiled within ours, as we in the outer circle of the firmament), and laid open by some titanic throe that had cracked clear asunder the crust of this "shallow earth." The idea is rather assisted if you happen to see below you, on its abysmal shore, a party of adventurous travellers; for, at that vast depth, and in contrast with the gigantic trees and rocks, the same number of well-shaped pismires, dressed in the last fashions, and philandering upon your parlour floor, would be about of their apparent size and distinctness.

They showed me at Eleusis the well by which Proserpine ascends to the regions of day on her annual visit to the plains of Thessaly—but with the *genius loci* at my elbow in the shape of a Greek girl as lovely as Phryné, my memory reverted to the bared axle of the earth in the bed of this American river, and I was persuaded (looking the while at the

*ferontière* of gold, sequins on the Phidian forehead of my Katinka) that supposing Hades in the centre of the earth, you are nearer to it by some fathoms at Trenton. I confess I have had, since my first descent into those depths, an uncomfortable doubt of the solidity of the globe—how the deuce it can hold together with such a crack in its bottom!

It was a night to play Endymion, or do any Tom-follery that could be laid to the charge of the moon, for a more omnipresent and radiant atmosphere of moonlight never sprinkled the wilderness with silver. It was a night in which to wish it might never be day again,—a night to be enamoured of the stars, and bid God bless them like human creatures on their bright journey,—a night to love in, to dissolve in,—to do every thing but what night is made for,—sleep! Oh Heaven! when I think how precious is life in such moments,—how the aroma,—the celestial bloom and flower of the soul,—the yearning and fast-perishing enthusiasm of youth waste themselves in the solitude of such nights on the senseless and unanswering air,—when I wander alone, unloving and unloved, beneath influences that could inspire me with the elevation of a seraph, were I at the ear of a human creature that could summon forth and measure my limitless capacity of devotion,—when I think this, and feel this, and so waste my existence in vain yearnings, I could extinguish the divine spark within me like a lamp on an unvisited shrine, and thank Heaven for an assimilation to the animals I walk among! And that is the substance of a speech I made to Job as a sequitur of a well-meant remark of his own, that “it was a pity Edith Linsey was not there.” He took the clause about the “animals” to himself, and I made an apology for the same a year after, when he took occasion to mention it on his death-bed! We sometimes give our friends, quite innocently, such terrible knocks in our rhapsodies!

Most people talk of the *sublimity* of Trenton, but I have haunted it by the week together for its mere loveliness. The river, in the heart of that fearful chasm, is the most varied and beautiful assemblage of the thousand forms and shapes of running water that I know in the world. The soil and the deep-striking roots of the forest terminate far above you, looking like a black rim on the enclosing precipices; the bed of the river and its sky-sustaining walls are of solid rock, and, with the tremendous descent of the stream,—forming for miles one continuous succession of falls and rapids,—the channel is worn into curves and cavities which throw the clear waters into forms of inconceivable brilliancy and variety. It is a sort of half twilight below, with here and there a long beam of sunshine reaching down to kiss the lip of an eddy or form a rainbow over a fall, and the reverberating and changing echoes,—

“Like a ring of bells whose sound the wind still alters,”

maintain a constant and most soothing music, varying at every step with the varying phase of the current. Cascades of from twenty to thirty feet, over which the river flies with a single and hurrying leap, (not a drop missing from the glassy and bending sheet,) occur frequently as you ascend; and it is from these that the place takes its name. But the Falls, though beautiful, are only peculiar from the dazzling and unequalled rapidity with which the waters come to the leap. If it were not for the leaf which drops wavering down into the abyss from trees apparently painted on the sky, and which is caught away by the flashing current as if the lightning had suddenly crossed it,

you would think the plane of the steadfast Heavens a flying element as soon. The spot in that long gulf of beauty that I best remember is a smooth descent of some hundred yards, where the river in full and undivided volume skims over a plane as polished as a table of scagliola, looking, in its invisible speed, like one mirror of gleaming but motionless crystal. Just above, there is a sudden turn in the glen which sends the water like a catapult against the opposite angle of the rock, and, in the action of years, it has worn out a cavern of unknown depth, into which the whole mass of the river plunges with the abandonment of a flying fiend into Hell, and, re-appearing like the angel that has pursued him, glides swiftly but with divine serenity on its way. (I am indebted for that last figure to Job, who travelled with a Milton in his pocket, and had a natural redolence of "Paradise Lost" in his conversation.)

Much as I detest water in small quantities (to drink) I have a hydro-mania in the way of lakes, rivers, and waterfalls. It is, by much, the *belle* in the family of the Elements. *Earth* is never tolerable unless disguised in green. *Air* is so thin as only to be visible when she borrows drapery of Water; and *Fire* is so startlingly bright as to be unpleasant to the eyesight; but *WATER!* soft, pure, graceful Water! there is no shape into which you can throw her that she does not seem lovelier than before. She can borrow nothing of her sisters. Earth has no jewels in her lap so brilliant as her own spray-pearls and emeralds;—Fire has no rubies like what she steals from the sunset;—Air has no robes like the grace of her fine-woven and ever-changing drapery of silver. A health (in wine!) to *WATER!*

Who is there that did not love some stream in his youth? Who is there in whose vision of the past there does not sparkle up, from every picture of childhood, a spring or a rivulet woven through the darkened and torn woof of first affections like a thread of unchanged silver? How do you interpret the instinctive yearning with which you search for the river-side or the fountain in every scene of nature,—the clinging unaware to the river's course when a truant in the fields in June,—the dull void you find in every landscape of which it is not the ornament and the centre? For myself I hold with the Greek:—"Water is the first principle of all things: we were made from it and we shall be resolved into it\*."

## IV.

The awkward thing in all story-telling is transition. Invention you do not need if you have experience; ~~the~~ fact is stranger than fiction. A beginning in these days of startling abruptness is as simple as open your mouth; and when you have once begun you can end whenever you like, and leave the sequel to the reader's imagination: but the hinges of a story,—the turning gracefully back from a digression (it is easy to turn into one),—is the *pas qui coule*. My education on that point was neglected.

It was, as I said before, a moonlight night, and Job and myself having, like Sir Fabian, "no mind to sleep," followed the fashion and the rest of the company at the inn, and strolled down to see the Falls by moonlight. I had been there before, and I took Job straight to the spot in the bed of the river which I have described above as my favourite,

The Ionic philosophy, supported by Thales,

and, after watching it for a few minutes, we turned back to a dark cleft in the rock which afforded a rude seat, and sat musing in silence.

Several parties had strolled past without seeing us in our recess, when two female figures, with their arms around each other's waists, sauntered slowly around the jutting rock below, and approached us, eagerly engaged in conversation. They came on to the very edge of the shadow which enveloped us, and turned to look back at the scene. As the head nearest me was raised to the light, I started half to my feet: it was Edith! In the same instant her voice of music broke on my ear, and an irresistible impulse to listen unobserved drew me down again upon my seat, and Job, with a similar instinct, laid his hand on my arm.

"It was his favorite spot!" said Edith. (We had been at Trenton together years before.) "I stood here with him, and I wish he stood here now that I might tell him what my hand hesitates to write."

"Poor Philip!" said her companion, whom by the voice I recognised as the youngest of the Flemings, "I cannot conceive how you can resolve so coldly to break his heart."

I felt a dagger entering my bosom, but still I listened. Edith went on.

"Why, I will tell you, my dear little innocent. I loved Philip Slingsby when I thought I was going to die. It was then a fitting attachment, for I never thought to need of the goods of this world more than a sick chamber and a nurse; and Phil. was kind-hearted and devoted to me, and I lived at home. But, with returned health, a thousand ambitious desires have sprung up in my heart, and I find myself admired by whom I will, and every day growing more selfish and less poetical. Philip is poor, and love in a cottage, though very well for you if you like it, would never do for me. I should like him very well for a friend, for he is gentlemanlike and devoted, but, with my ideas, I should only make him miserable, and so—I think I had better put him out of misery at once—don't you think?"

A half-smothered groan of anguish escaped my lips; but it was lost in the roar of the waters, and Edith's voice, as she walked on, lessened and became inaudible to my ear. As her figure was lost in the shadow of the rocks beyond, I threw myself on the bosom of my friend, and wept in the unutterable agony of a crushed heart. I know not how that night was spent, but I awoke at noon of the next day, in my bed, with Job's hand clasped tenderly in my own.

# V.

I kept my tryst. I was to meet Edith Linsey at Saratoga in July,—the last month of the probation by which I had won a right to her love. I had not spoken to her, or written, or seen her, (save, unknown to her, in the moment I have described) in the three long years to which my constancy was devoted. I had gained the usual meed of industry in my profession, and was admitted to its practice. I was on the threshold of manhood; and she had promised, before Heaven, here to give me heart and hand.

I had parted from her at twelve on that night three years, and, as the clock struck, I stood again by her side in the crowded ball-room of Saratoga.

"Good God! Mr. Slingsby!" she exclaimed as I put out my hand.

"Am I so changed that you do not know me, Miss Linsey?" I asked, as she still looked with a wondering gaze into my face, pressing my hand, however, with real warmth, and evidently under the control, for the moment, of the feelings with which we had parted!

"Changed, indeed! Why, you have studied yourself to a skeleton! My dear Philip, you are ill!"

I was,—but it was only for a moment. I asked her hand for a waltz, and never before or since came wit and laughter so freely to my lip. I was collected, but, at the same time, I was the gayest of the gay; and when everybody had congratulated me, in her hearing, on the school to which I had put my wits in my long apprenticeship to the law, I retired to the gallery looking down upon the garden, and cooled my brow and rallied my sinking heart.

The candles were burning low, and the ball was nearly over, when I entered the room again, and requested Edith to take a turn with me on the colonnade. She at once assented, and I could feel by her arm in mine, and see by the fixed expression on her lip, that she did so with the intention of revealing to me what she little thought I could so well anticipate.

"My probation is over," I said, breaking the silence which she seemed willing to prolong, and which had lasted till we had twice measured the long colonnade.

"It was three years ago to-night, I think, since we parted." She spoke in an absent and careless tone, as if trying to work out another more prominent thought in her mind.

"Do you find me changed?" I asked.

"Yes—oh, yes! very!"

"But I am more changed than I seem, dear Edith!"

She turned to me as if to ask me to explain myself.

"Will you listen to me while I tell you how?"

"What can you mean? Certainly."

"Then listen, for I fear I can scarce bring myself to repeat what I am going to say. When I first learned to love you, and when I promised to love you for life, you were thought to be dying, and I was a boy. I did not count on the future, for I despaired of your living to share it with me, and, if I had done so, I was still a child and knew nothing of the world. I have since grown more ambitious, and, I may as well say at once, more selfish and less poetical. You will easily divine my drift. You are poor, and ~~with~~ myself, as you have seen to-night, in a position which will enable me to marry more to my advantage; and, with these views, I am sure I should only make you miserable by fulfilling my contract with you, and you will agree with me that I consult our mutual happiness by this course—don't you think?"

At this instant I gave a signal to Job, who approached and made some sensible remarks about the weather; and, after another turn or two, I released Miss Linsey's arm, and, cautioning her against the night air, left her to finish her promenade and swallow her own projected speech and mine, and went to bed.

And so ended my first love!

SLINGSBY.

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## WORDSWORTH'S NEW POEMS.

A LATE celebrated critic used to say that the three greatest egotists he knew of, that is, the three writers who felt their own being most powerfully and exclusively, were Rousseau, Wordsworth, and Benvenuto Cellini. He would defy the world, in Swift's fashion, to furnish out a fourth.

There is unquestionably great truth in this; but the men must be taken with a very wide distinction. The genius of all of them we certainly most sincerely believe to have been the result of their temperament—an intensification of themselves. The interest they create is that of their own feelings; the sentiment with which they inform their writings is born of a thousand personal recollections; every object standing out upon the page, stands out there with the very being of the writer wound, as it were, around it. But there is a wide distinction notwithstanding. It would scarcely be pertinent here, with our present purpose, to examine its details with reference to the three writers. The singular character of the memoirs of the Italian we shall, indeed, take some other opportunity of examining; but we may say a few words, not inaptly, on the different development of egotism in Rousseau and in Wordsworth.

The egotism of Rousseau is of that exaggerated nature which the night cannot calm nor the day cheer. The incidents of his life, having fixed themselves upon his heart with the inveteracy of passion, prey there continually. Nature is moulded to their will, and to their purposes every aspect of nature is exaggerated to contribute. This is not Wordsworth's way. His personal feelings, intense as they are, are moulded to the sweet will of Nature, are calmed by her sway, are cheered by her influence: it is in her eye that he analyses his feelings and contemplates his powers—it is through her mirror he reflects his favourite thoughts, and from the height of her sublimity rebukes the frailties of worldly aspiring, and inculcates the knowledge which leads to love. His egotism has other than personal objects. His life has not been a life of incident, but of contemplation—his thoughts, therefore, have no retrospective passion to sway them to the mood of what it likes or loathes. When Rousseau is arrested by the periwinkle in his path, and cries out with startling fondness, *Ah! Voila de la pervenche!* we are carried back to a dream of love, of passion, and of hope quite gone, and have visions of youth and Madame de Warens. When Wordsworth recognises the sparkling eye of the daisy, it is only some contemplative feeling at that instant passing through his own mind, which makes the daisy to him for the moment the most beautiful of flowers, and enriches him with thoughts that lie too deep for tears. The object with both, the reader will remark, derives not its interest from itself, but from the power of association—from that which connects it with a thousand personal feelings, which makes it for the time a link in the chain of the personal thought, a fibre of the heart, of the observer. The periwinkle is not admired for its own sake, nor is the daisy. Neither Rousseau nor Wordsworth present their flower as a thing to be immediately admired; both of them have the antipathy to immediate effect; and the repugnance to place that before the reader which tells for itself without

the intervention of the poet. But how wide, nevertheless, the distinction is between them, we have endeavoured to show.

We have said nothing in these remarks on the egotism of Wordsworth, which detracts from his wonderful genius. We love, for our own parts, to view the aspects of nature through such feelings as those of this great poet, which belong, as we believe, to the highest and noblest attributes of humanity. Wherever there is a display of natural beauty, sublimity, or grandeur, we feel that there Wordsworth has a right to be. We would have him with us—at once a fellow-worshipper and a superior being, whose more intimate communion with the glories before which we are prostrate—realizing the immortal comparison of Moses and Elias in the Transfiguration—"only adds to the simplicity of his zeal and the humility of his devotion." Would we wish to pass

"Bare trees and mountains bare,  
And grass in the green fields,"

alone? We would have Wordsworth with us. With the commonest as the loftiest things, his companionship is grateful and appropriate. Without that, the cuckoo's cry might salute our ear in vain, and in vain the linnet's nest arrest our eye! Without him, a grey cloak seen in the distance on the lonely moor would have no meaning, nor the lichens on the rock a life, nor a withered thorn be pressed down, as now, with thoughts of sublimity and pathos! The egotism of Wordsworth is noble and elevating to nature, "linking to her fair works the human soul," and considering everything, both in nature and in humanity, a portion alone of the vast chain which comprehends the universe. When the struggles of the one are over, still he carries into death the memory of their living associations with the other, and

"Nature's pleasant robe of green,  
Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps  
Their monuments and their memory!"

Egotism here is nothing more than an intense activity given to one faculty for the nobler development of others. Let us always remember, too, the subjects to which Wordsworth has generally devoted himself. They are such as would have been passed, perhaps, unnoticed but for him—but for the light of sentiment and thought he furnishes to their view from the recesses of his own mind. It is out of the very simplicity and apparent insignificance of a natural object that his noblest illustrations have been drawn, and his noblest lessons taught. Are we not in this the clear gainers? Undoubtedly we are. Nothing is lost in the want of the ordinary accidents and accessories of grandeur. Reality is exalted far above them. The simplest of thoughts becomes sublime. In that we recognize the glory of the Epic. In that a whole world may lie shadowed—

"Exchange the shepherd's frock of native grey  
For robes with regal purple tinged; convert  
The crook into a sceptre; give the pomp  
Of circumstance, and here the tragic Muse  
Shall find apt subjects for her highest art.  
Amid the groves, beneath the shadowy hills  
The generations are prepared; the pangs,  
The internal pangs, are ready; the dread strife  
Of poor humanity's afflicted will  
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny!"

In one point of view, notwithstanding, we are ready to admit that Wordsworth's egotism stands in the way of truth, and intercepts its genuineness of colour. We think, for instance, that Crabbe's pictures of homely life are infinitely more true. If Wordsworth draws you a beggar, it is a beggar of his own—if a sailor, if a schoolmaster, he does it in the like fashion. He particularizes, but only to draw some general conclusion.

\* "From their gross matter he abstracts their forms,  
And draws a kind of quintessence from things."

He presents separate lineaments to "you, as representations, not so properly of distinct individual character, as of the medium through which, for the moment, he desires to convey to you the current of his thought. And than that thought, perhaps, nothing can be deeper, nothing more original, nothing more true, nothing grander or more beautiful;—but it takes the place of the character on which it is induced, and we find ourselves familiar, after reading the poem, not with the proper qualities and peculiar natures of the persons it refers to, but with some new section of Mr. Wordsworth's philosophy, educed from a subtle inquisition into the relative natures of the vagrant, or the beggar, or the schoolmaster, or whomever we had been led to hope acquaintance with. We are quite aware that we must deny to Wordsworth that noble title of a philosopher as well as poet, which he so richly merits—before we hesitate to concede that in all this there is deep instruction. We do not question that; but we say that it proves a want in the poetry of Wordsworth, as poetry. We wish at times to go into the company of the rustic, the unfortunate, or the poor, as a companion. We wish to have nothing to do with philosophy or morality. We wish only to see the life to which we have been unaccustomed, without the restraint which would be forced upon it by its consciousness of our presence. This we cannot find in the poetry of Wordsworth. We recollect reading with surprise some time ago, in an excellent paper upon this great poet, that immediately before the first publication of the "Lyrical Ballads," Coleridge waited on an eminent bookselling house to ask whether, in the opinion of the partners, a series of poems "in the manner of Teniers' paintings" was likely to attract popular notice and favour. We wonder what the gentlemen said; but we wonder far more what could have induced Coleridge to commit such a blunder. Teniers is literal, if ever the literal existed. Teniers never attempts to carry you beyond his scene. Wordsworth's only motive for introducing it to you is, on the contrary, to carry you beyond it. It is very true that familiar characters and incidents are handled by both, but there the likeness ends. One set of them eat, and drink, and laugh, and play, and enjoy themselves—the other illustrate the philosophy of general human nature.

Since writing this, we have turned with some misgivings to passages of "Peter Bell." They are very masterly indeed, and may, in one or two respects, detract from what we have written; but not materially. And this poem, it will be recollected, stands in some points quite alone among Wordsworth's writings. The first portrait of Peter Bell himself is masterly and powerful in the highest degree. As a description, it is unquestionably finer and more true-thoughted than anything in Crabbe; and it is only just, therefore, after what we have said, to refer the reader to it. Still it is not a picture which Teniers could have painted.

## Wordsworth's *New Poems*.

There is nothing perhaps so fine as that sketch in the way of description in the volume which now lies on our table; but it is full of beauties of its own—of perfect originality—of heartfelt sentiment—of infinitely sweet and touching thoughts—and of grave, yet cheerful wisdom.

Wordsworth is constant to his creed. With his old proud humility, he calls himself, in one of his new sonnets, addressed to the laurels of Rydal Mount—

“ A poet of your own,  
One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown  
To sue the God; but, haunting your green shade  
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid  
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship self-sown.”

He is not yet disposed to recognise anything loftier than human hope, or anything deeper than the human heart; and still would he keep both in gentle and divine harmony, by associating them with the ever-constant and beautiful face of nature.

The subjects in the volume are very various, and not one of them (for we will not go out of our way to remark on a few political allusions which with better taste might have been spared) offensive. There is not a single idiot boy, or a mad mother, or an ague visitation, or a Goody Blake, or a Harry Gill, or anything that might be more fitting in the hands of the bellman. He avoids, in fact, the extreme point of his excellent and noble theory—a point to which we firmly believe he would never have clung at all except in sheer opposition to the ignorance, the pertness, and the assumptions of criticism. We have a vast number of sonnets in the volume, all of them written with that wonderful ease, variety of pause and cadence, gracefulness and freedom, in which, with reference to that character of composition, Wordsworth is clearly beyond all rivalry. His command over the sonnet is only a very little short of the miraculous. Under his influence, its “humble plot of ground” becomes a rich and endless garden of beauty. Into the fourteen lines which hem it in, he crams as much thought and feeling, sustaining them in the most high-raised and prophetic tone, as would serve to set up a dozen ordinary poems. This is again on his old principle. He chooses to have his *materiel* a foil to his invention, and to owe nothing but to himself. The paraphernalia of poetry, its old classical assumptions, he disregards, if he does not despise. He concentrates his power upon the humble sonnet, and forces it to his will. He has made it the vehicle of conveying grander aspirations than we have had since Milton, and of more incomparable reasonings in verse than we have had since the days of Dryden. Old acquaintances, too, in a new form, will greet the admirers of the poet in his new volume. Yarrow is revisited—the daisy welcomes us again as an old companion—six a lonely and deserted rock the glow-worms hang their lamps, and one coy primrose blooms—

“ A lasting link in Nature's chain,  
From highest heaven let down !”

—still, as of old, are we made the delighted students of nature, and in the midst of her sublimest grandeurs are taught to bend down to her simplest voices, and to attune *them* all to the “still sad music of humanity.” He has his reward. Readers for ages are destined to listen,

as we are listening now, to this poet, who has "made us heirs" of such pure delight for ever! Here is

"The linnet's warble sinking towards a close;"  
and the heedless thrush, as shrill as ever, caring not; and the nightingale haunts us with her voice; and the owl is here

"Discovered in a roofless tower,  
Rising from what may once have been a lady's bower;  
Or spied where he sits moping in his mew  
At the dim centre of a churchyard yew;"

our old friend the cuckoo visits again, bringing back, as of old, to the poet visions of early time; the wren's nest (another old acquaintance) strikes him here with new wonder and delight when he finds that its little builder, "mistrusting her evasive skill," had consulted with a primrose—

"The primrose for a veil had spread  
The largest of her upright leaves;  
And thus, for purposes benign,  
A simple flower deceives."

—Nor must we forget to welcome that pensive warbler, robin, or fail, with the poet, to mark

"His heaving breast,  
Whose tiny sinking and faint swell  
Betray the elf that loves to dwell  
In robin's bosom, as a chosen cell."

In one word, we have in this new volume, from the pen of our greatest poet, all the original and most delightful characteristics of his genius.

We should mention, also, that there are one or two pieces in the volume which some will think a dereliction from his first principles; just as, in former volumes, Laodamia and others startled the readers of the "Lyrical Ballads," who found themselves, with the freshness of green fields and English homesteads upon them, suddenly gazing with rapt awe and admiration on the appearance of a fragment from the grandest sculptures of antiquity. The "Egyptian Maid," or the "Romance of the Water Lily," for instance, is an exquisite piece of old Fancy, conceived and executed in a brilliant way, and enriched equally with deep feeling and splendid description.

We congratulate all lovers of true poetry on the appearance of this book. We respectfully congratulate the poet. We admired him with a fervent admiration, at a time when his admirers were more few than now. Now he has won his way to the highest seat, and sits there sole and undisturbed. Ignorance or malice cannot assail him further. The glad success has followed the high endeavour. Still "strenuous for the bright reward,"—it is in his possession at last. The long deathless shout of Fame is in his living ears! No—not the shout of Fame. Say, rather, the deep, distant, and murmuring sound which the stream of high and glorious thoughts, carried down to future ages, makes as it flows! May the music of that sound never desert him till he goes to the realization of the wish of his early and honourable ambition, already not unfulfilled!

"Blessings be with them and eternal praise,  
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight in deathless lays.  
Oh, might my name be number'd among theirs,  
Then gladly would I end my mortal days!"

## GILBERT GURNEY.

### CHAPTER VII.

TURN we from this melancholy passage in my life—suffice it to say, that I have never passed through Teddington since the event with which the last portion of my memoranda concluded. Perhaps I need not add, that I equally avoided Miss Crab, who, (for the reader's satisfaction I perhaps might mention it,) in about a year after my mother's death, married one of the neighbouring apothecaries, who, she wrote me word to say, made her a very kind and comfortable husband. He had two daughters by a former wife—a blonde and a brunette; Kitty, a tigress—Jenny, a lamb; the one a black dose—the other a mild emulsion. How they made it out with their acidulated mother-in-law, I never troubled my head to inquire; with the death of my exemplary parent my care and consideration about the Crabs and their connexions departed.

I wrote of course to my brother Cuthbert, at Calcutta, giving him information of the event that had occurred, and I took counsel of my worthy friend, the Justice of Peace. But taking counsel and taking physic are different things—his worship prescribed what I could not swallow, and therefore, although I took his advice earwise, I did not act upon it. He suggested my immediate departure for India, in order to avail myself of the advantages which the great success of my nearest relative would secure me, and offered to introduce me to a Captain Pillau, or some such person, whose twelve hundred ton ship was a floating London Tavern, with cows in the launch, salad in the windows, fresh rolls three times a week, and champagne on Thursdays and Sundays—but what were these to me? I was in full possession of four hundred and eighty-seven pounds, nineteen shillings, and eleven pence per annum, besides the interest of four thousand pounds three per cent. consols. Why should I send myself out in a huge packing-case, to look for a fortune which I should not be able to realize until my powers of enjoying it were gone? Pale nankeens, with bilious-looking silk stockings, cotton shirts, and calico waistcoats, were to my eyes objects quite familiar in the north-western regions of the metropolis. Why should I waste my youth and manhood in Qui-hi-ing one half the day, and salaaming the other, with the glass at ninety-five in the shade, until I, at fifty, should look as if I were on the shady side of ninety-five?—No. With my pretensions and accomplishments—for, like Daly, I did a little of everything—nothing so well as he—but still—I thought I *might* make my way, and even achieve the great object of my ambition, Emma Haines, whose twenty thousand pounds would come in, remarkably well.

Emma was the point in which all my hopes and wishes centered, so soon as I had recovered from the shock, which, especially under its peculiar circumstances, my mother's death had occasioned. The heart, robbed of what it has been cordially and warmly attached to, naturally yearns for some new object to claim and engross its affections. I certainly was devotedly fond of Emma;—she was so graceful—so lady-like—so gentle—so mild—there was a meekness in her eye while the mind was reposing, which lighted into brightness and brilliancy the moment her feelings were excited, or her genius roused;—she played—she sang—she drew—she talked—in short, she was a most bewitching

person; and there was a swan-like swimmingness about her air and gait—a sort of sylphy something that riveted the attention and charmed the heart. I *do* believe at first she encouraged my advances out of pure good nature. She was older than I was; or rather, perhaps, I should say, about my own age; but as a girl of seventeen is a woman, when a man of seventeen is a boy, she saw how much I loved her, before I was myself conscious of it.

Her mother had certainly—incautious, I believe, through kindness—encouraged my acquaintance; and I used to be constantly at their house:—my mother knew nothing of them; but my young theatrical friend in Lincoln's Inn had carried me there, and so I went on, like a silly moth, buzzing about the vestal flame, until at last my wings were thoroughly scorched; and then, as I told Daly on that horrible night, I avowed my feelings and was rejected; not by Emma herself, but by her mother, who, having written me a letter which would have driven a stoic mad, set off for South Wales, where, as the reader already knows, my lovely girl was immured, as I fancied, against her will, at the period of my mother's decease.

I have already expressed my feelings with respect to Daly, whose acquaintance I had so strangely made; and certainly for some time my sensitive regrets as to the employment of *that* evening, which I have felt it my duty to record at length, operated as a preventive to our future association; however, as the months wore on, I naturally, and perhaps justly, argued, that although the things we did, and the course we took that evening, were, seriously and morally speaking, indefensible; still, whatever might be the blame due to my companion for introducing me to such scenes, the melancholy fact of my mother's sudden attack and death could not be adduced in aggravation of his faults—like myself, he was, of course, ignorant of the crisis of her fate; and, therefore, although powerfully connected in my imagination in the outset, as those sad circumstances were, I began to dismiss from my mind the combination which had made me so incalculably miserable at first, and in proportion as this needless horror was dissipated I began to exonerate my friend, and even seek his society; for having—and I was conscious of *that*—confided to him the history of my Emma, I was most anxious, now that I felt more than ever the necessity of having something to love and esteem, to consult him upon the plan best to be adopted to carry my wishes into execution.

I was quite delighted with his frankness, his friendship, and his zeal; he told me what I believed, because I wished it true, that it was impossible to doubt, after what I had described to him, that Emma was devoted to me—that my expectation that she would write to me was extravagant, that girls were extremely averse from corresponding; first, because they properly considered such clandestine communications indelicate and undutiful; and secondly, because very young men are apt to be vain of female confidence, and perhaps in some unguarded moment might be induced to boast, or even to show the letters of their kind-hearted mistresses. Daly was right. Emma was quite well enough aware of the ways of the world not to trust a giddy, thoughtless fellow such as I then was with letters; but, nevertheless, she might be prevailed upon to grant me an interview, if I went to Tenby, and by some means—not literary—solicited it.

"Action, my dear friend," said Daly, "action is the thing; you may

sigh and swear away four sides of foolscap—most appropriate paper—and what then?—you have done nothing but record sentiments which the circumstances of a few years may entirely alter, and pledge yourself to a constancy which events may try, and even overthrow. No;—put yourself into the mail-coach—start for Tenby—hide yourself up—find out her house—walk under her window, and whistle some favourite air; if she loves, she will instantly recognize it—she will be delighted to find you so active and zealous; and, ten to one, if her respectable parent can be by any means disposed of, the very next evening will find you strolling by moonlight—if there should be a moon—or in the dark, if there should not—either along the beach or on the cliff, breathing out all those delicious protestations upon which lovers live, ‘as larks on leeks.’”

“Out!” said I, indignantly—“do you suppose that it would be possible for Emma to ‘come out,’ as you call it, ‘to take a walk’?—Why, she is watched and guarded as if she were ‘one chrysolite;’ her mother would as soon die as hear of her ‘taking a walk’ by moonlight.”

“Never mind,” said Daly, “faint heart you know, &c.—where there’s a will there’s a way; and if you choose to follow my advice, ‘I’ll back the caster in.’”

“The deuce take that phrase,” said I; “no—no; Miss Haines is not to be so proceeded with; and yet I admit I think a visit to Tenby would be advisable, because I might plead with her mother.”

“Plead!—no,” said Daly—“practice before preaching any day. All I can say is, if you are in need of an ally—if you want an assistant—a Leporello in short, I am your man. My whole delight is doing good. I have no object but to serve my friends; and, if you think that I can be of the least use in securing you Miss Emma Haines and her twenty thousand pounds, you have only to say, ‘Daly do’—and Daly will.”

It was impossible for me not to feel grateful for this kindly burst of feeling, and the offer which my companion made; and I confess it affected me more powerfully, because during the time at which my grief completely unmanned me, and absorbed all my faculties, he was, whenever he could obtain admittance to me, the most sympathizing of human beings. He regretted, in such an amiable manner, the absurdity of his self-introduction to the cottage, and spoke of my mother’s manners and conversation in such terms of admiration and esteem, that I felt convinced, whatever might be his eccentricities, his heart was in the right place; and having established this opinion in my mind, I resolved to trust him with the management of my Tenby scheme, for the success of which he himself appeared most unaffectedly anxious.

The conversations of my enthusiastic friend had very considerably elevated my hopes. He extracted from me every particular of Emma’s person and character; the one, after my report, he pronounced angelic, and the other perfect; but I must say, in the midst of his warmth and energy, and in the full flow of exalted sentiments, he *did* come out, as the people say, with something that astonished me.

“Are you sure now, Gurney,” said he, “that she *has* this money? because we hear, of fortunes, and of hundreds of thousands of pounds, and so much a year, and such and such estates, and West Indian property, and Irish property, and all the rest of it, which at last turn out to be nothing—sometimes worse than nothing.”



"I declare, Daly," replied I, "that I know nothing more of her fortune than common report affords; and moreover, that I consider it quite unimportant, whether it amount to the specified sum or not."

"Have you never ascertained?" asked he.

"No," I replied; "how should I? could I ask Emma such a question, or her mother?"

"No, my dear friend, certainly not," said Daly; "but if you will take the trouble to walk with me, to-morrow morning, to St. Paul's Church-yard—turn to your right, through the court, across Carter-lane, thence through court number two, into Knight Rider-street—you will see opposite to you, the Prerogative Office; there, my dear friend, for the trifling and inconsiderable charge of one shilling we will read the last will and testament of the late respectable father of your amiable Emma, and discover whether 'all is gold that glitters.'"

"Is that to be done?" said I.

"To be sure," said Daly; "it is the just prerogative of an Englishman to know what his neighbour does with his property if he have any; and as I have already told you, that in law where there's a will there's a way, so you will that see in law where there's a will there's a way to find it out—therefore, to-morrow we start—*le premier pas*—to the Prerogative Office, and although it may cost something, it is but a shilling, and anything like confirmation about other people's affairs is 'dirt cheap at the money.'"

I really was not sufficiently well-informed as to the privileges of the people, at that moment, to know that Daly was right in his statement; and even when he told me the simplicity of the process by which all his doubts as to Emma's fortune could be set at rest, I felt a disinclination to adopt it; for really and truly, I had often before wished that she had had nothing, inasmuch as I fancied that if it were not for the difference in our circumstances, I might not be personally objectionable to her mother.

When the morning came, and I called upon Daly, according to appointment, to proceed to the Prerogative Office of which he had talked, I felt as if I was about to do something underhanded and ungentlemanlike. Why should I pry into the private affairs of a family? why gratify my curiosity at the expense of the independence of feeling in which I used to glory? For all these questions Daly found ready answers; and, as usual, the ice of my prudery was thawed by the warmth of his manner, and the energy of his protestations; and accordingly off we went—searched the office—paid our shilling—got our little slip of paper—showed it—had down the volume which contained the desired document—spread him upon a desk, and began to read the contents.

I admit myself to have been nearly as ignorant of the purport of the last will and testament of Joseph William Haines, Esq., after I had perused it, as I was before I had seen it. Not so, Daly. He was a bit of a lawyer, and he explained and expounded the whole mystery of the affair, and informed me that the "upshot" of the matter was most satisfactory—inasmuch as it appeared that twenty thousand pounds were irrevocably and unconditionally Emma's—but if her mother married again, the sum was to be doubled; and the mother's jointure, which was two thousand five hundred pounds a-year, was to be reduced one-half, and, in addition to the rest, to revert to her daughter at her

death. The estates themselves, upon which the jointure was a charge, were also to become Emma's after the death of her parent, if she married with her consent, during her life time; if not, they were to be otherwise disposed of, with a variety of contingencies and consequences Hebraically obscure to my comprehension.

"I see the thing in a moment," said Daly. "Come along—the affair is settled—we shall make ourselves extremely comfortable——"

"We!" said I. "How do you mean?"

"Thus," said Daly;—"the mother has two thousand five hundred a year, untouchable by fate, so long as she lives a widow—the daughter's twenty thousand is equally secure. But you perceive, that if the mother marries, the daughter's fortune is to be doubled, and the widow's jointure to be diminished by half. Mark me—I have a strong disposition for settling—twelve hundred and fifty pounds a year will do for me. I'll marry the mother, which will produce a splendid increase of fortune to the daughter, with whom you shall afterwards have the felicity of eloping if you think proper—or if not, receive her hand with the full and entire sanction of her respectable father-in-law, your most obedient and very humble servant."

"Visions! visions!" said I. "Mrs. Haines will never marry again."

"Is that the doubt?" said Daly; "if that be all, let not that embarrass you."

"But would you?" said I, staring with amazement——

"Would I!" exclaimed he; "trust me for that—a well-jointed widow against the world for settling with. It's a fine sight, Gurney—quite refreshing, as the cocknies say, to see the comfortable ease and independence of a dowager—the lozenged pannels of the luxurious carriage—the fat black nags with their long tails and kicking-straps, the curly-wigged coachman with his three-cornered hat on his head, and a bouncing bouquet stuck in his button-hole."

"But," said I, "Mrs. Haines is not likely to——"

"Leave me alone for that," interrupted my voluble friend. "If you think the scheme a good one, I am your man."

"And would you," said I—"as I was just going to ask—would you marry a woman so much older than yourself?"

"Age is now like air, my dear fellow," said Daly; "felt by all, but seen by none. I'll marry her—take her down to Dullmusty Hall, or whatever the name of her place may be—swaddle about with her for a month, in a broad-brimmed straw hat, with a spud in my hand—do the domestic for the first four weeks—then put dowdy out to grass at one of her own farms—allow her three hundred a year out of her own jointure, and expend the *residuum* in the purchase of cross-bows, pop-guns, magic-lanterns, fire-balloons, and sky-rockets."

"A profitable outlay for yourself," said I; "and a pleasing prospect for Mrs. Haines."

"Rely upon it, the scheme is practicable," said Daly; "however, we may confer upon it and consider;—this evening you are engaged at Lady Wolverhampton's, where, I flatter myself, you will be pleased. She gives a *fête* after a new fashion—live fish in the drawing-room, and a cow on the staircase—fact—fact, my dear Gurney; and if I don't contrive to make some fun, my name is not Daly."

"Remember the Dods," said I, "recollect—I will not consent to be made a party to any more practical jokes."

"But," said Daly, "Lady Wolverhampton's parties are nothing but practical jokes themselves. Her *fête* of to-night is a masquerade—at least to as many people as like to assume characters—so that a vast many respectable persons who don't choose to go to her house without concealment, will be there *incog.*, much to their hearts' delight. I mean to make my appearance, in the early part of the evening, as a Jew boy, selling macaroon cakes—come in with my basket full of tempting delicacies, which the eager company will snatch away in order to devour, like so many dragons—mum!—there's fun in *that*, depend on't."

"The fun of paying for the cakes, and seeing other people eat them," said I.

"True—" replied Daly; "but the results—the afterwards, as I say—macaroon cakes, ordinarily manufactured, would afford no sport. My man, under proper medical superintendence, sprinkles in with his sugar, certain powders of a peculiar quality, which, however salutary, taken now and then, are not usually administered in a ball-room. You'll see a scattering!—poor devils!—the gormandizers will be nicely served—the endemic of a Margate-hoy will be but a trifle to the indisposition of her Ladyship's visitors—first one ill, then another, eh—*si sick omnes.*"

"My dear Daly," said I, in a dissuasive tone—

"*Soyez tranquille, mon cher Gilbert,*" interrupted Daly; "there's nothing like fun—what else made the effect in Berners-street? I am the man—I did it; sent a Lord Mayor in state, to release impressed seamen—philosophers and sages to look at children with two heads a-piece—piano-fortes by dozens, and coal waggons by scores—two thousand five hundred raspberry tarts from half-a-hundred pastry-cooks—a squad of surgeons—a battalion of physicians, and a legion of apothecaries—lovers to see sweethearts; ladies to find lovers—upholsterers to furnish houses, and architects to build them—gigs, dog-carts, and glass-coaches, enough to convey half the freeholders of Middlesex to Brentford—nay, I dispatched even Royalty itself on an errand to a respectable widow lady, whose concourse of visitors, by my special invitation, choked up the great avenues of London, and found employment for half the police of the metropolis."

"Is it possible that you——"

"I," said Daly, triumphantly;—"copy the joke, and it ceases to be one;—any fool can imitate an example once set—but for originality of thought and design, I *do* think that was perfect. However, to-night shall transcend even that effort, and to-morrow we start for Tenby."

"Let me ask you," said I, "now—if you can be serious—have you really any intentions as to Mrs. Haines? because——"

"Serious, to be sure," said Daly; "I never joke but when I am in earnest—like a Frenchman, who is never grave but when he is dancing. I think my arrangement capital, and so will you. We will go to Tenby together; or, if you prefer it, I will start alone; and appear to know no more of you, than one of the eads of the thimble-rig knows of the peaholder. I will make my play, and, the moment I am in possession, make signals for you to join—eh? We'll settle all in the course of the forenoon; but for the present, let us return to the habitable part of town,

and make our masquerading preparations for the *soirée* at Wolverhampton House."

There was something about Daly that I cannot describe: but he had only to suggest, and I implicitly obeyed. I had never ventured to inquire as to his means or fortune; and although the unbroken and unmitigated silence he had observed as to our winnings on the odious night at the gaming-house, raised a suspicion in my mind that he was not rolling in riches, as they say, I thought that his abstinence from any allusion to that adventure arose very probably from a delicate disinclination to awaken in my mind the recollections inseparable from the occurrences of that evening. As we walked along the Strand, Daly did, however, what he had never yet done—invite me to dine with him at his lodgings. "Let us," said he, "dine late, and we can go together to the Wolverhampton affair—you must put up with what you can get—I live small, according to my means; but after I have married my duck in weeds, the amiable mother of your angelic Emma, I will give you—emblematic of our affection and constancy—turtle, whenever you dutifully come and see us."

I, of course, could not object to dine with my friend; and accordingly settled the engagement for seven, and we parted after a somewhat protracted walk "to meet again."

I confess, the readiness with which he fell into my views, and the quickness with which he seized the abstruse points of the testamentary document of the late respected head of the Haines's, mixed with the sudden resolution which he appeared to have formed of marrying the dowager, gave me an idea that, although there was something like method in it, madness was the particular reigning malady under which poor Daly laboured; yet there was so much plausibility in his manner, and so much real friendship in his professions, that I could not doubt his earnestness and good will towards me.

At or about seven, therefore, I proceeded to his lodgings, where I found covers for three laid in his sole sitting room, into which his bedroom opened; in which latter apartment he was occupied, when I reached the scene of action, dressing. Having heard my arrival, he begged pardon, from the next room, for being so late at his toilette; and told me to amuse myself with the evening newspaper until he should have completed it. I implicitly obeyed the injunctions of my yet invisible friend, who shortly after joined me, finished for the evening, with the exception of his neckcloth, the tying on of which he reserved for the last moment, lest the indulgence of home feelings might in any way disturb the symmetrical arrangement of his favourite folds. Well do I remember the nervous anxiety with which men, in those days, studied the art of tying the cravat; and I recollect a friend of mine who had provided himself with no less than four to experimentalize upon, who spoiled them all in the putting on, and was actually obliged to wait at an inn on the Portsmouth road, in the neighbourhood of the house to which he was going, when dressed, while his servant travelled to town in a post-chaise and four, and returned with a fresh supply.

"I expect a man to meet you," said Daly, "who will go with us to Lady Wolverhampton's—where you know I have the *entrée*. I am her pet-playingthing—a sort of Jonkanbo general for her dignity balls—and you will see me in my element there. As Dr. Cauliflower the putty-headed physician says, I ought always to have my jacket ready to tumble

in—thank my stars, Gurney, I can tumble without one—I admit I lead my Dow Wolf a fleuce of a life, but she loves me. I catch lions for her—which is a prodigious merit in her eyes.”

“Catch lions!” said I, staring like a fool.

“Exactly,” replied Daly. “One of them feeds here to-day—a Count Stickinmeyer, a very distinguished person in his way.”

“And what way is that?” said I.

“Why, faith, I hardly know,” said Daly; “he has had one empress and two queens desperately in love with him—has killed divers [and sundry of his friends in duels, and by such traits—endearing to the female heart—has worked his name into a glorious notoriety. In these warlike times, a foreigner, not an *émigré*, is a great catch, and he is here on some diplomatic business, *ergo*, the Dow Wolf *would* have him. I have seen a good deal of him during his stay here; and so I am to be leader of the bear. He has one peculiarity—he cannot speak six words of English—but ~~he~~ talks it as fluently as either of us; you’ll see how, in a moment after he arrives;—upon the principle of living from hand to mouth, he makes his words as he wants them; the consequence is, a jargon of the most extraordinary character, which he firmly believes to be English; and which, more extraordinary still, answers every purpose of the most refined study of our embarrassing language.”

Scarcely had Daly finished his description of his friend, when he arrived; and having introduced him to me, Daly proceeded to order dinner forthwith.

“Well, my dear Count,” said Daly, “what news? any more conquests?”

The moment I had time to contemplate the Count’s features, I recognized, with no very pleasurable feelings, one of the faces which, some months before, had flitted before my half-seeing, double-seeing eyes at the gaming-house. This did not prejudice me much in his favour, I admit.

“No news,” said the Count; “none—de unnooseability of de week is quite observationable—dat is, by de stoppupishness of de communications from de controversialness of de continental postability.”

Daly looked at me after this curious specimen of our native language, aiding the expressiveness of his countenance by a wink—I acknowledged the attention by a slight nod, apprehensive lest the Count should observe his bye play, and add him to the number of victims, who, according to his account, had suffered by his sword, like so many larks on a spit; however, the Count’s vanity of the proficiency he had made in our language, secured him, as I afterwards found, from any chance of discovery.

“You have been some time in England?” said I, inquiringly.

“Ah, ah,” said the Count, “so you guess, from de perfectibility of my tong; I declare, I haf qvite lost my own tong in de acquisitionness of Angleish, and my countrymen to whom I give rencounterance in de assemblations, stare to find what a impetuousness of perfection I have to spike a foreign tong, so as to be always miscomprehended for natif.”

“I declare,” said Daly, “I should have fancied, if not an Englishman, that you had spent the greatest part of your life amongst us.”

“You are too flattersome, Dally,” replied the Count; “some people haf an aptiverousness, to de possession of tongs—far excellecizing; others whose condensability of faculty is diversified into a ramificationness of stoddy to generalize, what you call de universality of accompliesment.”

"Clearly," said Daly.

"Yes," said the Count, "a sort of polylglottability which is foreign to de desideration of dose who have some diversationizing of mind regardful to objects quite antipodistical to de oders."

I confess I was very much relieved from the difficulty I had of preserving my gravity by the appearance of Daly's servant with the dinner, which, in the first instance, consisted of two dishes, one larger than the other, which were put down—Daly seating himself on one side of the table, and placing us at either end of it. The covers removed, we found before us a remarkably delicate-looking roasted leg of lamb in the larger dish, and some exquisitely verdant spinach in the other.

"What! no fish, Redmond?" said Daly to his servant.

"No, Sir," said the man.

"Well," said Daly, "no matter. I told you, Gurney, you must take what you could get; and as for Stickonmeyer, he is used to my way of living, so I make no apology."

"Apology!" said the Count; "de simplitude of prandationess is most favoured by me, both in pint of pallatitability and of salubri-ment. De stomach of de beings of humanity is not conformable to de digestion of de objects to which admissiveness is exercised at great dinings."

The Count's principle was quite in accordance with my own, and we certainly made sad havoc with our "innocent lamb:" the wine circulated freely; and we were all in good spirits. The dishes were removed, and a second dish, attended, as before, by a smaller one, made its appearance. Redmond, with his usual dexterity, raised the covers, when my astonished eyes beheld a boiled leg of lamb in one dish, and a fresh supply of spinach in the other.

Daly's amazement, however, did not seem to be at all excited; for he inquired if we would take some boiled lamb, with as much compresure as if he had expected the dish, which it seemed quite clear to me he had not. The sight, however, reminded me of a circumstance which occurred to me once in the west of England, at a house where I paid an unexpected visit, and where—as one always is, in the west of England—I was most kindly and hospitably received. The family was a large one, and I the only stranger. I arrived within a few minutes of dinner, was ushered to my room, hurried my dressing, and was speedily seated at table.

The soup was served. It was a remarkably nice sort of broth, made of veal, with rice and vegetables: I applauded it much. At the bottom of the table was a roast loin of veal; at the top, half a calf's head. There were four *entrées*, yet uncovered. "What will you eat, Gurney," said the master of the house, "some of my dish or Maria's?" I doubted. "Hand round the *entrées*," said the lady. Two were forthwith put in motion; one dish contained veal patties, and the other veal collops. I declined both; for I hated veal. Next came the other two—one a calf's brains, and the other a calf's tongue. I declined those, and took some of the joint, determining to wait for the second course.

I saw, however, dish after dish vanish, and I yet remained unsatisfied, when my fair hostess, with one of her sweetest smiles, said, "We have no second course for you, Mr. Gurney: the fact is, we killed a calf the

day before yesterday, and we are such prudent managers, that we make a point of eating it up while it is good, and nice, and fresh, before we begin upon anything else."

Having had this experience, and having heard before dinner that Daly wished particularly to see "the butcher," I concluded that my eccentric host in London, like my more economical one in the country, had purchased a lamb "for fun," and was now employing us to eat it up, while it was "good, and nice, and fresh."

Daly seemed to enjoy the boiled leg quite as much as he had relished the roast one; and when he had satisfied his appetite he desired Redmond to take it away, "and if there were any second course to bring it." "Come," thought I, "unlike my precedent of the veal, we are to have a second course to-day, and all will be well."

In a few minutes Redmond made his appearance with another couple of dishes: one, as usual, large—the other small. They, like their predecessors, were put down, and the covers removed, when, to my utter astonishment, I beheld a third leg of lamb and spinach, the only variation consisting in the fact that the last lamb was roasted, like the first. I could not help exclaiming on the appearance of this, because it put an end to my speculation of Daly's purchase; seeing that no lamb—except, indeed, occasionally as a freak of nature—has three legs; but Daly did not seem either surprised or discomposed at the exhibition, and the Count—which astonished me most—seemed equally at his ease with Daly.

"Perhaps you don't like lamb," said mine host: "shall I send you some?"

"If you please," said I,—resolved, if it were done in fun—for it is impossible to ascertain when a practical joker is serious—to keep up my good temper; and as it seemed a conceded point, on the part of both my companions, that nothing more was to be served, I washed down the third division of innocence with some remarkably good Champagne.

To this last edition of lamb, succeeded three gooseberry tarts—all nearly of equal size—the dishes alone differing in shape and fashion; and when these were discussed, three detachments of cheese, and three plates of radishes; there was something quaint and odd in the evident affection for the trine number, which Daly exhibited. However, as we were three at table, I imagined he had prepared his dinner on the principle of every man his own dish—something like the proud Welsh boy at school, who, hearing that an English Duke employed six men cooks, during the period that he kept open house, or rather open castle in the north, sneered at the alleged magnificence. "*My father does better than that,*" said Griffith ap Jones, "at our very last party before I left Cmydrdlmnynddryd, we had twenty-four men cooks all employed in dressing the supper;"—and this would have gone down easily, and Griffith ap Jones would have established his paternal magnificence for ever, had not a "Daly of his day" discovered the real state of the case, and announced to his school-fellows, that although the Welshman had spoken truly, the company at the supper to which he alluded, consisted of twenty-four of his near relations, and that *every man toasted his own cheese!*

I noticed the continued imperturbability of mine host's countenance, and an occasional look passing between him and the Count, convinced

me that the circumstance was not accidental ; but while Redmond, the servant, was still in the room, I did not like to make any inquiry into the particulars.

"Dis Claret," said the Count, "is butiful,—dere is a refreshiness in de coolth of him, which is gracious to the mouse : Lafitte, I considere."

"The wine," said Daly, "is good enough in its way. But, Gurney, what did you think of the dinner ? Did it puzzle you ?"

"Why," said I, "it *did* puzzle me a little. I suppose you like lamb ?"

"Not I," said Daly ; "but the Count knows the truth, so shall you. I have lost a good deal of money lately with very little to lose from, and although my large creditors are full of faith, the lesser ones are suspicious of my resources, I therefore deal with many folks, each in a small way ; however, the tavern-keeper from whom I always get my little dinners at home, suggested that, as I was a good deal in arrear, he should be obliged to confine his confidence in me to the extent of one dish per diem, when I wanted it. Now one dish not being sufficient for three persons, I immediately entered into a similar treaty with two other tavern-keepers in the neighbourhood, who are equally willing to trust me to a similar amount ; they were all three put in requisition to-day, and as legs of lamb, roast or boiled, are just now in season, each of the fellows sent me the popular dish, thinking, I suppose, that as I was to have but one, I ought to have as well as a fashionable, a somewhat substantial one."

A new light burst in upon me ; and although it was impossible not to join in the laugh in which mine host and his friend were indulging, the fact which had been elicited accounted to me for the readiness with which Daly had enlisted in my service in the Tenby expedition, and his willingness to undertake the widow at half price, whose reduced jointure would afford him a very snug retirement. During the time we remained drinking our wine, several circumstances occurred to induce me moreover to believe that the Count's diplomatic character at our court was, at best, but an equivocal one ; and others in connexion with this, led me, in some degree, to regret that I had permitted Daly's agreeable manners to give him the ascendancy over me which I felt conscious he possessed, and to extract from me the secret of my attachment to Emma. I anticipated the mischief which his introduction into her family might eventually produce, when it should be known that it was at my suggestion he presented himself there ; and moreover, I felt that it would be extremely unfair in me to aid and abet an alliance between him and the widow, for entering into which he could have none but interested views, and which would probably entail upon the elder lady a *roué* husband, and upon the younger one a giddy father-in-law : but what was to be done ?—the plan had been mentioned, we had discussed it during the early part of the day. The horses, I knew, were ordered, or at least, the place in the coach was taken ; and if I hesitated or interposed at this period, so shortly before the opening of the campaign, and so soon after the disclosure of the real state of mine host's finances, I should in all probability have been handed over to the tender mercies of the noble Count, who, before noon the next day, would have exhibited, at my personal expense, "the perfectibility of his completeness in the art of pistolization."

It was with no little uneasiness, I admit, that I heard Daly give di-



rections to Redmond to have all his luggage ready for an early start in the morning; yet how could I check the impulse of a genuine and generous friendship? his want of wealth arose from no fault of his, or even if it did, it might result from the faults of liberality, and a carelessness of worldly affairs, and therefore I said nothing, although I would have given the world to delay his departure for a day or two.

It was growing late, when Daly suggested the necessity of preparing for action; the Count was to appear in a splendid military uniform, upon which glittered several decorations, and in which he was to attire himself after Daly had finished his neckcloth, which, in the latter part of the evening, was to adorn his proper person. I was accommodated with a fancy domino, and thus we were to proceed to Wolverhampton House, where, as I understood, Daly had been before dinner, aiding and assisting the Countess in various proceedings for the evening's display. I concluded, after I received this intelligence, that he had abandoned his design of physicking her Ladyship's friends with his macaroon cakes; and when he sallied forth from the adjoining apartment, in a sort of foreign dress, extremely well disguised, I imagined him prepared to enchant the misses as a minstrel, and win their willing ears with melodies such as he was fully capable of warbling; an idea which was strengthened when Redmond gave him, carefully enveloped in green baize, what I fondly imagined to be a guitar. The Count, who looked very magnificently, wore no mask, but trusted to his natural personal appearance to make his way, and, although somewhat upon too large a scale for a lady-killer, I fancied him a likely enough man to delight the dowagers. It was considerably past twelve before we were fairly under way; we were each armed with a ticket of admission, which, Daly informed me, her Ladyship very much preferred to any other mode of invitation, upon such an occasion as that of to-night—the great merit of a masquerade being the mystery, which would of course be utterly destroyed, if the guests were compelled to show themselves, in order to obtain the *entrée*; Redmond, I observed, put into the coach two or three bundles, which, I presumed, contained changes of dress for his volatile versatile master; and thus buttoned up, away we drove to the temple of gaiety, of beauty, and fashion.

When we approached the mansion, a string of carriages checked our advance—noise and confusion were heard on every side—the lashing of coachmen's whips—the loud bawling of constables and Bow-street officers—the laughs of the congregated groups, as some grotesque character stepped across the *trottoir* into the house—the distant clang of cymbals, and the beat of drums, which came wafted on the air from her Ladyship's hall—all combined to whet the appetite for action, and it seemed an hour before we found our worthy No. 225 opposite the entrance to the mad scene of brilliancy and fun. Out I stepped—I created no visible sensation amongst the throng—the Baron's red morocco boots and gold-seamed pantaloons, his much-embroidered jacket, and his dangling crosses, seemed to excite a reverential awe; but when Daly stepped out with his beard and bundle, which, much to my horror, developed itself, not as I expected, in the shape of a guitar, but in the more dreaded form of a basket full of "macaroon cakes," the surrounding crowd cried out "Moses, give us a cake," "I say, Mosey," and indeed diverted themselves so much at his expense, that I almost wondered he did not favour them with a taste of his stock.

If the confusion outside the house were great, inconceivably greater was that within ; little did I then suspect the immediate cause of it. Daly had told me, I thought as a joke, that our noble hostess proposed having a cow deposited in a sort of arbour at the top of the first flight of stairs, in which one of the sweetest girls that ever lived was to be discovered in the costume of a milk-maid, supposed to be employed in her rustic vocation, while the company were to be perpetually refreshed with syllabubs, imaginatively concocted from the produce of her toil.

When we reached the hall, we might as well have had no tickets ; we found all the servants and several of the male visitors engaged in one general action—screams above were responded to by shouts below, in the midst of which I observed two butchers, in their ordinary costume, assiduously employed in the divided task of coaxing and kicking a huge bullock down the flight of stairs, at the top of which was the dairy-maid's bower—the more they roared, the more they coaxed, and the more they kicked, the less would the bullock stir, and it was not until the greatest skill, judgment, and magnanimity had been displayed, that the vast monster was got out of the street-door ; when, as if angry at being expelled a scene where everything else was in character, and therefore out of it he made a sudden dash amongst the horses and carriages, to the infinite peril of panes, panels, poles, perches, and platforms.

"Isn't that good fun ?" said Daly to me : "now come along—this is the time for the macaroons—'the labour we delight in physics pain ;'—see—watch—and mark the sequel."

I followed my friend up the staircase, the Count having already fallen into conversation with a very beautiful but immense lady, to whom I was afterwards introduced, and had much occasion to admire and pity ; we proceeded to the drawing-room, where a circle was formed round Lady Wolverhampton, who was expatiating in no measured terms upon the infamous conduct of the man who had promised to send her a nice elegant lady-like cow to stand Hermione-like in the glass-case by the side of the lovely milk-maid, but who, instead, had with great labour and difficulty squeezed a huge over-fed bullock into the place. The moment I heard the dear Countess telling her story, a thought flashed across me—the butcher, to see whom Daly had been so anxious before dinner, was no doubt the traitorous cause of the mishap under the malign influence of the practical joker.

The scene was beautiful and gay—the variety of masks—the diversity of costume—the boisterous mirth of the Moll Flaggons, and Irish haymakers, flirting with delicate die-away nuns, and aristocratic flower-girls—fat monks, dancing with Swiss peasants—knights in armour, lounging on sofas with Indian queens—Doctor Ollapod, in close conversation with Alexander the Great—and Caleb Quotem seriously arguing a point of etiquette with Henry the Fourth of France. It was all exceedingly fascinating and intoxicating, and the bull having been disposed of, harmony was restored—disturbed only by a shrill cry of "Macaroons—cakes—cakes—macaroons—who'll buy ?—who'll buy ?" I saw the fiend of fun approach. In an instant, as he had anticipated, an attack was made upon his basket, and everybody who wore a mask, in which eating was practicable, began consuming the fruits of their impetuosity. I dreaded the consequences, not only to the sufferers, but to Daly himself, who, if discovered, would of course be subject to all the serious penalties which such a trick must naturally entail upon him.

Scarcely, however, had the distribution taken place, (long before the sickening effects could show themselves,) when I felt a sudden twitch at my elbow; I looked round, and saw a Spanish grandee close at my side. I was startled. I had never visited a masquerade before.

"Who are you?" said I.

"All the cakes are gone," whispered the mask; "so is the basket and cloak—I'm here:" it was of course Daly.

"Come with me," said he; "I will introduce you to Lady Wolverhampton;—it is quite prudent to do so. She will see *my* dress and yours, and then she can't suspect either of us of being the macaroon cake-seller; take care and ingratiate yourself—make yourself amiable—she's as hospitable as an Arab, and not very unlike one—hem!"

I followed him, and found myself in a moment at the side of the Countess.

"Countess," said he.

"Who are you?" said her Ladyship.

"Mufti," whispered Daly.

"What, so smart, Daly!" said she: (Mufti being the mystic word by which he made himself known)—"a grandee?"

"Yes," said Daly. "This is my friend Gurney, of whom I have spoken—agreeable creature—sings like a syren—talks like a magpie—quite delightful."

"And I am delighted to make his acquaintance," said her Ladyship. I bowed.

"Unmask for a moment," said Daly; "let the Countess see the 'human face divine,' else when her Ladyship invites you to meet me at dinner here next Tuesday week, at seven o'clock, she may perhaps be disappointed."

"Don't mind him, Mr. Gurney," said her Ladyship; "I shall be very glad to see you whenever you will do me the kindness to call. But, Daly, now tell me, had you no hand in the business of the bullock?"

"Bullock!" said Daly. "I! my dear Lady."

Hereabouts the room began to thin—the dancers seemed particularly anxious to get fresh air—several persons were seen evidently much disordered, and the whole corps appeared in confusion.

"What's the matter now?" said Lady Wolverhampton.

"I don't know, my dear Countess," said a very respectable old body, with a gold tissue turban on her head; "but Kate and Fanny are both taken unaccountably ill, and so is Lieutenant Griggs of the Life Guards, who was dancing with one of them; and as for poor Lady Elizabeth Grogan, I believe she is dying."

A new confusion here arose—the macaroons were evidently disagreeing with the company; however, only a small portion had been poisoned, and to my delight I found, that although a good many of both sexes were considerably damaged by their own anxiety to eat the things, there was still a magnificent crowd to carry on the affairs of the evening. In the midst of the *embarras*, which to the hostess was of course inexplicable, the arrival of a Prince of the blood, who came unmasked, gave a new zest to the scene, and the delight which the Countess experienced at his Royal Highness's appearance, rendered her wholly insensible to the indisposition of her numerous guests, who were labouring under the effects of her pet's performances.

Almost immediately after the Countess had secured the conversation

of his Royal Highness, who seated himself on an ottoman in a small circular room, and while he was graciously complimenting her upon the beauty of the scene, the candles by which it was lighted began almost simultaneously to perform of themselves an operation called "guttering down," and then go out with a sort of unsatisfactory splash of wax—a result produced, as I afterwards discovered, by an ingenious device of Daly's. The consequence was, a nearly total eclipse, attended by an extremely unpleasant smell. Poor Lady Wolverhampton, who confided in Daly, called him to her, and mourning this new calamity, begged him to order fresh lights, which, with an air of subservient activity, he immediately did; but as he went, he whispered me to suggest to her Ladyship the expediency of burning some sort of perfume in the circular room. The idea was instantly adopted by her Ladyship, who, directing me to a beautiful fillagree box which lay on one of the tables, requested me to put three or four of the pastilles which it contained into a burner on the chimney-piece. I obeyed her Ladyship's orders, and the instant I set light to them they exploded, and continued flashing and snapping and blazing till they were burned out, being neither more nor less than four "devils" or "wild fires," such as we were in the habit of making at school, and which, looking precisely like pastilles, some mischievous elf had deposited in the box instead of the real article. The result was, a considerable alarm, an abominable smell, and a smoke so thick that his Royal Highness was seized with a desperate fit of coughing, and all the windows were thrown open to dissipate the obscurity.

The moment the devils took fire, I was convinced that Daly was also the author of this affair—that he had made the exchange, and set me upon making the proposition, in order to bring his scheme into play. However, the rooms were cleaned and refrigerated—fresh candles were brought, things resumed their wonted gaiety, and Daly made his re-appearance.

I ought, perhaps, here to observe, that along the principal drawing-room, a canal, some three feet deep, had been constructed, with an embankment of moss, and coral, and shells, in which the much talked-of fish were destined to disport themselves, but by the time we got there their swimming had ceased—Daly had dosed them with *Coccus Indicus* just before he left the house in the afternoon, and when we arrived at night they were all floating on their backs, dead drunk from the effects of the deleterious drug.

It was now nearly two; and I—strange to say—felt very much disappointed for supper. I asked my Mentor whether such a meal was probable.

"Supper!" said Daly; "to be sure—it is the point of the epigram; the ~~edges~~ after the physic—all regular sit down; hot soups—snug flirtations and fun! none of your stand up absurdities,—tables against the wall, covered with cold negus, and warm ice; where men, women, and children take perpendicular refreshment, like so many horses with their noses in the manger—no!—trust to me. Besides, we shall unmask at supper. I'll introduce you to something very charming, only do me the favour not to forget Emma, and *the* twenty thousand pounds—eh?"

One of the bands here struck up, "the Roast Beef of Old England," as a signal that the much desired banquet was ready; and accordingly every eye sparkled, every heart beat, every body rushed forward, regardless of order, decorum, or decency in the grand attack upon the Countess's refection. The Countess, however, having made proper arrangements, and knowing the eagerness of the best bred people upon this particular subject, had desired her house-steward to complete all the pre-

parations for the supper destined for his Royal Highness and his select party in the circular tent-room, immediately under the one in which he had been sitting, and where covers were laid for twenty; and as soon as all was ready, to bring her the key of the door, so that when she led the Prince to the tent, she might open the little paradise to his view, and be sure that nobody else could make an attack upon the *sanctum*. According to order, everything was arranged, the tent lighted, and the key brought, the soups alone being to be served after the *élite* had taken their places.

The rush and squeeze began—and just in the whirlpool of beauty, and grace, and elegance, I saw a lady, whose laughing eyes, and sweet expression of countenance delighted me, while she and another, somewhat younger than herself, were tossed to and fro in the eddying crowd—they had unmasked, and their dresses were exceedingly becoming to their pretty and animated countenances, and I asked Daly who the elder one of the two was?

“Just the woman for you to know!” said he. “She is perfectly delightful, gives the most agreeable parties in London;—amiable, clever, agreeable, with an hundred thousand pounds of her own:—make her acquaintance by all means!” saying which, we squeezed towards them. “Mrs. Fletcher Green,” said he, “permit me to present my friend Mr. Gurney, who is anxious to become your cavalier in this dreadful onset.”

“A thousand thanks,” said Mrs. Fletcher Green.

“I will take care of Lady John,” added he; and in one instant a wave of humanity separated us, and I found myself obliged, in self-preservation, and for the preservation of Mrs. Fletcher Green, to take an opposite course, by which we secured our places at a table, whence we could not even see my new friend’s late companion, or Daly. It did not seem to signify much—Mrs. Fletcher Green appeared perfectly happy where she was—so was I—and we began a conversation of the most agreeable character, which grew livelier as the champagne circulated, and we commenced on that night an acquaintance, the termination of which I most assuredly did not contemplate at the time.

Another dreadful mishap had occurred since we quitted the drawing-rooms, of which intelligence was brought us by common report; by which it really seemed as if Lady Wolverhampton had been that night marked out for the sport of fortune. Her Ladyship, as it had been arranged, conducted the Prince to the tent room—his Royal Highness giving her his arm, and leading the noble guests who had been favoured with a command to join the royal party. Arrived at the door of the pavilion, her Ladyship applied the key, the lock willingly obeyed the appeal, the *battants* flew open, and disclosed the splendid supper service of the late Earl, making the circular table groan with its weight, and dazzling the eye with its magnificence; but what were the Countess’s feelings, when she beheld nothing in the golden dishes and vases but the remnants of a devoured feast—fragments of dissected fowls—ends of well-notched tongues—creams half demolished—jellies in trembling lumps—glasses scarce emptied, and bottles emptied quite—crusts of bread, with heads and tails of prawns scattered about upon the snowy cloth, and plates well used, piled upon each other in the middle of the once festive board!

The confusion of the Countess was beyond description—the laughter of the Prince beyond belief—to him it was a capital joke—to her Ladyship, a serious evil: how it had occurred nobody could guess, for the door had been locked the moment everything was ready, and the key

taken to her Ladyship. Consternation reigned, and his Royal Highness had to re-ascend the stairs, and wait until the whole affair was rearranged. Of course I was as ignorant as my neighbours of the cause of this calamity, and should have remained so until now, had not Daly told me, in our way home, that having gone out into the garden in order to get rid of his Jew's dress and basket, where he deposited them, he found a band of Pandean Minstrels, puffing their hearts out into their pipes, to which nobody listened, and being resolved, if possible, to destroy the royal monopoly in the tent-room, to which he had not been invited, and which, although locked towards the lobby, opened on to the lawn, he directed the weary performers to go in at the window, which he set wide for the purpose, and get their supper; advising them by no means to call for anything that was not there already—to eat and drink what they could, to make as much haste as possible, and when they had done to lock the window on the outside, and throw the key into the two yards square pond, which in rainy weather served as a wet dock to her Ladyship's pet swan. All of which instructions, it appeared, the said Pandéans followed to the very letter; and thus, to his infinite delight, caused that confusion in which his heart so wonderfully rejoiced.

It was nearly five when I handed Mrs. Fletcher Green into her plain dark brown chariot. I ventured to express some solicitude about her companion at the supper-room door, till she assured me that she was quite safe; "because," said she, "she has a husband here to take care of her. I am quite independent—a thousand thanks—I hope we shall be better acquainted."

Away she drove—I turned into the house to look for Daly—but I confess Mrs. Fletcher Green had made an impression upon me—there was such a charming mixture of worldliness and nature about her—I mean such a perfect knowledge of every body in society, and of every thing that was going on, mixed with a genuine kind-heartedness—a love of fun—and an artless hearty good nature; all of which, combined with talent of a high order, and accomplishments which even my short intercourse with her had convinced me were of the first class, rendered her engaging—interesting—captivating.

When I went up stairs to look for my friend, the sun had superseded the lamps and candles—the decorations of the preceding night had lost their freshness; even the flowers were drooping—the lovely girls looked haggard, and the elderly ladies horrid—the rouge burnt blue on their cheeks, and there was not a curl in the whole community. Masks and character-dresses lay heaped in corners, disregarded; and people, in their own proper persons, were languidly praising the humours and delights of the party, listening, listlessly, for the announcement of the carriages which were to take them away;—the vapour of tea and coffee which were served, were the only refreshments of the *fête* scene, if I except the morning air, which some of the most venturesome of the girls dared to admit through the open windows, *naïvely* the warnings of their more prudent mothers.

I soon found Daly, and we retired together—my head aching—my heart not easy—tired—worn out—and as much fatigued as if I had travelled a journey of two hundred miles. All the consolation I derived from my own sensations was, the hope that my friend would be equally knocked up with myself, and would therefore delay his departure for Tenby, for at least another day.

May.—VOL. XLIV. NO. CLXXIII.

## FRANCIA, THE DICTATOR.\*

THE vessel in which I had been made prisoner was called the *Inglesita*. Being now liberated, she proceeded from the Baxada, on her original voyage to Assumption, the capital of Paraguay. In the letter-bag of general correspondence, which had been put on board at Buenos Ayres, and which contained a great mass of letters from the merchants and other persons there connected with Paraguay, there was one also from Don Nicolas Herrera, then secretary of the Buenos Ayres government, to Dr. Francia. This same Mr. Herrera had been the envoy from that place to Paraguay, on the mission which so entirely failed, to solicit, and establish by treaty, a commercial intercourse between the two republics. I had known him very intimately, and seen him very frequently at my house, during his residence at Assumption, about a year before the events of which I am now writing occurred.

So much afraid were the natives, and all in any way connected with Dr. Francia, of the remotest intercourse with the Buenos Ayres envoy, that he was almost quite shut out from society. Dr. Francia was pleased to extend to me, as a foreigner, the privilege of seeing as much of Mr. Herrera as I chose: "for," said the Dictator, "I know you don't meddle with our politics; and it is a pity that so loquacious a gentleman as Mr. Herrera should be obliged to hold his tongue all day, for want of any one to talk to: I wish you much joy of his company: he is a miserable charlatan."

The Dictator did me no more than justice in saying that I did not meddle with his politics. I had too much regard both for life and fortune to do so. However occupied I might be in *thinking* of his measures, and in judging, by the signs, of the coming storm, I abstained most scrupulously from all reference to the sultry state of the political atmosphere, or the gathering darkness that might be seen on the horizon.

To Mr. Herrera, the Dictator by *no means* did justice. With much shrewdness of character, and very gentlemanlike manners, the Buenos Ayres envoy was a man of some literary attainments, and of so happy a perception of the ridiculous, as to render him a very agreeable companion, in a country affording such ample scope for the exercise of the latter talent.

This gentleman, then, just before I sailed from Buenos Ayres in the *Inglesita*, requested me to wait on him at the Government-house, he being at the time Secretary of State. He told me that the government had determined to write to Dr. Francia,—knowing how he had the great want of muskets, and offering to supply them, if, in return, he would send them some Paraguay recruits. General Albear was then Director of Buenos Ayres. I was introduced to him: he confirmed Mr. Herrera's statement, and added, that as I was so well acquainted with the state of affairs, both in Paraguay and the provinces of the river Plate, the government, in its letter to the Dictator, would refer him to me for information on all matters connected with the state of the country.

A communication to this effect was accordingly put into the *Inglesita's* letter-bag; and it was, as a matter of course, seized, and with all the other letters and papers on board, at the time of the vessel's capture, sent to General Artigas.

Of this extraordinary man—almost as great a wonder in one way, as Dr. Francia in another—I propose to give some account in a future paper. Suffice it, in the mean time, to say, that at the period of which I now write (1814-15), Artigas, at open war with Buenos Ayres, had withdrawn from the federal union with that place, most of the interior provinces and towns on the *west* side of the river Plate, and all those on the *east* side, or Banda Oriental. Under the title of “Most Excellent Protector” of those provinces, his word became a law, and his measures, all directed against Buenos Ayres, threatened her very existence as an independent state.

Artigas was not at war with Paraguay; but he was using every underhand and seductive means in his power—sometimes resorting even to open predatory incursions into that province—to undermine the influence of the Dictator. Things were so equally poised between them—Francia being strong in his river-girt, isolated territory, and Artigas powerful by his influence over the adjacent provinces, as well as by his means of rapid locomotion with his cavalry—that each had abstained from any formal declaration of war against the other. But both were intent upon making it, the moment that either should find himself with such accession of power as should give him the decided superiority.

Meanwhile, from their respective fastnesses, they stood watching and looking at each other like two implacable beasts of prey, resolved upon the onset, yet pausing to measure, by their keen, ferocious glance, the precise moment at which it might be most advantageously made.

In this position of affairs, having sent off the Inglesita from the Baxada to Assumption, I returned on horseback to Buenos Ayres, thence visited the camp of General Artigas, and finally proceeded on my journey, by land, to Paraguay.

Scarcely had I set foot on that territory when I was met by a courier, which my brother had dispatched, with a letter to the following effect:—

“Assumption, 1814-15.

“My dear John,—Your vessel, the Inglesita, has arrived. The Dictator, however, not only refuses to permit her discharge, but has commanded me to send her back, within eight days from this time. He has ordered me, also, to quit the province, and allows me only three weeks to wind up your affairs; so that your scattered property here, and all the money owing to you, may be considered as entirely lost.

“Nor is this all. The Dictator requires me to tell you, that as you value your life, you are never again to set foot in Paraguay; and I am too well persuaded of his deadly intentions, not on the instant to dispatch our courier, Velasquez, to you with the fatal news. I beseech, I intreat of you, on this account to come here. I shall myself do all I possibly can, in the short space allotted to me, to bring your affairs to a close.

“I will then join you wherever you may direct me to do so: and be so good as to let me know your plans, that I may co-operate towards their execution as far as lies in my power. The reasons alleged by Francia for these harsh measures against you (and you know his measures to be not more harsh than his resolutions irrevocable) are two:—

“First, he says, that Captain Percy ought to have insisted, with Artigas, upon restitution of the *muskets*, as well as of your other property; and he asked me, in a tone of bitterness and indignation which I have seldom observed, even in him, if I thought it reasonable that he should permit a commerce in English rags to Paraguay, while yet the Commander of the British forces was so pusillanimous as not to protect a trade in arms? He says he will allow no such thing; and is determined they shall know,



in Great Britain, that there is at least *one* man in the world—he, too, a Dictator—that as little courts their alliance as he values their protection.

“The second source of Francia’s displeasure, he urges as originating entirely with yourself: and hence his terrible bitterness against you, personally.

“It seems that among the letters taken by Artigas on board of the *Inglesita*, there was one addressed by the Buenos Ayres government to Dr. Francia, requesting him to send them recruits, in return for which they would supply him with arms. Most unfortunately, reference is made to you in this letter, as authorized by the Director Albear, to communicate with the Dictator on this and other subjects. He hence infers—and insists upon it—that you have been intriguing against him with the Buenos Ayres government: and how vain—how much worse than vain—how perilous, were all remonstrance with him to the contrary, you too well know.

“What makes the matter altogether hopeless is this: that Artigas has published, with many exaggerations, the letter in question, and is now busy distributing it among Francia’s people, and the soldiers on the frontiers of Misiones. On the strength of this document, Artigas tells the Paraguayans that their Dictator, in league with Buenos Ayres and heretical foreigners, is bargaining to send thousands of them out of the country, and to sell them, like so many flocks of sheep, for arms; and that with these, when he gets them, he will shoot or enslave his misguided countrymen.

“Under these accumulated circumstances, heightened and aggravated by the fierce, impatient jealousy of the Dictator, you will see how hazardous, not to say how reckless and rash an attempt it were on your part, to come here. I send, therefore, express, to prevent your doing so. My hope is, that the courier may meet you at Corientes, before you enter this now dangerous and forbidden land. But if he should not—if you should, ere this letter reaches you, be already in Paraguay—for God’s sake return instantly: save yourself, and relieve the anxiety of your affectionate brother,

“WILLIAM ———.”

I was already within the province of Paraguay when I received this letter. At the time the courier met me I was at full gallop for Assumption, attended by a single servant and a postillion. The road lay through a forest, dark and almost impervious; and as I reined in my horse—read the ominous epistle—looked upon the deep solitude and seclusion of the spot—the panting horses—the nearly exhausted riders—and the anxious and alarmed countenance of the courier—a fit of momentary sickness came over me, and my head felt for an instant giddy. It was *but* for an instant. I recovered immediately, and determined at once, in spite of my brother’s letter—in spite of the affectionate remonstrance of the old and faithful courier—to ride on to Assumption, and face the Dictator in his own palace. I was so completely conscious of my own innocence of the accusations laid to my charge, and I was so indignant at Francia’s conduct, after all I had suffered on his account, in the capture of my vessel, loss of my property, and imprisonment of my person at the Baxada, that I became as bold as a lion, and felt far more strongly the impossibility of his *daring* to shoot me, than I even remotely feared the chance of his doing so.

I contrived to reach Assumption at night, and rode as quietly through the town as possible, till I came to my own house. I shall not stop to describe the chill of horror and alarm which came over my brother when he saw me. He intreated, he implored, I would instantly leave the place; but he did so in vain. He soon saw, in my cool but determined resolution to meet Francia on the following day, a mind so made up as

to be absolutely impervious at once to his remonstrances and his supplications. We passed a great part of the night in conversation over our bottle of wine. I heard of the thousand cruel and arbitrary acts of which the Dictator had been guilty, since I had last been in Paraguay. My brother recounted them in animated succession, and in the affectionate though now very feeble hope that they might deter me from the risk I was about to run, of becoming one of Francia's victims. My mind, however, was thoroughly, irrevocably, made up to meet him.

Next morning, accordingly, my brother and myself went to the Dictator's palace. On our names being sent in, we were admitted, under an escort of two of his body-guard and a serjeant, to his presence.

He seemed wrapped up in an air and attitude of more than ordinary sternness and severity. I stood before him immovable, and without uttering a word.

"How dare you, Sir," said he, "appear before me," when I gave your brother orders to prohibit your coming into the province, at the peril of your life?" Hereupon the following dialogue, transcribed almost verbatim, ensued between the Dictator and myself.

"Sir," said I, in reply to his question, "I *dare* to appear before you, because, so far from having done anything reasonably to offend you, I have risked my life to serve you; and I *dare* to appear before you, because, instead of expecting any such despot's and ungrateful appeal, I expected to receive both consolation and reward for what I have suffered."

Francia. "The letter, Sir—the letter! *why* did you countenance the Government of Buenos Ayres in writing such a letter? what made you *presume* to authorize them to write such things to me?"

"I neither did countenance, Sir, nor authorize the Government's writing *any* thing to you. If your Excellency will please to recollect that I am a private and very humble individual, you will perceive the incongruity of such a charge. What would *you* think, after you had made up your mind upon a subject, written to the Government of Buenos Ayres upon it, and told them that the bearer of your letter could give them any information they required upon the state of the country you ruled, if that Government, upon finding the contents of your dispatch unsavoury, should *take up* the bearer of it, and threaten to shoot him, because he had 'countenanced' and 'authorized' Dr. Francia to write such a letter? Sir, you *dare* not shoot me upon such a pretext; and *one* of the reasons for my appearing before you to-day, is to show you that I hold such a threat to be a mere piece of dictatorial bravado. Much as you affect to despise the English, you know very well—were it only by Captain Percy's interference for my person and property at the Baxada—that they will not allow even Dr. Francia to shoot a British subject, without a fearful foreboding, on his part, of the consequences. I do, Sir, *defy* you to take my life."

Francia. "You impertinent scoundrel, do you thus dare to speak to me, who am perpetual and supreme Dictator of this republic?"

"I do, Sir," replied I, "not only thus dare to speak to you, but I tell you that, as regards your country, you are a most despotic tyrant, and, as regards me, a most treacherous and ungrateful friend."

Francia. "Leave my presence, Sir; and if, twenty-four hours hence, I find you in Assumption, yourself shall certainly be hung up in the square, and you may not, possibly, have even a brother left to weep your untimely fate."

This was such an *argumentum ad hominem*, and it was followed up by so rude a grasp of the guards, as they dragged me forth from the dictatorial presence, that I was constrained per force to acquiesce. My poor brother, during the short interview which I had with the Dictator, had stood behind me, and in most affectionate solicitude, had endeavoured, but in vain, to moderate "the rancour of my tongue;" this had become "a fire,"—it could not "be tamed,"—it was for the moment "an unruly evil," and was eager to set on fire, not so much "the course of nature," as the course of Francia's most unnatural sway.

Forth, then, from the presence of the Dictator was I dragged. I was escorted to my own house by a couple of his guards; and while I rejoiced in having declared my sentiments, my brother rejoiced in my having escaped from death. How the Dictator was moved to a deviation from his usual practice of following up his first determination by a literal adherence to the terms of it, I cannot say; but certain it is, that *my* original sentence of death, should I put foot in Paraguay, was now commuted to a sentence of banishment, with twenty-four hours' notice to prepare for it. "I delegated all preparation in the matter to my brother; and in the meantime I sallied forth to scan the feelings of my former "dear friends," and "most obedient servants," as toward a "proscribed" and "banished man."

Every inhabitant of the place—the males, with whom I had been most intimate—the females, with whom I had been most gallant—shunned me as a thing blighted and contaminated by the Dictator's displeasure. Every door was shut against my admission; every eye was turned away from the glance which in mine attempted to meet it. Hospitality, which before had greeted me with open arms, turned deadly pale at my appearance; and friendship, which had of old held out to me the right hand of cordial fellowship, shrunk back now from even the civility of external salutation. A damp, cold, fearful chill, benumbed the affections, and froze up all the genial currents of those hearts in which I had a little while ago ruled and revelled. I felt like Cain, and was ready to say to my God, "Behold thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me.—My punishment is greater than I can bear."

One cot—one lowly cot, and its inhabitants, alone did I find unchanged. It stood upon the face of a hill, embosomed in the most lovely and exuberant array of tropical profusion. Here the lofty cedar, and there the splendid palm, were waving their foliage to the evening breeze; the sugar-cane plantations were bending to the wind, and the Indian corn, tufted with its luxuriant flower, inferior only to that of the horse-chesnut, was nodding in verdant majesty, and promising unlimited abundance to the expectant cultivator of the favoured soil. Birds of every variety of plumage, and still more beautiful and mellifluous variety of song, were charming the eye, and filling the air with their notes. The turtle wooed his mate in melancholy mood; the green and yellow parrot flew cackling and chuckling to his fragrant sombre roost, the orange grove; the little "pica-flor," or humming-bird, of a thousand different hues and sizes, was taking his last flirting sip of a jessamine or a pink. At one corner of the garden of this cot you might see him, in form not larger than a bee; and in another might you behold reflected from him by the rays of the evening sun, his rich and variegated tinges of

purple, blue, and gold. Poised on his fluttering pinions, he inhaled his fragrant nectar,—and in his little sportive dalliance, and buoyant joy, did he pass from flower to flower, depriving them only by his hasty sip, of that which not impoverished them, and made him rich indeed.

This cot or cottage—call it which you will—peeped from its elevated recess upon the wide-spread glassy surface of the river Paraguay. Winding and meandering, this magnificent and silver stream, a mile in breadth, was flowing between its banks and among its woods, so rich, so verdant, and so dark as to make the liquid contrast with them of the river, almost like millennial splendour.

Gazing I stood, enraptured with the scene. Francia was forgotten : Carmensita was in my arms : I went not home that night to see my brother. I passed it with Carmen at the cottage. At early dawn I tore myself from her, and from her lowly but lovely cot. Alas ! I never crossed the well-known threshold more.

Once, again, I stalked forth—"the banished man,"—the brand of proscription frightening every one from my path ;—I reached my own house : here my kind brother and the servants were busied in preparations for my voyage. I *must* leave Assumption at noon : the only alternative, if I remained *now*, was death inevitable.—I *did* leave it, accordingly. I left it in the Inglesita ; and as I glided down the stream, I got one parting glimpse of Carmen's cottage ; and by straining my eyes, I got a last look of Carmen's self.—Pale and solitary, there she stood. One long, pure, and beautifully white robe was all her attire :—simplicity asks, and the climate permits, in Paraguay, no more. It was tied round her slender waist by a little purple band, showing a most exquisite bust, and a most finished form beneath. Her long black tresses were floating to the breeze, not even caught up by a comb. She waved her small and lovely hand to me and my departing bark ; and, as I returned the sad signal of adieu, she rushed into her cot, and vanished from my eyes for ever.

It is not my intention, in this paper, to pursue my personal memoirs farther than as they are connected with Dr. Francia, or tend to illustrate his policy and develop his character.

It is with this same view that the following further occurrences and facts are adduced. Some of them happened before, some after I left Paraguay ; but all of them may be relied on as having occurred, either under my own personal observation, or as having come to my knowledge from subsequent communication with persons entitled to all credit, whether from their knowledge of facts, or their veracity in the relation of them.

General Velasco, to whom I have alluded in a previous paper, as governor of Paraguay, when the revolution, by which the Spanish power was overthrown there, occurred, was a man of the most amiable and interesting character. Descended from a very old family in Spain, he had been long governor of Paraguay, under the Viceroys of Buenos Ayres. His person tall, his air military and erect, he had, nevertheless, in his countenance that which spoke humanity, kindness, and affability to be the leading features of his character. His venerable form, and his grey locks, and the remembrance of his unassuming, humane, and even-handed administration of justice, had conciliated for him at once the respect and the affection of all who knew him. When he was deposed, accordingly, from the government, and superseded by the Junta composed of Generals Yegros, Cagliero, and Dr. Francia, his very enemies,

respected him so far as to leave him unmolested, and at liberty to live where he would, and move about as he pleased.

I was introduced to him soon after my first arrival in Paraguay. He was then about sixty-eight years of age. His mode of life was simple, frugal, and altogether unostentatious.

But yet there was something of the *je ne sai quoi* of the old Governor about him. Every part of his own attire was scrupulously clean; everything in his humble dwelling had an air of neatness and arrangement, which showed rather diminished means than superseded habits of elegance and taste. The plate off which he dined was beautifully bright; the small table at which he ate, and which never admitted of more than one guest, was covered with a napkin snowy white; pure and cool water, in a sparkling caraffe, showed that to be his principal beverage; for the wine stood on a small side-table, to be helped only when called for. An old and favourite butler, the only servant in attendance, stood at a distance more respectful, and waited with an attention more reverential, than it was possible he could have done during General Velasco's governorship. All this I saw when occasionally I dined with him, preparatorily to our going to shoot partridges in the evening. He was a keen sportsman, and an excellent shot. With his Spanish barrel, all inlaid with silver, and a clumsy, but very capital lock, he took his sure and graceful aim, and seldom missed his bird. Often did we together, in the cool of the evening, go forth on horseback to our two hours' exercise and sport, in the most lovely country upon which Nature ever lavished her beauties. With our favourite dogs, and our two servants—one to hold our horses, and another to alleviate our very gentle fatigue by handing us a glass of what was there a great rarity, English porter,—did General Velasco and I pass many an afternoon together, and return to his or my house, with our twelve brace of birds, to sit afterwards in the open court, and smoke a cigar under the clear moon, and the delightful and refreshing fragrance of the evening breeze. One other amusement, only, the simple and patriarchal General had. He was very fond of humming-birds, and had a dozen cages stocked with them, and hung all round his usual sitting-room. There he bred them, there he fed them; and as you walked in upon him of a forenoon, you might see him, in his morning gown, surrounded by a number of the little flutterers,—one sipping syrup from one small quill, another from another. They flew about his ears, hovered round his mouth, or pitched upon his shoulder, with all the endearment of perfect confidence and love. When tired, he shook his hands in the gentlest possible way in the midst of them, and instantly the rich and gaudy little tribe dispersed, each to its respective cage. Scarcely had it been there, however, for a moment, when it poised itself on its wings within its pretty tenement, and looked towards its kind feeder, as if alike impatient and desirous to know when it might return to him.

General Velasco was supported by the cheerful and voluntary donations of his countrymen, the old Spaniards, residing in Assumption. They ministered to his every want in a way so delicate, and so honourable to themselves, that it deserves to be recorded.

The butler had been a servant in the general's family in Spain, and left it, to accompany the member of it whom he most respected and loved, when he embarked for South America. This butler had the *entire* superintendence of all General Velasco's domestic affairs, when he was

governor. When he *ceased* to be governor, the general insisted upon his butler's providing for himself, by getting another situation. The butler remonstrated thus—"Ah! Sir, is it possible, that after *having* been a favoured servant of your own and your family's during twenty years of your prosperity, you should now turn me off in the bleak day of your adversity? *What* have I done to merit this?"

As Ruth to Naomi, so Benito (that was the butler's name) "*clave*" to his master. Most *honourable* butler; he *would* not go free. He said—"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me." •

Benito *did* go with his master; it was to Benito's care and kindness that all the nice arrangements about his master were to be traced. Benito first spent his own little fortune to effect this, telling his master that his friends, the old Spaniards, sent him the money, without sending their names. Benito, when his own money was done, got, *literally* in this anonymous way, *from* the Spaniards, what more was required for his master's use. Benito was his master's servant—he was also his ministering angel.

"They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided;" for when the cruel and relentless jealousy of the tyrant Francia at length laid its iron gripe upon poor General Velasco, tore him, at the age of seventy-six, from his home to a prison, and there suffered him to die of starvation, neglect, and filth—Benito, stretched out at his master's feet, survived him but one day.

The bishop of Paraguay was a man almost equally respected and equally unfortunate with General Velasco. I was introduced at the palace to his lordship, and had the honour of kissing his hand, on which sparkled a rich diamond ring. Dr. Francia told him that it was not customary for Protestants to kneel to their prelates; and that as Paraguay was now a country that tolerated all religions, I must be excused from this ceremony. The bishop very graciously acquiesced, spoke to me a good deal, and considering I could not, as a heretic, occupy a very high place in his opinion, I had much reason not only to be satisfied with the distinguished honour of kissing his lordship's hand, but to be very thankful for not having to go down on my knees. This latter ceremony was nothing more than every individual, at one time, in Paraguay, went through as he passed the bishop in the street.

He was a venerable, meek, and mild-looking man, and had belonged to the order of Franciscan friars. Francia so beset him with threats and intimidations, and not content with completely undermining his ecclesiastical power, so taunted and insulted, fretted and frightened him, that he drove him to complete mental alienation. He lingered a few years in this melancholy state, and then died in the depths and misery of poverty, wretchedness, and destitution. Not a friend was found to close his eyes; neither could there be obtained for him a separate grave. Dragged on a hurdle to the public place of burial, he was there committed, in a large hole, to his mother earth, in common with the naked wretches who had died in prison, or been executed by order of the Dictator.

The celebrated botanist Monsieur Bonpland—that Bonpland who

travelled with Humboldt during the course of his scientific researches in Mexico,—was detained many years a prisoner in Paraguay by Francia. In one of his long, stern, unrelenting moods, the Dictator resisted every effort, supplication, and influence used to obtain the liberation of Bonpland. This enterprising naturalist, having been led up the river Paraná, on botanical research, found, in a part of the Misiones territory, some fine forests of the yerba, or Paraguay tea tree. The exportation of this commodity having, under the system of Francia's non-intercourse policy, been prohibited from Paraguay, Bonpland, with the Indians residing near the spot, formed an establishment for the purpose of collecting and preparing it.

This of course excited Francia's jealousy. He equipped a small military force, sent it against the establishment of the peaceful but enterprising botanist, completely overthrew it, and carried Bonpland himself a prisoner into Paraguay. The wife and daughter of this gentleman were at the time in Buenos Ayres. His wife, after exhausting, and exhausting in vain, every effort *there*, to obtain her husband's liberation, proceeded at length to Europe, to try what could be done through the mediation of the French court, for the unhappy prisoner. The following letter, transmitted to me from Lima, by my brother, who saw Madame Bonpland there, on her return from Europe, gives a short account of the indefatigable zeal and energy of this amiable and accomplished woman. She is an honour to her sex: she is a most especial honour to the married part of it:—she is a noble, a delightful specimen of the enterprize to which, with conjugal love as the basis of it, that sex may be stimulated.

“*Lima, 27th June, 1827.*”

“MY DEAR JOHN—Madame Bonpland arrived here a few days ago, and I have just had a long conversation with her. She is bound on the perilous enterprize of joining her husband in Paraguay; and it is impossible not to feel the highest interest in her behalf. A year ago Madame Bonpland left Rio de Janeiro with her daughter for France, and there applied to the King for a requisition of the person of Bonpland, as a French subject, from Francia. The French minister proposed addressing him as ‘Dr. Francia,’ simply, and Madame Bonpland was three months engaged in the arduous enterprize of getting the French cabinet to style him—‘His Excellency the Dictator of Paraguay.’ It was at last conceded to her, on the solemn promise, that the dispatch should either be delivered by her own hands, or returned to the King: so great was his Majesty's fear that the style of the address might be construed into an acknowledgment of the Doctor's government. Madame Bonpland next got a letter from Mr. Canning, begging Bonpland's person of the Dictator; and she then returned to Rio de Janeiro.

“Here she was disappointed in her hope of getting to Paraguay by the route of Matagroso. She had previously established a correspondence with General Sucre, who had offered her his assistance in getting to Paraguay, if necessary, by the interior of Peru, and so to the Brazil frontiers, on the river Paraguay, whence she could descend it, and reach Assumption.

“She sailed from Rio de Janeiro for Valparaiso, and arrived there lately. She there got letters again, from the Chile government, in favour of her husband, for Francia. She now waits here for General La Mar, (the President of Peru) to get letters to the same effect from him. She will proceed hence back to Arica, and so to La Paz. At this place she expects either to hear from Francia, or to get a military escort from General Sucre, with which to proceed straight across the country to Paraguay.

“The undertaking is as singular and arduous as can well be imagined;

and you cannot conceive a more interesting woman for the undertaking than Madame Bonpland. She is of the age and figure and elegance of Lady P——y. Her face is not so handsome, but full of soul and intelligence; and she is not only accomplished and fascinating in her manners, but has a really intelligent and well-cultivated mind.

"She left her daughter at Paris, and has no companion for her proposed undertaking. Our old school-fellow, Captain Tait, of H.M.S. Volage, has agreed to give her a passage to Arica.

"I am only afraid, alas! that the savage nature, and phlegmatic, cold-blooded feelings of Francia, are totally incapable of relenting, even at the sight of female heroism in distress, like that of Madame Bonpland.

"Yours, &c.

(Signed)

WILLIAM ——."

A single glance at the map, most gracious reader (and if a man, in admiration of Madame Bonpland's devotion—if a woman, as a tribute of respect for what she could undertake,—of sympathy for what she must have suffered, you should *bestow* this glance,) a single glance at the map will show the nature and extent of her voyages and travels, for the one object of procuring her husband's liberation from captivity.

First, she sailed from the river Plate to France; thence to England; and across the Atlantic again, from England to Rio de Janeiro; from hence you will see, that had she been permitted to follow up her original intention of crossing the country to Paraguay, she might have reached Assumption in three weeks, the distance between it and Rio de Janeiro, by the land route, being not more than eight hundred miles. This, however, she could not do, and so sailed from Rio round the cold and boisterous region of Cape Horn, to Valparaiso. At Valparaiso she embarked for Lima, and sailed back from Lima to Arica. From hence, crossing the sandy deserts of Peru, herself the only female, escorted through a savage country by rough soldiers, she made her way to the river Paraguay, above Assumption, and then embarking in a canoe, was paddled by Indians down the stream, till she came to Francia's capital. Before she could reach this place, she must have sailed and travelled from the time of her first leaving Buenos Ayres, 21,500 miles.

She *did* then reach Paraguay—had an interview with the Dictator—prostrate at his feet, she laid her credentials before him;—she entreated, wept, implored—"Oh, Sir, restore to me my husband!" Vain were her tears, and useless were her supplications. As well might they have been addressed to the flinty rock, or the howling wind. Francia's heart was harder than the adamant—more chilling than the blast. Not only did he refuse to liberate Bonpland, but even to permit his wife to see him. Back she measured her desolate and solitary steps to Chile; and there in widowed sadness—her husband still alive—she set herself to earn a scanty subsistence by the establishment of a school.

Bonpland was liberated, and allowed to leave Paraguay, some years after the date of the preceding letter from Lima, in consequence of a remonstrance addressed by the French consul to Francia, from Buenos Ayres, which had, I believe, the effect of *intimidating* the Dictator.\* Of the subsequent fortune or fate of Bonpland and his wife, I have had no information.

\* It was intimated to him that there were then French ships of war in the river Plate, and that they would no longer permit the unjust violation either of the liberty or the property of French subjects.



## "OUR EXILE IN ENGLAND:"

### AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF SPANISH REFUGEES.

ENGLAND has uniformly shown an honourable sympathy with that noble little band of Spaniards—the fallen defenders of a disastrous, but inextinguishable cause—who, a few years ago, sought the shelter of her shores, after every sacrifice and every exertion that heart could prompt, or hand achieve, on behalf of the constitutional liberty of their country. Of these men, some have since died in their not inglorious exile—died with the consolation which the memory of patriotic deeds and motives must ever impart—and some who have lived on, "bating no jot of heart or hope" for better times, are gone back to the land of their homes, to lend fresh aid to the revived impulses of freedom—while a few, yet lingering among us in the persevering exercise of those vocations to which necessity has constrained them, present to our admiration the fine and touching spectacle of the constant mind struggling with adversity. We need no apology for offering to our readers the following brief records of such men as we have here referred to: on the contrary, when we add that their own hands have traced the originals of those records—that their own pens have furnished the memorials of their hopeful toils and their still hopeful sufferings—we feel that we arouse and interest at once those associations that have so often before caused English bosoms to thrill in their behalf. For the opportunity of laying before the public these "short and simple annals of the brave," we are indebted to Mr. Upcott, of whose indefatigable exertions in the collection of autographs they present a curious specimen, and one which of itself goes far towards overturning the objections so often raised against the alleged futility of such a pursuit. They are written in an album—nearly all in the native language of the contributors, from which noble tongue we have transferred them to our own—and *all* in direct continuity with each other, in agreement with that fraternal community of spirit under which their authors had acted. Those which we now offer are not the whole that appear in Mr. Upcott's book: we may perhaps find future room to complete the series.

We would commence with General Mina, that scarred and veteran pattern of intrepid constancy, that "*telo animus præstantior omni*," who is at this moment actively upholding the cause of political regeneration, in support of which he has earned so many previous laurels; but the short memorandum from his pen happens to be one of mere compliment, and is written in English of a somewhat imperfect construction, which we would neither alter, nor yet incur the risk of exciting any inopportune levity of feeling by exactly transcribing it. Let him therefore pass, with three cheers (of the heart) for so gallant a soldier.

Next come we to the honoured name of General Quiroga. His account of himself is faced by a lithographic portrait, exhibiting lineaments as frank and martial as Desdemona's self could desire. His words, translated, are as follow:—

"Anthony Quiroga, born at Betanzos in Galicia, commenced his martial career in the Marine Guard in 1804; entered the army in 1808, at the age of 16: was wounded and made prisoner in Asturias, in 1809; owed his release to the officer in command of the escort, who then accompanied him from Venavente to the quarters of the Spanish army; was appointed staff-officer and Colonel in 1812; took part in the actions at Valmareda,

Espinosa, Santiago, and Pusa de Sampayo, (in the latter of which he was wounded), and was at the sieges of Las Plazas de Astorga and Burgos in support of the English army, as well as in various separate conflicts in Galicia, Asturias, and Castile. In 1820 was nominated general in chief of the first national army, in the Isle of Leon, where he maintained himself for ten weeks against the whole disposable naval and military force of King Ferdinand; who afterwards, when he had decided on taking the oaths in favour of the Constitution, appointed him (Quiroga) his aide-de-camp. Was elected a provincial Deputy to the Cortes. Defended the garrison of Corunna in 1823, against General Burke's division. Repaired subsequently to Cadiz, whence he fled to Gibraltar, and came to that soil which is freely open to refugees of all opinions, and of whatever class or religion; where he hopes, in common with the rest of his fellow citizens, to meet with an opportunity, at some future day, of rendering service to his country.

(Signed) "ANTONIO QUIROGA."

"London, 1st May, 1828."

Another patriot fearlessly conversant with the "grappling vigour and rough frown of war," is he who shall next describe himself:—

"Ferdinand Gomez de Butron, Spanish general, was born in the town of St. Cyprian de Careño, in the province of Zamora, and entered on his military career in 1787, in the body-guard. Organized and placed himself at the head of the insurrection in the kingdom of Arragon, on the 24th of May, 1808, as second to General Palafox. Formed and disciplined the army which defended Saragossa under its two memorable sieges, during both of which he commanded the outer line of defence. Becoming a prisoner of war at the surrender of the city, he contrived to escape (previously to giving his parole) and presenting himself to the Central Junta at Seville, was appointed by that supreme body to command the cavalry of the army of the left. Was present at the battles of Tamames, Alba de Tormes, Arapiles, Albuera, at the taking of Madrid in 1812, &c. On the abolition of the constitutional system in 1814, he retired to his home, where he remained till the year 1820, when the re-establishment of that system led to his appointment as governor and commander-in-chief of the fortress of Ceuta, from whence he was transferred to Barcelona, as supreme political chief, and commandant of that military district. Such are the services which have procured for him, in the latter portion of his days, the award of banishment from his country, exempt, however, from any stings of conscience at having failed in his duty, and contented beneath the shelter of the beneficent Government of England, where he hopes to terminate his life in tranquillity.

(Signed)

"FERNANDO DE BUTRON."

Our readers will not fail to mark the manly simplicity, and the humility far nobler and grander than pride, which breathe in the following record from General Torrijos. It is to be borne in mind that the period when these memorials were penned was the year 1828, when Spanish liberty was in a state of lamentable abeyance; and considerably before the ill-fated undertaking whose consequences involved Torrijos in the violent end so treacherously brought about, and so extensively commiserated:—

"General Joseph Maria de Torrijos was born at Madrid, 20th of March, 1791. His career, his services, his personal qualities, and his private or public life, cannot at the present moment be of interest to any one, any more than his acquaintance can be of service. When the Spaniards, in fulfilment of what they owe to themselves and their country, shall resume their struggle against the miserable faction that oppresses their soil, and the despot that degrades it—if General Torrijos, fighting for liberty, shall

conquer or die in her cause, then, perchance, will his life or his death be of some interest, and then alone will his name deserve record.”

The author of the memorandum immediately subjoined was one of those who ended their days here in exile. He died at Bath on the 18th of May, 1830, from the effects of a wound in the chest received during the Peninsular war.

“ Lieutenant-Colonel Francisco de Paula Vidal, aged thirty-six years, commenced his military career in 1808, and encountered with the utmost pleasure the two campaigns against the armies of the Emperor Napoleon and King Louis, because, they unjustly invaded his native soil. During that period he received several serious wounds.

“ From the year 1817 to 1820 he suffered imprisonment for having attempted the release of the distinguished and unfortunate General Don Louis Lacy. Compromised by this circumstance, and by his attachment to the constitutional system, he was forced to abandon the country which gave him being, and to seek an asylum in generous England.”

An allusive sketch, representing a bomb and a pile of shells, heads, in the book before us, the account hereunder presented :—

“ *London, 28th May, 1828.* ”

“ Ramon de la Pola, brigadier of the national forces, was educated in the College of Artillery, in which body he afterwards continued to serve. With the rank of Captain, he followed the Marquis de la Romana in his expedition to the north, and aided that nobleman in the rescue of Spain. As Colonel, he placed himself at the head of the insurrection effected on the 29th of February, 1820, in the principality of Asturias (his native province), for the purpose of establishing a representative government. There he continued to exercise the office of commander-in-chief, until the intrigue, treachery, and tyrannical dispositions of several of the European powers formed a combination to destroy the growing liberties of unhappy Spain.

(Signed) “ *RAMON DE LA POLA.* ”

“ Carlos Espinosa de los Monteros, a Spanish general, proscribed from his country, and a refugee in England. From the time of his youth he has been engaged in the military service; and in 1820, having then the rank of Colonel, he directed and placed himself at the head of the patriotic insurgents in Galicia, with the view of restoring a representative government.

“ *London, 23d April, 1828.* ”

The following two have needed no translation, as they were inscribed in that language which one of the parties (now filling in his own country the honourable post of Secretary to the Cortes) gave such frequent instances, while among us, of his competency to employ to very fair literary purpose :—

“ Ramon Gil de la Quadra, deputy for Madrid, the metropolis of Spain, to the Spanish Cortes, in 1822 and 1823. He declaimed against the injustice and ambition of the French government, both in 1808 and 1823, and took refuge in England on the 9th November, 1823.

“ He used his understanding to direct men to what is right, and to enable them to know what is wrong.

“ *London, April 1, 1828.* ”

“ Oh Spain! my country! let me forget the misery of thy fallen state in the brilliant recollections of thy departed glory! I will borrow the pleasing colours of fiction to embellish the *real* pictures of thy fallen greatness!

(Signed) “

“ *TELESFORO DE TRUEBA Y COSIO,*

“ Author of ‘ *Gomez Arias*, &c.

“ Born at Santander.

“ *London, April 3, 1828.* ”

"Philip Bauzá, naval captain, and formerly director of the Hydrographical Office at Madrid, member of the Royal Academy of History, and of the Royal Societies of London and Turin; was born at the city of Palma in Majorca, and entered the sea-service in 1779, taking part in the cruise against the Algerines; was present at the siege of Gibraltar, at the taking of Minorca, and at the bombardment of Algiers by General Barcelo; was a coadjutor in the formation of the 'Maritime Atlas of Spain,' under the direction of the celebrated astronomer Tofiño—all the maps and plans of that collection having been drawn by his hand. He accompanied the ill-fated Malaspina in his five years' voyage round the world. During the War of Independence he held various scientific appointments under the Regency and Government of Cadiz, and was attached to the staff of the English army in the isle of Leon. Finally, becoming chosen as a deputy to the Cortes, for his own province, for the session of 1822 and 1823, he found himself compelled, by the political occurrences of that period, to emigrate, and to seek a refuge in this happy island, where he enjoys with a free conscience, and with the tranquillity that belongs to honourable estimation, the protection of its wise laws."

(Signed)

"FELIPE BAUZA.

"*London, 24th April, 1828.*"

The pursuits of law and literature, in useful association with high purposes and public spirit, are exemplified interestingly in the "summary of a life" that forms our next abstract.

"*London, 112, Upper Seymour-street, Euston-square,  
2d May, 1828.*"

"Born in the town of Alegria, in the province of Alava, nurtured and educated from childhood in the city of St. Sebastian, (province of Guipuscoa,) I have ever sought to think and act in accordance with those sentiments of honour and of attachment to liberty which characterize the sons of the "Pais Bascongado." During the War of Independence, I was not permitted, either by my individual position, or by my notions of what was expedient for the good of my country, to participate in the glory which others acquired by defending that country with arms in their hands. Both my sentiments and my situation, however, imposed on me the sacred duty, which I invariably fulfilled, of mitigating the evils consequent upon foreign occupation, by checking the extortions of the French authorities, opposing myself with firmness to the projected dismemberment of my country, and its annexation to the French empire, and saving, in my character of lawyer and magistrate, the lives of many of my unfortunate compatriots, who, under the denomination of insurgents and rebels, were arraigned before the military tribunals of the invaders. As a refugee in France, and a hater of that despotism which was re-established since 1814, I followed the profession of literature, and, with the desire of vindicating the literary honour of my country from the attacks of certain foreign critics, gave several courses of lectures on the comparative language and literature of France and Spain, in the Museum at Bordeaux; in which city, also, I published, in 1819, conjointly with my friend, Don Manuel Silvea, a work entitled the "Select Library of Spanish Literature," (*Biblioteca Selecta de Literatura Española*). Returning home in 1820, I advocated the constitutional system, as sole editor of the periodical work entitled the "Guipuscoan Liberal," whilst I fulfilled also the duties of Fiscal Agrarian Advocate (*Abogado Fiscal de la Hacienda Publica*) in the province of St. Sebastian, besides rendering various other gratuitous services. Having become an emigrant in London since the latter part of 1823, I have again embraced the profession of literature, by teaching the Spanish language, and publishing various works. I have been co-editor of the "Sketches of Spanish Refugees in London," (*Visos de Españoles Emigrados en Londres*), of the "*London Messenger*," (*Mensagero de Londres*), and of the "*American*

Répertoire," (Repertorio Americano,) published in this metropolis. I am at the present time a contributor to the French "Revue Encyclopédique," as well as to various English periodicals, weekly, monthly, and quarterly; and have recently published, among other works, the "No me olvides," (Forget-me-not,) and the "Resumen Historico de la Revolución de Mexico," (Historical Summary of the Mexican Revolution.) Of the forty years of my life, I have spent the last twenty in constant sufferings and toils for the sake of my beloved country. Ruined in fortune, torn from the tenderest objects of my affection, twice constrained to exist for many long years in the position of an alien, I still struggle on full of heart against the assaults of misfortune, and endeavour to prolong to the utmost the course of my life, with the sole desire of dedicating it to my country, even to the latest sigh.

(Signed)

"PABLO DE MENDIBIL."

The name of Argüelles is doubtless familiar to most of our readers, as being connected, in no unimportant degree, with the later public transactions of his country. We should have included, in our translation of these curious *Collectanea*, the particulars furnished by that statesman of his assiduous and active career, were they not of a length exceeding that of any of the other sketches we have introduced, and extending beyond what our present limit would allow. We give, however, the self-descriptive account of General de Vigo, the husband of his daughter, as well as a few words from that daughter herself—the interesting and accomplished lady whose musical talents have rendered her so deservedly a favourite in London:—

"Pedro Mendez de Vigo, a Spanish General, native of the city of Oviedo, in the principality of Asturias, and aged 45 years. I entered service in the military profession in 1799, and in 1800 was present in the flying camp of Arco. In the years 1802 to 1805, I went through the entire course of study in the Military Academy of Zamora. In the month of May, 1808, I fled from Madrid, after being present, with considerable risk, at the catastrophe of the 2nd, and repaired to Asturias, where the regiment of Oviedo, of which I was Captain, was posted. In a very few days the revolutionary movement against Napoleon declared itself: I took an active part in it, and was elected by the people as one of the members of the Supreme Junta,—the like honour being also conferred on my father, Don Manuel. On the 28th of the same month, the Junta appointed me Colonel of Infantry, entrusting to me the command of 1500 men; with whom, on the same day, I marched out of Oviedo for Leon and the other provinces of Castile, with the design of supporting the noble insurrection in those parts. This service I was enabled to accomplish with good success; and it left me the proud satisfaction of having been the first military officer of Spain that went forth for armed opposition to the forces of the invader. I passed through all the campaigns intervening between that period and 1814, with the perseverance which my duty prescribed, and always with the body forming the vanguard,—being sometimes in command and sometimes subordinate. Amongst a considerable number of actions in which I bore a part during the six years of that obstinate struggle, I may name the battle of Rioseco, under General Don Gregory de la Cuerta, opposed to General Bessières; the taking of Santander in 1809, from which garrison I subsequently fled, on its re-capture by the French; the affair of Mombucy, with a body of cavalry, in 1810, in which they were three times repulsed by our small force of 300 infantry, inferior to their own number by 700 men; the battle of Logaraderos, (23d June, 1811,) in which my regiment contributed to destroy the division of General Balthar, who was himself killed; that of Villamuriel, in the following year, when the British army retired from Burgos into Portugal; the memorable contest of Victoria, under the orders of General Giron, against the foreign

king, Joseph; that of the 1st of March, 1813, under the direction of General Freyre, against Marshal Soult, in which the horse that I was mounting was killed by a cannon ball; that of the passing of the Bidassoa, in the same year; and the taking of the lines of St. John de Luz, where I received special orders to attack with my brigade the enemy's encampment on the heights of Arcain, which I succeeded in effecting, and gained the tribute of personal thanks from Don Manuel Freyre, the commander-in-chief, besides obtaining subsequently the Cross of St. Ferdinand for a service that was considered so important. In the following year (1814) I was engaged in the likewise memorable battle of Toulouse, in which I received serious wounds and contusions,—the former of which *remain open* to this day, though I did not suffer them to excuse me from taking an active part in the war that afterwards occurred in Spain, in behalf of constitutional government. In the year 1822, as a brigadier of the national forces, and colonel of the provincial regiment of Oviedo, I was appointed to march into Arragon, where I was entrusted with one of the divisions of the army, and with the command of the province of Lower Arragon. From thence I proceeded to incorporate my division with the body which Count Abisbal commanded in 1823, and was by that General appointed to the command of the vanguard. Receiving afterwards the post of governor of Corunna, I put the place in as effective a state of defence as was in my power, opposed the proposition of surrender to General Murillo, and resisted the French attack under Count de Bourq. Appointed by the king a field-marshal and chief of the staff to the Fourth Army of Operation, I passed, by a sortie, from Corunna to Vigo, and succeeded in forming a junction with the remains of that force, notwithstanding the opposition of the divisions under Generals Murillo and Roche Jaqueline. With those remaining troops, not exceeding 1000 men, I was made prisoner of war in Old Castile, as the result of an honourable and strictly military capitulation, on the 27th of August. Without regard to this capitulation, in pursuance of which I was under escort into France, I found myself betrayed by the French, in the village of Aleyria Guipuscoa, into the hands of the opposite Spanish party, by whom I was conducted, in the midst of many dangers presented by the intervening places, to Vittoria, where I remained thirty days incarcerated. On these particulars of my fate becoming known to that *most serene* Prince, the Duke d'Angoulême, I was transferred to France, there to endure the condition of a prisoner of war. In that state I remained, under very harsh treatment, for six months, when I obtained permission, as a special act of grace from that very exalted Prince, to pass over to England in the month of March, 1824; and in this isle of refuge I live, like all the companions of my misfortune, in the hope of that happy day when my country may regain her liberty and independence,—and in the enjoyment meanwhile of the satisfaction arising from the consciousness of having been uniformly faithful to my oaths, and, above all, irreconcilable with the internal enemies of my country, for whose extermination I have omitted no endeavour within my power.

(Signed)

"PEDRO MENDEZ DE VIGO."

"London, 19th May, 1828."

"Paulina Canga Arguelles, Spanish emigrant in London, as the wife of General de Vigo,—was born in the city of Valencia, in the year 1805: at the age of sixteen was admitted an associate into the Athenæum of Madrid, on account of my proficiency in music, which attractive art I have cultivated since 1825 in the capital of the British empire, and have obtained the flattering approval of the most distinguished professors resident there, as well as of the principal journals. I have had the good fortune to introduce to the familiar knowledge of the first audiences in London the national music of Spain, which, for its novelty, taste, and beauty, has afforded delight to the indulgent English."

(Signed)

"PABLA CANGA ARGUELLES DE VIGO."

## POLITICAL DICTATION.

I NEVER took any great part in the political transactions of the borough of which I have been for many years an inhabitant and an elector ; to say truth, I found I had plenty of occupation in my own business, and therefore left it to those who had a greater turn for oratory, and a smaller share of work than myself, to make speeches, and discuss matters of which, as it struck me, they did not know a great deal, and which concerned them infinitely less than they fancied.

I had heard from Graves the carpenter, that the abolition of the duty upon leather would not make the difference of threepence in a pair of shoes—that doing away with the pension-list would not lower our taxes more than at the rate of about sixpence a-head, one with another—and that the taking off of the whole malt-tax, which must drive Ministers to try some other mode of raising the supplies, would not reduce the price of beer a halfpenny in the pot. These things induced me to believe that my neighbours, who busied themselves night after night at the Green Dragon in talking and drinking for the good of the nation, were sadly mispending their time, and needlessly wasting their substance. However I was laughed at, and called a dull silly ass, contented to bear the burden, and chew the thistle, and make no exertion to be what they called free ; which, considering I always did exactly what I liked, went where I pleased, returned when I chose, worked when it was agreeable, and was idle when it suited me, I did not exactly understand. However, they prevailed ; and, without exactly knowing what they wanted, they carried their point, and the Reform Bill was passed, which, they told me, besides all other advantages, and they were innumerable, gave them the power of questioning the candidates who came before them for their choice, of exacting pledges for their conduct if elected, and of giving them directions how to vote, if they returned them as their representatives.

I had read enough to comprehend—and as I thought justly—that, although a man may be sent to Parliament by any particular constituency, he is not their representative alone, but the representative of all the commons of England, which makes, as I learned, all the difference between a representative and a delegate—a delegate goes from any separate body into a large assembly for the purpose of urging some particular topic, or carrying some particular point ; a delegate, therefore, is chosen on account of his knowledge of the facts and circumstances relating to the single matter which he is to argue, and has no more choice of the course he is to take, except in details, (as most likely in his judgment to advance the interest of those who send him,) than a retained barrister has as to the defence of his client if accused, or the advocacy of his cause if he be the accuser.

The representative, on the contrary, is a man in whom you so completely confide, that not being able in your own persons all to sit in Parliament, you send him there to act for the best, relying upon his judgment, his knowledge, and experience, to do what is just and right, leaving him most assuredly liable, when he next presents himself to your notice, and to the reward of re-election or the reproach of refusal ; but that refusal, as I always considered it, was to be grounded upon a general failure, or a direct opposition to the political views of those who first re-

turned him, or upon some public misconduct which had alienated the esteem and reliance of his former supporters.

The doctrine, however, fell to the ground the moment my neighbours obtained the elective franchise—a blessing of which I had heard them speak in terms of anticipatory delight for many years, and which they valued so highly that when it was conceded to them, more than two-thirds of the most zealous criers-out for the suffrage, neglected, or rather determined not to register themselves, because it was to cost them a shilling each. The “Friends of Freedom,” however, the Club to which I most particularly refer, every man of them, paid up, and was registered a voter, and never did I see electors more resolute to stand upon their rights.

The gentleman to whom, unfortunately for his peace and comfort, they had devoted themselves, and who was proposed and seconded by men of their own principles, underwent a sort of political catechism on the hustings, which I wondered he endured; however, I believe, having lost all his property by gambling, and being over head and ears in debt, he was anxious to get a seat at any rate; and therefore, with the fear of imprisonment before his eyes, and a perfect consciousness of having deserved it, in his mind, he agreed to do everything his constituents desired: he declared that he would vote for slave emancipation—for the abolition of the malt-tax, and the window-tax, and the house-tax, and the duties upon wine, and the duties upon tea, and the duties upon hops, and for the reduction of the army and navy, the abolition of bishoprics, the dispersion of deans and chapters—for the repeal of the union with Ireland, for the reception of a Nuncio from the Pope, for the annihilation of the House of Lords, for the trades’ unions, the political unions, the entire destruction of the pension-list, and the abolition of tithes and poor-rates—in short, he went the whole length of declaring it as his opinion that there should in future be no debt, no taxes, no lords, no bishops, “no nothing.”

It was quite natural that a man having himself nothing to depend upon should come forward on the independent interest. Equally just did it appear that an individual, who, if he had not by the agreeableness of his manners and the goodness of his person, soothed the thinking part of the world into receiving him after all his vices and follies had become notorious, should adopt the character of a patriot, the protector and preserver of our rights and liberties, and the vindicator of the poor against the oppressions of the rich. Notwithstanding that nine of his tradesmen had writs out against him for keeping them out of their money for years, which writs were only warded off by the kindness of the high sheriff, who, with a purity and independence corresponding with that of his hopeful friend the candidate, gave strict orders that nobody should be permitted on the hustings who was not previously known to his officers—he, the said patriotic sheriff, having given peremptory orders to his own officers not to execute any writ against the popular candidate until after the day of nomination; after which day, it is perhaps needless to add, that the said hopeful candidate did not show his good-looking, impudent countenance in the town.

Absent or present a patriot is a patriot, and Mr. Sittingbourn, the friend of the people, was elected; the Green Dragon Club procured plenty of assistance in his behalf, and many were the heads which were broken during the affray. I never saw such a sight: however, the purity and



freedom of election of which I had heard, were now to be exhibited to such as were still sceptical of their merits and advantages ; and I must say, what with the returning officer on the hustings, and the popular candidate in the neighbourhood, I never saw a more gratifying illustration of a favourite doctrine. In one instance I saw a free and independent elector thrust his umbrella down the throat of a time-serving parson and a pension-loving Tory, and open it when it was half way down ; but it was for the good of the country, and I must say I enjoyed it at the time.

Well, Sir, we elected Mr. Sittingbourn ; and the moment the return was signed, out he came, the most perfect dandy I ever saw ; a smart hat on one side, jetty black ringlets, sharp-cut features, and good eyes, a coloured silk handkerchief round his neck, and a carnation in his button-hole completed his attractions. To hear him talk, you would have fancied him as rich as Rothschild. He made a speech of a couple of hours, and then was chaired round the town, all the women, married and unmarried, waving their handkerchiefs and blessing his handsome face, just because they had heard of his pranks and thought he must be something very wonderful in some way or another.

Never mind, we had him,—he was our own,—the champion of our rights and the perpetual president of the Green Dragon Club. There he supped the night of his return, laid half the members under the table, and smoked the other half dry before twelve o'clock ;—there never was such complaisance and condescension. Toast succeeded toast,—cheer followed cheer,—denunciations of corruption,—declarations of patriotism,—songs, catches, glees, shrieks, and yells concluded the festival ;—and, when the morning came, Mr. Sittingbourn took his departure for London—the idol of his constituents and the deliverer of his country.

The Session of Parliament was half spent when we returned this prodigy of patriotism, and in two or three days after he quitted us it was resolved at the Green Dragon Club that it was the undoubted right of the constituents of a man so chosen and so returned to give him directions how to vote, in accordance to his own declaration of readiness to do so upon all occasions. I ventured to mention to Graves the carpenter, and Lock the milkman, two of the least violent of the political party, my preconceived notions of the difference between the character of a delegate and a representative, which I have already noticed. They laughed at me,—ridiculed me,—and I believe called me a fool ;—as if he were not bound to do what *we* told him. “ What do we send him there for ? ” This question I answered as well as I could, by saying, to protect the interests of the country generally, and I admit to look after the local and peculiar interests of the place he represents ; “ but,” said I, “ you have no right to shackle and fetter Mr. Sittingbourn as to each individual and particular vote that he is to give.” “ Haven’t we ? ” said they ; “ we will soon ascertain whether we have or not. The case has been settled,—the question decided ;—we’ll see.”

Finding them so determined, I said no more, but left them to their own inventions ; and sure enough, no sooner had Mr. Sittingbourn indulged himself in a speech, which was tolerably well received by the House, than seven or eight of the leaders of the Green Dragon Club started for London in order to interrogate him as to his conduct and sentiments,—not as a deputation,—not in a body,—but each, as

they say tubs should stand, "on his own bottom." A dozen grievances had arisen out of his twenty minutes' oration; and every individual, directly or indirectly affected, set off, without concert or premeditation, in order to bring their free and independent member to account.

The first man who reached his lodgings—house he had none—was an old friend of mine, Mist, a Wesleyan Methodist. He sent in his name, and was immediately admitted to an audience, in which Sittingbourn received him enveloped in a most magnificent shawl *robe de chambre*, the room redolent with the fumes of tobacco, and the breakfast equipage on the table.

"Sir," said Mist, "I ought to apologize for breaking in upon you at what I dare say you consider an early hour of the morning, but I could not help it. I was prompted to it—moved to it, as I may say—by reading your speech of Tuesday night. Why, Sir, you are going to vote for the appropriation of the funds of the Protestant Church for the education of Roman Catholics?"

"Yes," said Sittingbourn; "yes. I think—and what is more important perhaps—those with whom I act think that course advisable, and I—"

"Advisable!" interrupted Mist: "Sir, it is destructive;—it is the beginning of all evil—the very germ of ruin!"

"Dear me, Sir," said Sittingbourn; "I am very sorry to see you so animated. I really—I hope you perceive that the plan strikes only at the Established Church; that the dissenters from that Church ought to concur, as I think, in the arrangement."

"Concur!" said Mist. "If you, Sir, will take the trouble to read the admonitory letter of the exemplary founder of our sect, John Wesley, on the subject of Roman Catholic tyranny and oppression, you will find yourself most wonderfully in error. For myself, Sir, I think it not only fair to you, but essentially due to the respectable class of religionists of whom I have the honour to be one, to state that you must give no such vote as that."

"Sir," said Sittingbourn, "I am pledged to my party."

"I know nothing of party, Sir," said Mist—"I am no party man; but you will be pleased to regulate your conduct by the feelings and instructions of your constituents; and I, for one, protest against the admission of a principle likely to overrun the country with Papists, and bring us to as bad a state as that to which our wretched ancestors were reduced in the days of bloody Mary, or the more recent misrule of Charles the First."

At this moment the servant announced Mr. Cross, another constituent. "Have you any objection," said Sittingbourn, "to Mr. Cross's coming in, Mr. Mist?"

"None in the world, Sir," said Mist. "I praise my Maker I have no animosities."

In comes Mr. Cross, starts father at seeing Mist, bows to his representative,—

"Well, Mr. Cross," said Sittingbourn, "what are your commands? We are all in the same boat; you may speak before our friend Mr. Mist."

"Well, Sir," said Cross, "I am sure if you have no objection I can have none; but I have come up upon an unpleasant business, in regard to your speech of Tuesday."

"Ah, there it is," sighed Mist.

"I dare say we two sha'n't agree as to particulars," said Cross; "but for my part, Mr. Sittingbourn, if you support that appropriation clause in the Irish Tithe Bill, I have done with you."

"How so?" said Sittingbourn. "Why, Mr. Cross, you are, I believe, a Romanist. You, surely, can have none of the fears and apprehensions which my friend, Mr. Mist, entertains as to the over-weening influence of your religion in this Protestant country."

"Fear, Sir!" said Cross; "no—there is no great fear of *that*, while we have such men in Parliament as yourself. Why, Sir, let me ask you, why should you so readily accede to a proposition for benefiting Catholics in Ireland, and make no exertion to secure us similar advantages in England? We are all on equal ground now, Sir—we are emancipated; that is to say, we have our common rights, and I am just as eligible to sit in Parliament as you, Sir. Why, then, is Ireland to be favoured at our expense? Why are heretic bishoprics to be reduced in Ireland, and not in England? Why is a surplus church revenue there to be applied to the education of children of the holy church, and in England nothing of the sort done? I say, Sir, it is your duty to advocate our cause as well as that of the Irish Catholics; and you must, if you expect any support from me, either vote against that clause, or originate some motion to extend the same advantages to England."

"Time alone is wanting," said Sittingbourn. "Rome was not built in a day, nor can her church be established in an hour: everything must be done by degrees."

"Oh, then," exclaimed Mist, "it is *gradually* to be effected."

"I did not say *that*," said Sittingbourn.

"Didn't you *mean* it, Sir?" exclaimed Cross.

"Why, really"——

"This will *not* do," said Cross; "I must have a specific answer before I go."

"Mr. Clerk, Sir," said the servant, announcing another voter. And in Mr. Clerk walked.

"Sir," said Mr. Clerk, "I was not aware that you had company. Mr. Mist, how d'ye do? Mr. Cross, your servant. I won't detain you five minutes;—can I speak to you alone?"

"I dare say," said Sittingbourn, "you may speak before our friends."

"Well, Sir," said Clerk, "I shall be very short. I hear you have made a speech in favour of a general registration of wills in London. Is that the case, Sir?"

"Why, I certainly did support that measure," said Sittingbourn. "It was represented to me as an advisable thing, and"——

"Advisable, is it!" said Clerk. "What, Sir, to deprive hundreds of honest professional men of their livelihood, to gorge the already bloated London practitioners? Sir, it is nonsense—madness—folly."

"It did not strike me to be so," said Sittingbourn; "I must be the best judge of what I have myself examined and inquired into. There appears to be a vast deal of difficulty and intricacy in the present system, and no small proportion of chicanery and extortion, and I really cannot submit to——"

"Submit, Sir," said Clerk, "what do you mean by submitting? I sent you to Parliament to represent *me*—I tell you that the new Registration Bill is a most shameful bill, and will rob me of four hundred

and eighty pounds per annum; what have you, Sir, to set against that? I insist upon it you do *not* vote for that bill."

"But I have pledged myself in a speech," said Sittingbourn.

"Then, Sir, I wish you would not speak so much," said Clerk.  
"Like the parrot, you might perhaps think the more; or, like our last excellent representative, who never spoke at all, think as much as he did. You must not vote for it, Sir, that's all——"

"Lieutenant Dobbins, Sir," said the servant, announcing a thin neagre man, buttoned up to the chin in a blue surtout—shirt invisible.

"Mr. Dobbins, your servant," said Sittingbourn.

"Yours, Sir," said the Lieutenant. "Ah! some friends and neighbours; perhaps we are here on the same errand."

"These gentlemen," said the Member, "are come to complain of me."

"Then, Sir," said the Lieutenant, "we are all agreed; and as we are all of the same party, and the same club, I have no scruple in speaking out at once, for I am in a hurry; we military men are punctual, and I have another appointment; in fact, Mr. Sittingbourn, I perceive that you voted for the reduction of the army."

"I did, Sir," said Sittingbourn, "and conscientiously too; I think our military force is too considerable for the peaceable times in which we live."

"That's all very fine, Mr. Sittingbourn," said the Lieutenant, "and no man in the kingdom is more anxious for reduction in the public expenditure than myself; but of all the things to touch, the army, Sir, is the last. I have been for many years on half-pay—I have no chance of getting upon full-pay if the least reduction takes place—if things remain as they are, it is possible; but the idea of blighting the prospects of a man who so strenuously supported you——"

"Sir," said Sittingbourn, "I was speaking on a great national question—I spoke in generals——"

"Ycs, Sir," said Dobbins, "and forgot the lieutenants; but that won't do."

"All I know is," said Sittingbourn, "that amongst the most vehement advocates for reduction—amongst the most ardent denouncers of extravagant expenditure—you were the foremost, and I——"

"That's all very right, Sir," said Dobbins; "I feel that I am an oppressed man—I have had beardless boys put over my head—the system is a corrupt one and a base one—but reduction, Sir—I——"

"Mr. Cowl, Sir," said the sergeant, ushering in a portly person, known to be the most opulent maltster in the borough. Without deigning to recognise the other visitors of the Honourable Member, he began at once to disburden himself of *his* peculiar grievance.

"So, Sir," said he, "you voted against the repeal of the malt-tax—that's a pretty go—how came that about?"

"Why, Sir," said Sittingbourn, "as you ask me so plainly, I will answer as candidly. I went determined to oppose the tax and support the repeal; but after hearing Sir Robert Peel's explanation, I confess I could not, in justice and honour, do otherwise than vote for its continuation."

"That's a pretty go," said Cowl; "you are a nice man to send to the house of Commons, with your Peel and your repeal; all I can say is,

that you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Sir, and I am worth fifty thousand pounds; and neither ashamed nor afraid to tell you so."

"I cannot see why I should be ashamed of acting conscientiously," said Sittingbourn.

"Didn't you pledge yourself to vote against it?"

"I did," said Sittingbourn; "but I was convinced by argument."

"Argument," said Cowl, "fiddlededee for argument; I didn't give you my vote, Sir, to be argued out of your promise."

"I saw no injury done to the people by the tax," said Sittingbourn; "I saw——"

"Saw," said Cowl; "I don't care what you saw. Who cares for the people? I have heard you say it would not have made a penny a pot difference in beer to the people, as you call them, but it would have made more than five or six shillings in the bushel to me; and who are the people, I should like to know, if it is not the maltsters?"

"I think, Mr. Cowl," said a very respectable old gentleman who had entered the apartment unobserved by the orator, and had heard the greater part of his speech; "I think, Sir, the people—that is to say—the people most to be consulted in a mercantile county, are the large proprietors of canal shares."

"Mr. Lock," said Sittingbourn, "are you here too—and to complain?"

"Indeed I am, Sir," said Lock; "here, Sir—here is your name voting in a majority for the Rattledumslap Rail-road; the success of which will just rob me of four thousand six hundred a-year—supersedes the whole line of the Towtwaddle Canal of which I hold at this moment two-thirds of the shares."

"That is nothing to me, Mr. Lock," exclaimed a gruff voice from the ante-room—for the electors crowded in so fast that Sittingbourn's servant had neither power to check, nor time to announce them—"Nothing, Sir—nothing."

"How so, Mr. Jarvis?" said Lock, evidently displeased on being interrupted.

"Why, Sir," said the new complainant, "you are a rich man—I am a poor one—your kinal did us a precious sight of harm of itself, and that ought never to have been suffered; but, as you say, the rail-road, which will take passengers as well as luggage, will be the ruin on me. Yes, Mr. Sittingbourn, if that Rattledumslap Bill is passed, no vote of mine do you ever have again; I 'a horsed that road now nigh upon thirty years—I bore up against the kinal—but for the rail-road——"

"I give you my word," said Sittingbourn, "I was not aware that the rail-road would interfere with your interests; or, to tell you the truth, that it would come near your line. It struck me as a great national work worthy of support."

"National work?" said Lock—"It is mighty agreeable to hear you putting what you call a national work in competition with my Towtwaddle Canal."

"Yes, or the Eclipse, Wonder, and Rocket, all of which call me master," said Jarvis.

"I," said Mist, "take higher grounds of objection to Mr. Sittingbourn."

"And I," said Cross, "higher still—the oppression of a vast body of Englishmen."

"The danger," cried Mist, "of a large connexion of exemplary Christians."

"Christians," said a Scotch gentleman in a very seedy coat, "dinna talk of Christianity—Muster Sittingbourn, Sir, ye hae done it noo as far as I'm concerned. You voted for the ould Speaker instead of the new one, and yet the old one was a Tory and the new one is a Whag."

"I admit it," said Sittingbourn; "but I did so conscientiously, not only because I believed the late Speaker the fittest man for the Chair, but because I had voted for him in the last Parliament, at the express desire of the party who now opposed him."

"That's a' is it," said the Scotch gentleman. "God help your innocence; however, I care little for it one way or ither; the present Speaker ocht to hae been supported by you to whom I gi'd my vote, for he is a Scot, and, as my gude wife tells me, a cousin of her ain."

"Sir," said Cowl, opening his ponderous jaws, "I have just six questions to put to you."

"Sir," said Sittingbourn, "I cannot allow any questions to be put here; this is neither the House of Commons nor the hustings; and as I have other things to do besides listening to the separate grievances of a whole constituency, I shall wish you a very good morning, leaving my breakfast-parlour entirely at your service to discuss your own business, which is none of mine; and I only beg leave to tell you, that whatever your opinion of the relative obligations of a representative to his constituents may be, I, for one, conscious of doing my duty to *you* and to my country, to the best of my ability, will neither hold the office of a slave, nor endure the character of a delegate. I wish you all a very good morning, and when next we meet in the Town Hall I shall be happy to hear what you have to say." Then making his bow, the patriotic member left his liberal constituents, who, after finishing the remnant of their representative's breakfast—leaving, I believe, the spoons and tea-pot—retired in the highest degree of anger at the declaration of the "pride and glory" of their borough, and at the exposure which their own complaints had made of the true character of election patriotism, and the real objects of POLITICAL DICTATION.

SONNET.

CALL ye this rest? Is the heart's wound then closed  
In that the dagger is at length withdrawn?  
Hath the quick soul eternally reposed  
Because each sense to partial death is gone?  
No! the torn breast of suffering is unhealed;  
Or, if we rest on life's unheeded soil,  
'Tis but as rests the reaper of the field  
Who whets his blunted scythe for added toil:  
The edge of grief is dulled, but each worn thought  
Lends it new sharpness 'gainst its future use;  
Thus is each hour with apprehension fraught,  
And thus we linger o'er our time's abuse,  
Till, bound and fettered by the iron years,  
We see our hopes led captive by our fears!

E. L. MONTAGU.

April 16th, 1835.

## AN ADVENTURE ON THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

No traveller who has ever been in Vermont can have forgotten the Green Mountains, a long chain of highlands that stretch from north to south through the whole length of the State, and send down from their verdant sides ten thousand perennial streams to water the pleasant land and feed the Upper Connecticut and Lake Champlain. Here and there, along the undulations of the ridges, may be remarked an eminence more abrupt and lofty than the rest, shooting up a sharp peak of gray granite above the woody and rounded summits of his neighbours; but the general aspect of the whole range is that of an immense pile of forest, where every point, and slope, and crag, and precipice is clad in a thick mantle of vegetation. Up and down, among these mountains, the eye may light upon spots, few and far between, that indicate the presence of man; in the southern parts, a snug little village, whose bright white houses and church spire peep out from the bosom of the dark forest, like an oasis in the desert, or a good deed in a naughty world: towards the northern extremity of the State, the traveller may encounter the lonely log-hut of the settler, with a field of Indian corn and a dozen acres of blackened stumps; where half a score of flaxen-headed urchins seem to have fallen from the clouds into the heart of an almost impenetrable wilderness.

The wild animals of this country have been chased, by the progress of the settlements and the enterprize of the hunters, from their old haunts on the banks of the rivers, and among the lowland glades, and have taken refuge in the Green Mountains, where a safe asylum is afforded them in the dark solitudes of the forest. Here, in spots never yet trodden by man, still linger the black bear, the cougar, the wolf, and the deer. From these secure coverts issue shoals of foxes, that carry havoc into the farmer's barn-yard, murder his young lambs, and scamper off with his geese and turkeys. The bears and the cougars are less numerous; but the wolves are so formidable, as to have come under the ban of the legislature, and a bounty has been set upon the heads of all and singular among them; but wolves, it seems, may be so incorrigible as to set light even by a governor's proclamation.

It was but a few years ago that I was spending the fine season in a country ramble, and found myself at a small village on the western side of these mountains. The extreme wildness of the scenery in this quarter had a peculiar charm for me, and I lingered several days about the spot, feasting myself with the contemplation of these pictures of stern savage nature in all its rude and primeval freshness. I loved to gaze on those gigantic heaps of forest, rising pile above pile, immense ramparts of luxuriant green: and to mark the gigantic shadows that played over their sides when the declining sun cast his slant beams along them through the clear evening air. I was fond of strolling among the lone woody glens, those dim, untrodden solitudes, where silence reigned undisturbed, save by the gushing of a fountain, the note of an unseen bird, or the whispering among the leaves, of airy tongues that seemed to syllable strange accents. The novelty and freshness of the sensations thus created in the mind of one who had been for months immersed within the straitened precincts of the capital of New England,

looking out of a narrow window upon paving stones and piles of brick, may be easily imagined. I became unwilling to leave this grand-scenery; and when a little satiated with the first impressions, thought of amusing myself by hunting.

Though I fancy I should hardly make my title good to a sporting character, as people regard it on this side of the Atlantic, inasmuch as I never risked my neck on horseback after a fox or a hare, yet I could boast I had slain my thousands. The environs of Boston could bear witness; Lynn beach, where I had bagged peeps by basketsfull; Nantasket, where the ducks and plover had fallen in battalions under my fowling-piece; Roxbury and Dedham woods too, that had seen the gray squirrels rain from the tree-tops on the days that I was abroad; in short, I thought myself a match for any game that a man might chance upon of a summer day, and I resolved upon making a hunting excursion up the mountain at the foot of which the village was situated. There were plenty of deer in these parts, and a deer I had never shot. "I will shoot a deer at least," said I, "and if a bear should cross my path, woe be to him;—the skin I will carry home to Boston. As to wolves—the bounty will certainly pay for all the ammunition I shall expend." So, without more ado, I borrowed a gun of my host, and set off up the mountain one fine morning. "Many a man," says Sancho Panza, "goes out for wool and comes home shorn." Whether I belong to this number, it would not be proper to inform the reader at present.

Hunting deer in the American woods is an occupation very unlike the same pursuit in Great Britain. It is by no means a *chase*,—no galloping on horseback over twenty miles of open country. On the contrary, the hunter must wind his way slowly and stealthily through the dark woods without being able to send his glance half a stone's-throw before him, among the gigantic trunks and tangled thickets; or he stations himself in ambush near some opening in the forest, and waits motionless and silent for the deer to pass. Dogs must not be employed, as the noise they make in barking or rustling among the bushes, is sure to startle the animal ere the hunter can approach within gunshot. I left mine, therefore, at the farm-house, and took nothing with me but my gun.

The mountain which I proposed to ascend was an irregular mass of hills heaped upon hills, till the highest summit towered considerably above all the other eminences in the great chain within the sweep of the horizon. The whole mountain was thickly wooded, except the rocky peak at the summit, or the shelving sides of a deep ravine here and there, down which the mountain-showers poured at times torrents of water, with a violence that swept along rocks in their current, and tore away the trees by the roots. There were also a few small open spaces among the woods on the southern slope of the mountain, a little distance up, where the farmers turned their cattle to pasture, and a rude pathway had been cut through the forest, leading to these places. Above, all was a dense wilderness, although a track, hardly discernible, had been pursued by occasional visitors to the summit, which afforded a wide prospect over the surrounding country.

The sun was up, but not in sight, as I set forth; he yet lay hidden on the eastern side of the mountain, which rose before my sight, a mass of darkening shadow, its sharp bold outline distinctly relieved against the



clear bright sky beyond. Not a cloud hung in the heavens, save a few masses of thin vapour which arose from the low grounds in the warm morning air, and were slowly rolling in white fleecy folds up the dark mountain-sides. As the sun attained a higher elevation, these white clouds gathered on the mountain-top, and presently began to glow with the golden brilliancy of the bright orb that hung just below the edge of the mountain. The next moment the sun burst forth, the dark shadows of the forest fled away, the mountain-sides shone out in their freshest green, and the golden crown of clouds at the summit vanished into thin air.

Crossing the fields in the neighbourhood of the village, just as the rising sun threw his rays upon the western slopes, I struck at once into the forest, and made for the pathway which led up to the pastures. It was a rough and narrow track, where the thickets on either hand, and the dense canopy of boughs above, made a dim twilight at noon-day. The path wound to the right and left to avoid the steepness of a direct ascent, and the obstacles presented by the deep gullies or projecting ledges of granite rock. The solitude of this lone wilderness is overpowering; there is no sight nor sound save that of stern rude nature. No human being crosses your path; no human habitation strikes your eye; no voice breaks upon the ear. The squirrel jumps from bough to bough over your head, and looks down upon you in wonder. The owl from his hollow trunk hoots out a strange note of surprise, that the intrusion of man should here molest his ancient solitary reign. The woodcock and the grouse flutter their noisy wings and shuffle a yard or two off at your approach. The fox steals aside and peeps at you from the thick bushes close at hand. The note of a solitary thrush or pine warbler may now and then be heard, breaking with slow and solemn accents the deep silence of the dark recesses, or the murmur of a mountain-stream may break upon the ear at intervals as it dashes its broken current down a steep bed of rocks. The howl of a wolf at times startles you from afar off, or the growling of a bear from some invisible spot, or the scream of a bald eagle over your head.

I will not trouble the reader with my various "chances" of the day, although some of them might be worthy of recital, but proceed to detail the most remarkable of my adventures.

Much of the day still remained, and I turned to prosecute my ascent of the mountain. Re-crossing the ravine, I struck into my former course, and making toward the summit, found the acclivity to grow much steeper and rougher. The forest of tall oaks, beeches, and maples, which covered the skirts and middle region of the mountain, now disappeared, and nothing was to be seen but sharp and projecting crags clad in a thick growth of low birches, pines, and firs. Through this almost impervious mass of vegetation I forced a passage from one rocky point to another, with the precaution used by a mariner coasting from headland to headland, looking backward and forward from the several points to regulate my course. No beasts or birds met my view at this lofty elevation; the trees dwindled to mere shrubs as I ascended; the surface became more and more bare; presently the rocky ground exhibited nothing in the shape of vegetation except tufts of rank grass and patches of moss. After a toilsome journey, I at length reached the summit of the mountain, and seated myself on the top of a block of

bleak gray granite, which, at twenty miles distance, appears a sharp peak, shooting up into the clouds, but on the spot is found to be a smooth and gently rounded eminence, affording an almost level space attractive in extent.

The prospect which burst upon me from this point was magnificent. It was one of the brightest days of the bright season, and the air was of that transparent clearness which shows every distinctness of shape and shadowy variation of colour in the most comprehensive landscape. The huge mountain under me, with its swelling hills, deep valleys, and shaggy piles of forest, over which the oblique sunlight played, gilding some parts into bright green, and casting others into profound shadow—first arrested my view. The little hamlet, with the fields around it, from which I had taken my departure that morning, was distinctly visible at the foot, a patch of shining green on the dark surface of the mountain skirts. Beyond, the country was scored by deep valleys, and chequered with bright spots of cultivation at intervals. The streams wound their meandering courses in lines like threads of silver among the black masses of forest; while far in the west, the bright surface of Lake Champlain was visible, stretching from north to south as far as the eye could reach. On the verge of the horizon, beyond the lake, arose the undulating ridge of the Shawangunk Mountains, arrayed in a soft tint of misty blue.

Deeply impressed with the grandeur of this scene, I sat for some time in contemplation, till the declining sun warned me that it was time to make my way homeward. As I passed down the rocky summit, I was struck with the appearance of a thin white cloud, which at that instant began to gather in the air, just on a level with the upper region of the mountain. While looking upon it, I perceived that it was rapidly expanding its folds, that it was growing denser, and of a darker hue, and was floating directly towards me. I hastened downward, but by the time I had reached the woody region, the cloud overtook me, and the whole top of the mountain was enveloped in a thick mist. In two minutes I was completely lost; nothing could be seen ten yards distant, and all I could do was to grope my way among the thickets where the track by which I had ascended was hardly to be distinguished in the clearest weather. I very soon strayed from the track, and got into another direction by following an opening in the woods, which I imagined to be the pathway, but soon found was the bed of a torrent leading down to a precipitous chasm. I endeavoured to retrace my steps, but the fog growing thicker and thicker, I only got the more bewildered, and was soon absolutely at a loss to conjecture whether I was on the eastern or western side of the mountain. I climbed up every projecting crag that came in my way, in hopes to be able to espy some familiar land-mark that might set me aright in my wandering, but in vain; the density of the fog baffled all my attempts to discover to which side of the mountain I had strayed.

My situation was now quite unpromising, and I soon began to indulge in some very dismal apprehensions. Evening was fast approaching, and I was perfectly aware that unless I discovered the path speedily, I must pass the night upon the mountain. I was rather thinly clad, and a night on the mountain-top is by no means sultry; it was sufficiently cool already, and I felt an extraordinary appetite for supper, which the keen

air of this elevated region was calculated rather to augment than to allay. "But," thought I, as I cast a look on the forlorn scene around me, "for aught I can perceive, if I go to supper to-night, it will be, not where I eat, but where I am eaten. Should I fall asleep here, I may expect to wake up and find a bear nibbling at my toes." Still, I resolved to push onward, hoping that the cloud would pass away; but I was disappointed; the mist lay thick upon the mountain. I wandered hither and thither among the woods, and was sure of nothing except that I was proceeding downwards.

It was now dusk, the shades of evening were fast gathering over me, and I saw that all hope of returning must be abandoned. I began to look out, therefore, for some convenient place where I might pass the night. I thought, at first, of ascending a tree in order to be safe from the wild animals; but the cold wind which then began to blow, admonished me to choose a spot more comfortable. Ere long, I discovered a narrow rocky gully, clear of trees, and sufficiently deep to shelter me from the wind; the rocks were covered with a thick green moss which abounds in every part of these mountains; heaps of dead leaves lay collected among them, and here I determined to light a fire and make preparations for passing the night.

By the help of my gun, I succeeded in setting fire to a pile of dry leaves and pine-boughs; and a broad glare of flame soon arose through the misty air that promised to secure me against the intrusion of the wild animals. It was not yet dark; the sun had gone down, the twilight had disappeared; but the moon was above the horizon, somewhat low in the west, and giving sufficient light through the mantle of vapour that shrouded the mountain, to throw a dim and uncertain radiance upon a portion of the scene around me. As the night-breeze freshened, the mist appeared to thin away, and I was struck with the beautiful appearance of the halo which the subtle vapour spread around the lunar orb, a bright circle of rainbow colours hanging in the broad heaven. Gradually this phenomenon melted away; the moon went down, the sky was dark, and the deep gloom of the black forest was relieved only by the red flickering flames of my own blazing pile.

In spite of the fatigues I had undergone through the day, it was a long time before I felt an inclination to sleep. Not that I imagined myself in any great danger; my blazing fire and loaded gun were a sufficient security against the beasts;—but night and solitude, and the wilderness were overpowering. The glare of the flame amidst the pitchy darkness all around, threw strong gleams of red light upon the rocky cliffs and masses of thick wood; sudden puffs of wind would now and then whirl a dense column of smoke along the glen, and as these clouds rolled off one after the other into the sky, strange and fantastic giant shapes seemed to be flitting among the dark shadows of the wilderness. I continued to heap great branches upon the blazing pile: it was growing colder, and I felt a drowsiness coming on, yet was unwilling to trust myself to the arms of sleep amid this drear desolation. I sat listening to the moan of the night-breeze as it swelled through the rustling pines; and ever and anon fancied I could hear the howl of a wolf on the distant gale, but as yet no inhabitant of the forest had ventured to intrude on my solitude.

Growing more and more drowsy, and withal feeling a degree of secu-

urity from having been thus far unmolested, I determined to take a nap. I heaped, therefore, a sufficiency of wood upon the pile to last for several hours, and lying down upon the moss-covered rock at the very bottom of the gully, with my feet to the fire, I composed myself to rest. In spite of the coolness of the air, and the loneliness of my situation, I was soon fast asleep. In such circumstances one is sure to be visited with dreams; and I began dreaming before I was fairly in a slumber. When my eyelids first hung heavy, I was gazing at the flickering shadows cast by the rolling volumes of smoke over the woods; and as my sensations grew more and more indistinct and confused, I fancied ten thousand monstrous black bears, with their gigantic cubs, gamboling over the tree-tops. Presently I dreamed of wandering among the woods where the catamounts were crouching behind every tree, and my gun, of course, as always happens in dreams, hung fire whenever I attempted to use it. Anon I was attempting to clamber up the mountain-top and slipping backward at every step;—then, as I stood upon the summit, a cloud came over the mountain and swept me off; I was carried away through the air as in a balloon, looking down upon the country below, a great checker-board of woods and pastures, and fields and towns; till all of a sudden the cloud burst, and I fell souse into Lake Champlain!

I awoke at this instant;—my first sensation was that of grappling and struggling violently with something that had seized me: in the twinkling of an eye I found myself whirled violently away, and the next moment I was struck with a rousing shock that almost stunned me. A minute elapsed ere I became quite aware that I was awake. I looked around; nothing was to be seen; all was utter darkness. The impression was strong upon my mind that I had been violently dragged away from the spot where I had lain down to sleep, but I neither heard nor felt any wild beast moving near me. I stared wildly around, trying to penetrate the thick darkness, when as I cast my eye upward I perceived a strange gleam of light over my head; it seemed like an opening in the sky through which a faint red glimmer was now and then flashing. I got upon my feet and attempted to move; but how was I astonished, on stretching forth my arms, to find a perpendicular wall of rock before me! I looked up again at the light, and presently made the discovery that I was at the bottom of a deep chasm in the rocks, and that the light above came through a narrow fissure at the top. This light, red and flickering, could be no other than that of my own fire, and after further examination of the darkness in which I was imprisoned, and a feeling which now began to manifest itself of certain bruises in my body, it became evident that I had fallen in my sleep through the opening above to the bottom of this deep cavern.

This, indeed, was the fact. The hollow in which I had taken up my abode for the night, was formed by two immense masses of rock which, by some convulsion of nature, appeared to have been thrown together, so as to make a deep and narrow chasm with their perpendicular sides resting against each other at the top. The long and narrow crevices above had been overgrown with a species of moss so thick and firm as to bear the weight of a man. Among the Green Mountains spots like these are innumerable, where the passenger may be treading upon a coat of moss spreading from rock to rock that barely sustains him over the depths of a profound abyss. It was in precisely such a

spot that I had kindled my fire and laid me down to rest, never suspecting that my soft mossy bed was but the deceitful covering to the jaws of a deep den. Whether the fire had burned under the moss and caught the dry sticks which had first been accumulated over the fissure, and served as a support to the superincumbent growth, or whether the moss gave way gradually and by my own weight, I never knew. It was enough that it broke through, and down I fell.

I rubbed my eyes again; I felt of my bruised bones and aching joints; I found I had no wounds but many sore parts. The bottom of the cavern was covered with dead leaves, loose earth and rubbish, which had broken my fall. Had it been otherwise my brains would have been dashed out upon the rock, for the distance I had fallen was at least fifteen or twenty feet. I groped about to the right and left, and found I could touch both walls of the cavern at once by extending my arms. In profound darkness I moved along this narrow strait, hoping to find some projection in the rocky wall by which I might climb upward; but the walls were perpendicular and smooth; nothing met my grasp that would enable me to raise myself a step from the bottom. Having groped four or five yards I perceived the walls closed, and I could advance no further. I turned and began to search toward the other extremity of the cavern; the sides were everywhere too steep and smooth to afford me the slightest hope of being able to ascend them. At the further extremity, the space grew narrow again, and I found I had traversed the whole extent of the cavern.

I now stopped, and began to feel strange apprehensions coming over me. The thought of lying imprisoned in this horrid cavern till I starved to death, rushed fearfully through my brain; but a moment more and I re-assured myself. "Let me wait till day-light," thought I, "before I give myself up for lost; there may be means of escape hidden under this profound darkness." I fell to pondering upon my strange condition, when all at once I was startled by the sound of something moving near me: the next moment I perceived a pair of fiery eye-balls glaring at me from the opposite end of the cavern. Gracious powers! what a chill ran through my blood at the sight! My hair stood on end;—a cold sweat burst out upon my forehead, and I stood motionless with horror. Had I possessed ten thousand worlds I would have given them at that instant for the smallest hope of safety. Horror-struck as I was at the sight, I could not take my eyes from it, but stood gazing, stupified and half-congealed with terror at those glaring orbs of a ferocious beast whom I expected every instant to spring upon me and tear me to pieces! How long I remained thus overwhelmed with the panic, I have no means of knowing; those fiery balls continued to roll and glimmer with a most unearthly light; and surely the stoutest heart must have been appalled by such a spectacle in the thick darkness of a lonely cavern with no means of resistance or escape. To express my danger in two words, this was a *wolf's den*!

The wolf and I continued to stare at each other, but fortunately he did not move. In a few moments I regained a little self-possession. "What should I do?" was the first thought. Escape I could not; kill the wolf I must, or be killed. I had nothing but a large sharp-pointed knife which I had taken with me to cut away the boughs and bushes. With hardly a moment's reflection I drew it out of my pocket, and grasping it

firmly, prepared to rush upon the animal: it was an act of desperation, but it was better than to wait till he sprang upon me. I began to measure my distance, and scrutinize the position of my ferocious enemy. He had not moved from the spot, and appeared to be crouching on the ground at the further end of the cave. While I stood deliberating, I began to feel some surprise that he had so long refrained from attacking me. Many minutes at least had passed since I had been in his power, and as yet he had done nothing but fix his eyes fiercely upon me. How much longer might he not remain quiet? It then came upon my recollection as a notorious fact, that the wolf, savage and ferocious as he is at times, is nevertheless an arrant coward, and if once frightened, loses entirely the courage and inclination to make an attack. This thought darted a bright ray of hope into my breast. I stopped short in my meditated assault, and scanned the wolf with more coolness and confidence. He lay close to the ground, his eyes still darting gleams of fiery green through the pitchy darkness, yet in the ever-twinkling glimmer of these savage orbs I now thought I could discover signs of fear. The more I fixed my gaze upon them, the more I felt my confidence revive. I stood, however, on my guard, determined if he showed a disposition to spring upon me, to meet him at least half way.

It was as I had conjectured: the wolf was completely frightened; he was lying probably fast asleep when I burst into his den. Conceive the panic which this sudden and violent intrusion must have caused him! For aught I know, he was at that moment directly under me, and I had fallen slap upon him, as the spot where I fell was found afterwards to be the lowest part of the cavern, and covered with a bed of leaves and rubbish. I had moreover an indistinct remembrance of grappling with some moving body in the first moments after awakening from the fall. Certain it was that he immediately skulked into the further corner of the den, and there lay overcome with fright. Hour after hour I stood watching him lest he should get the better of his alarm and take vengeance on me for the disturbance: but he showed no disposition for hostilities, and when the first welcome rays of the morning shot into the cavern, I beheld my savage companion crouching and huddled up in a narrow crevice of the rock, with every mark of the most abject fear. I became released, therefore, from my apprehensions on this score; but the return of light led me to the unwelcome discovery that to escape from the cavern without assistance was impossible. To climb was out of the question; the two masses of rock closed at both extremities, leaving at one end a narrow opening near the ground, through which the wolf had squeezed himself on passing in and out. Had the animal ran to this end of the cave at the first alarm, he would have escaped immediately, instead of which he betook himself in his confusion to the innermost recess of his abode, and so great was his terror of me, that he never dared stir to leave his lurking-place.

What was now to be done? I must devise some means of extricating myself, for I could have no hope that any human being would come to my assistance in that wild and distant spot: but what means were within my reach? There was no breaking through the wall of my prison, or digging under the foundation. The rock was here, the rock was there, the rock was all around. Hunger might break through stone walls, but not walls so thick as these. A strip of the bright sky was twenty feet over

my head, and twenty thousand dollars would I have given (had I possessed them) for nothing but a bean-pole of that length. But wishing was in vain ; I could do nothing to help myself, and the wolf seemed as much puzzled to get out of the difficulty as I. It is needless to relate what a crowd of direful forebodings now came over me. I could see no prospect but that of starving to death, unless the wolf chose to eat me as soon as his appetite overcame his terror.

It was now noon day, as I judged from the sun's rays which shot into the mouth of the cavern, and I felt a faintness coming over me from the fatigue, hunger, anxiety, and mental excitement which I had endured. I sat at the bottom of the cavern almost resigned to my fate, and thinking of the strange conjectures that would be formed when my bones should be discovered some fifty years afterwards among these rocks. Suddenly I was startled by a low and half-suppressed growl from my companion. I imagined on the instant that he was meditating to spring upon me, and at once gave myself up for lost, feeling that I was too weak to offer any resistance. The next moment the distant bark of a dog struck my ear. No words can describe the delicious sensations which this sound awoke in my breast. It denoted that assistance was at hand, and I was to be rescued from the horrible fate of being buried alive. New life sprang up within me. The sounds drew nearer, and now I could have no doubt my friends had come in search of me, and were in the right track. The wolf appeared as much alarmed as I was delighted by the approach of the visitors : he crouched closer to the rock, and manifested great trepidation each time the barking of the dog was heard ; his experienced ear had caught the sound before it became audible to mine.

In a few minutes the voices of men were heard above, at which I set up a loud shout that brought them speedily to the mouth of the cavern. Their astonishment may easily be imagined on finding me at the bottom of this dark abyss. Tying branches of trees together, they soon constructed a ladder, by the help of which I once more regained the upper air, and gave them the assurance that I had not been, as they at first believed, devoured by wild beasts. I then learned that the miracle of my rescue was owing to my faithful dog, who had tracked me through all my wanderings over the mountain without once losing the scent, till he brought them to the spot where I lay immured. As to my savage companion in the den, he bolted out of his hole as soon as he was fairly rid of me, but was shot by the farmer's son before he had skulked a hundred yards.

My hair did not prove to be blanched by the fright of this adventure, but the remembrance of the scene would never away from me. Many a time since, in frightful dreams, have I beheld those two fiery cyeballs glaring at me through the thick darkness, and felt a renewal of all the shuddering terrors of the night I passed in the wolf's den.

Q. Q.

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## THE BATTLE OF THE ELEPHANTS.

**A GRAND, SPLENDID, MAGNIFICENT, EASTERN, EQUESTRIAN, ELEPHANTINE SPECTACLE, INTERSPERSED WITH MUSIC, DANCING, EQUESTRIAN AND ELEPHANTINE EVOLUTIONS, GRAND TABLEAUX, TERRIFIC COMBATS, AWFUL ENCOUNTERS, &c. &c. &c. &c.**

[Returning from our annual visit on Easter-Monday evening to Astley's, we picked up, exactly midway between that most legitimate horse-theatre and the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, the manuscript, of which we present the public with a specimen. Which of the two theatres be the rightful claimant of it, whether Drury or Ducrow's, we know not. If the former, we suppose we must content ourselves with—

“The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,”

and allow the managers the benefit of the response—

“And they who live to please must please to live.”

The spectacle part of the entertainment must necessarily be seen in order to be appreciated: the fine writing, the wit and drollery of the dialogue, and the nice touches of character, will speak for themselves.]

### CHARACTERS.

**THE EMPEROR SAMASHAH**, Usurper of the Throne of Eloris.

**KASSAN-SHAH**, his Nephew, the rightful Heir, supposed dead; known only as **OSMAR** the Arab Chief; in love with **FANTULLAH**.

**MIRZA-MHERA**, Prince of Gazrat.

**KHERAN**, the professed friend, but secret enemy of the Emperor; and Commander of the Army of Elephants; also in love with **FANTULLAH**.

**CAZAN**, a follower of **KHERAN**.

**KHORADDIN**, the Fiery Spirit of the Deserts.

**JAFFNAH**, a Mute in the service of **OSMAR**.

**BOB WILKINS**, an Englishman, formerly keeper of an à-la-mode beef-shop in the Old Bailey, but now the heroic friend and confidant of **OSMAR**.

**THE PRINCESS FANTULLAH**, the Emperor's Daughter.

**BULBUL**, her favourite Attendant.

*Priests, Soldiers, Horsemen, Elephant Riders, Officers of the Court, Followers of Osmar, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.*

*Female Attendants on the Princess, Dancing Girls, Singing Girls, and—all sorts of Girls.*

*Scene lies at Eloris, and in the neighbouring Deserts.*

### ACT I.

**Scene I.**—*A magnificent Apartment in the Emperor's Palace—The EMPEROR, surrounded by his Court, discovered seated on his Throne—KHERAN on one side—MIRZA-MHERA on the other—BOB WILKINS concealed among the Courtiers.*<sup>1</sup>

*Chorus.*

HAIL to great Sama-Shah!

Long may he reign in glory,

And live renowned in story!

<sup>1</sup> We may “wonder how the devil he got there;” but as he is to be the life and soul of the piece, without whom there would be no fun; let us suppose he got there—any how.



## The Battle of the Elephants.

Whate'er be his will  
Be it our's to fulfil!<sup>2</sup>  
Hail to great Sama-Shah!

**Emperor.** 'Tis well! Your love and loyalty I doubt not<sup>3</sup>. A reign of twenty years,—a not inglorious reign,—a reign whose every hour has been marked by external conquest and internal peace, has satisfied my heart of my loved people's loyalty.

**Kher.** Sire, the empire's foes are exterminated<sup>4</sup>, your own are destroyed.

**Emp.** To thee, brave Kheran, is the former due, the latter is mine own. And, oh! it grieves me much<sup>5</sup> that, in the preservation of my rights, some native blood has left its parent veins. Yet could I otherwise? I,—by my brother's natural demise, and the mysterious disappearance of his son, now dead,—ill-fated Kassan! (*Strikes his bosom, and says aside*)—Down, busy conscience<sup>6</sup>.—I became the rightful inheritor of the sceptre which sways these realms. Yet found I oft rebellion lurking within my very palace walls, and ready, with eagle talons, to tear from my brow the glittering diadem. 'Tis true I struck,—but for my rights I struck;—and never did the scymitar with vengeful blow descend, but justice rode astride the blade;—never flowed the purple flood from out a guilty traitor's veins, but the pearly drops or gentle pity bedewed these cheeks<sup>7</sup>. But no more of this.—Princes and chiefs, and you, ye countless multitudes, be silent all, whilst I reveal the purpose of this solemn convocation.

**Wilh. (aside.)** Now to know what all this is about<sup>8</sup>.

**Emp.** Let the trumpet sound for silence. (*Flourish of trumpets.*) You Mirza-Mhera, Prince of Gazrat, stand forth.

**Mir. (advancing, aside.)** What can this mean?

**Emp.** Advance, brave Kheran.

**Kher. (advancing, aside.)** What means this sudden bidding?

**Emp.** 'Tis now your monarch's happy task at once to gratify a father's feelings and a nation's wish. You know that—such is our country's custom—my daughter, the fair Fantullah, has, from her earliest infancy, secluded from the sight of man, inhabited, surrounded by her virgin slaves, the Valley of Emeralds.

**Kher.** The Valley of Emeralds, situate at the western extremity of the Yellow Desert?

**Emp.** Aye, brave Kheran, the Yellow Desert! a perilous pass,—the haunt of innumerable hordes of Arab robbers<sup>9</sup>, headed by the fierce Osmar.

**Wilh. (aside.)** Meaning my friend.

**Emp.** And the sojourn of the dread Khoraddin, the Fiery Spirit<sup>10</sup>.

**All.** Khoraddin, the Fiery Spirit!

**Emp.** This is the fair Fantullah's fifteenth natal day;—this day must bring her thence: to-morrow sees her in a husband's arms.

**Kher. (aside.)** A husband's arms! What new-sprung hope is mine!

<sup>2</sup> A masterly touch! finely characteristic of Eastern subserviency.

<sup>3</sup> Plague on him if he did, after such a declaration.

<sup>4</sup> A distinction without a difference, perhaps; but pardonable on the score of fine writing.

<sup>5</sup> No doubt of it.

<sup>6</sup> How adroitly is the audience led to suspect that the Emperor knows more about this "mysterious disappearance" than it may be convenient for him to declare!

<sup>7</sup> Perhaps a lawyer might say that the Emperor is over-laying his case with protestations of tender-heartedness.

<sup>8</sup> Presently we shall learn his motive for this curiosity.

<sup>9</sup> This promises difficulties, dangers, charges of cavalry, horses galloping up rushing cataracts and down perpendicular mountains, with evolutions, and terrific combats.

<sup>10</sup> The invention of crimson fire has rendered the introduction of some such personage indispensable.

*Emp.* The journey is fraught with danger; but our country's safeguard, the army of elephants<sup>11</sup>, shall be her convoy.

*Wilk. (aside.)* So so.

*Mir. (aside.)* Command is all the earthly good I covet. (To the Emperor.) Sire, by Akbar's treachery, whose death has paid the forfeit of his crimes; that army, like a rudderless bark, floats erringly, unswayed by a commander.

*Emp.* I am not unmindful of it, noble Prince. People, chiefs, princes! Kheran is brave, young Mirza-Mhera valiant<sup>12</sup>. Now hear, and then confirm your Emperor's decree, which gives to you as husband of the fair Fantullah, and future sovereign of Eloris—(A pause and silence.)

*Kher. (aside.)* She and the crown are mine.

*Emp.* Mirza-Mhera, Prince of Gazrat.

*Flourish of trumpets; all present bow. The Emperor places Mirza-Mhera on the second step of the throne.*

*Kher. (aside.)* D———n!

*Wilk. (aside.)* Pretty news for my friend Osmar.

*Emp.* Next, in reward of his high deeds of arms, and long-tried loyalty, we name as captain of Eloris' chief defence—the Elephantine legions—the brave and faithful Kheran. [Flourish, &c.]

*Mir. (aside.)* Sure Persia's God, the ever-burning Sun, has shot into my heart his fiercest rays; else are the demons of revenge and envy tearing it piecemeal with their poisoned fangs.<sup>13</sup>

*Emp.* Bring forth the sacred banner of the Elephants, and deliver it to Kheran, captain of the mighty legions.

*Music.* A golden altar, on the back of an image of an elephant in ivory and gold, is brought forward, borne by six priests, magnificently habited, each carrying a flaming tusk in gold; six other priests bear the sacred banner, on which is embroidered the figure of an elephant. The ceremony of consecrating the banner is performed, whilst all present march in procession round the altar.

*Emp.* Administer the oath. Then, Kheran, to the Valley of Emeralds; to thy charge we confide Fantullah's safety.

*Kher. (aside.)* Ha!—then let the dotard and his minion tremble.

*Priest.* Swear allegiance to the rightful sovereign of Eloris.

*Kher.* I swear.

*Priest.* And that, in safety, you will convey the Princess Fantullah to her lover's arms.

*Kher. (emphatically.)* Aye, to her lover's arms,<sup>14</sup> I swear.

*Music.* Kheran kneels and kisses the banner, which is delivered to him. A splendid jewel, in the form of an elephant's tusk, is then slung round his neck.

*Emp.* 'Tis well. Kheran, present this ring to the guardians of the Valley of Emeralds; they will deliver the Princess to your care. Instantly prepare for your departure: we will, in person, attend you to the city gates. The Arab Osmar and the Fiery Spirit inspire no fears for Fantullah's safety in the soul of Sama-Shah;—Kheran is Fantullah's protector across the perilous desert.

<sup>11</sup> An army of elephants! Surely this advance in the art and mystery of catering for the public taste is premature! Why not reserve it till the enlightened British public is heartily sick of witnessing the "extraordinary evolutions of the magnificent stud of horses" on the national stages? Then, indeed, behold us if you please.

<sup>12</sup> See note 4.

<sup>13</sup> If this be not fine writing, the deuce is in it.

<sup>14</sup> We suspect this to be a piece of villanous equivocation; but we shall see.

*The Battle of the Elephants.*

*Wilk. (aside.)* He isn't safe back yet. Shou'dn't halloo till you are out of the wood.

*Emp.* Mirza—Kheran—equally my sons in love—embrace.

*Mir. (embracing Kheran, says aside.)* So shall my dagger and his heart ere long.

*Kher. (aside.)* Soon shall a rougher grasp assure the minion of wronged Kheran's love.

*Wilk. (gliding off.)* Now I know all I want to know. D. I. O., as we say in Old England.<sup>15</sup> [Exit.]

*Emp.* Now—away!

*This is the signal for the most magnificent procession that ever yet was seen on any stage; whilst the Chorus resumes—*

“Hail to great Sama-Shah!” &c.

Scene II.—*A splendid Ante-Chamber in the Palace.—Enter BOB WILKINS cautiously. (His own dress, which is now seen under his disguise, must be a ludicrous jumble of articles of English and of Arab costume.)*

*Wilkins.* Well, I'll be hanged if I hav'n't managed it nicely! Yesterday says my friend Osmar, the Arab chief, to me—“Wilkins, my friend, I wish you'd go to the city of Elorj, contrive to get into the palace, find out what this solemn assembly is about, and bring me word.” I set off, meet one of the Emperor's servants, cut his throat, jump into his jacket, and there I am, snug. Pretty news for my friend Osmar, that Mirza-Mhera is to marry the Princess Fagullah, when he's in love with her himself! But he is not the man to take the matter quietly while he has at his command thirty thousand as fine fellows as ever cut a throat, and possesses for his friend and prime minister—me!—(KHERAN appears and listens.)—Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing. Only think that I, Bob Wilkins, formerly keeper of an à-la-mode-beef shop in the Old Bailey, should become the intimate friend of a furious Arab chief!<sup>16</sup> What a change! With this little coxer (*draws a large carving-knife*) I used to cut up beef for my friends; now it serves to tickle up the mutton of my foes.<sup>17</sup> Then I'm in love with Bulbul, the Princess's favourite attendant, and she's in love with me.<sup>18</sup> If I should make Mrs. Wilkins of her, and carry her home, how the folks in the Old Bailey will stare to see a pretty little Persian cut up à-la-mode beef! It will bring custom to the shop. Mustn't call her Bulbul, though: it is such a queer name, the people would laugh at it. Let me see, what shall I call her? (*Appears lost in thought.*)

(KHERAN comes forward; he has a scroll in his hand.)

*Kher.* This is more than my best hopes had pictured to me. Sure, to execute my mission was this slave, by my good genius, hither sent. I will secure his fidelity by working on his fears. Slave, your life is in my power: I have overheard all you have said.

*Wilk.* Have you? That may be Persian politeness; but it would be called very rude behaviour in the Old Bailey.

*Kher.* You are the friend of the fierce Osmar, and therefore—

*Wilk.* Not easily to be frightened.

*Kher.* You have murdered a servant of the Emperor's, and—

*Wilk.* Don't call it murder, if you please—that's a queer word in the Old Bailey. But I'll tell you how it was. You must know I had particular occasion for his clothes; so, for fear he should catch his death of cold without them, I killed him. Do you take?

<sup>15</sup> The humour of this part is now beginning to appear.

<sup>16</sup> “Only think,” indeed! But instances of similar freaks of Fortune are by no means rare—in the British [horse] drama.

<sup>17</sup> The humour of this part is evidently formed after the best models of the kind.

<sup>18</sup> Of course.

*Kher.* I have but to speak the word, the guard will approach, and you are a dead man.

*Wilk. (looking off.)* Ay; but just at this moment we are but one to one, and it would be as much as your ears are worth to do it—let me tell you that, Captain Swagger.

*Kher.* How, audacious reptile! do you brave my power?

*[Draws his scymitar.]*

*Wilk.* Now just put up that little shiner of yours, or I'll let you see the first cousin to it before you can ask for four-pen'north of à-la-mode beef.

*Kher.* This insolence is too much.

*He rushes at Wilkins—Wilkins draws his knife—they fight—Wilkins overpowers and disarms him.*

*Wilk.* There, my lad, your life is now in my power. It would be no more than you deserve to serve you as I would a salt buttock, and cut you up in slices. How my friends in the Old Bailey would stare to see me crowing over the Captain-General of the Army of Elephants<sup>19</sup>.

*Kher.* Devil, or more than man! What art thou?

*Wilk.* An Englishman! And to prove it, I spare your life.

*Kher.* Generous stranger!

*Wilk.* Now you may get up—there's your sword—and I'd bet a wager you'll never come in the way of an Englishman again.

*Kher.* Are all thy race thus generous and valiant?

*Wilk.* Aye; and there's not a man of us would have acted differently. 'Tis an Englishman's pride to leather a foe as long as he stands, and to pick him up when he has knocked him down<sup>20</sup>.

*Kher.* Embrace me; every brave man is Kheran's friend.

*Wilk.* Not so fast, if you please. I have given you a drubbing, so we are no longer foes; but as to being friends, there must be two words to that bargain. We little islanders are not so hasty in our friendships.

*Kher. (aside.)* Wondrous nation!—Englishman, a word. You are the friend of the fierce robber Osmar, the terror of the territories which on the confines of the Yellow Desert stretch out their immeasurable tracts.

*Wilk.* Robber! A little more respect towards my friend, or—

*Shows his knife.*

*Kher.* His mighty prowess I admire, and fain would be his friend.

*Wilk. (aside.)* This is a pleasant fellow! He's for being every body's friend. You require some service of him I suppose?

*Kher.* This scroll will speak my wishes. Convey it to him. By aiding Kheran in his daring project, fortune—power—nay, even empire, may be the reward of the Arab Osmar.

*Wilk.* Well, I'll tell him what you say, and I've no doubt he'll do all he can to serve you, if he finds he is likely to get anything by it. You great men are always forward enough to serve one another when you can serve yourselves by so doing<sup>21</sup>.

*Kher.* The army of elephants is encamped without the city walls. I go to lead it onwards towards the Valley of Emeralds. Ere this day's sun in golden splendour shall have sunk to rest, that army will have reached the confines of the Yellow Desert. *(Looking cautiously about.)* I will not, as the babbling dotard Sama-Shah would have me, traverse at once those trackless plains. My project needs delay to lend it force. There

<sup>19</sup> Upon this point we are at issue with Mr. Wilkins. If his friends in the Old Bailey were of a theatrical turn, they would not stare in the least at witnessing the defeat of a Persian General-in-Chief by an English buffoon. Such incidents are common in the horse-drama.

<sup>20</sup> The utility of these compliments to the national character is manifest: every theatre has its galleries.

<sup>21</sup> A delicate touch of satire.

will I halt till gallant Osmar shall return my greeting. Haste then—away—this scroll proclaims the rest.

*Wilk.* I'm off. I have a capital horse in waiting. Ha, ha, ha! If any of my friends in the Old Bailey could see me on an Arabian horse!

*Kher. (smiling.)* Where's the place thou speak'st of?

*Wilk.* An ignorant fellow! Asks where the Old Bailey is! Do you just go to London, and you'll soon find your way to the Old Bailey, I'll answer for it. Do you take, old Blackbeard? Ha, ha, ha<sup>22</sup>! *[Exit.]*

*Kher.* The die is cast! Kheran no more will enter Eloris' walls but as Eloris' sovereign. Ere to-morrow's sun shall set, Fantullah shall meet a lover's gaze—a lover's fond embrace. *[Exit.]*

Scene III.—*An open Country without the City Walls*—THE EMPEROR—MIRZA-MHERA, &c. discovered—*The army of Elephants is drawn up in marching order—One Elephant, more richly caparisoned than the rest (on which is borne the sacred banner), is in the front of the Stage.*

*Emperor.*—'Tis strange brave Kheran comes not.

*Mir. (aside.)* Nor will he if my emissary's poniard find its fitting sheath—my hated rival's heart.

*Emp.* Despatch a messenger to seek the valiant chief.

*Cries without, "Kheran, Kheran."*

*Enter KHERAN dragging forward a slave.*

*Kher.* Villain, in presence of thy offended monarch declare who placed the treacherous instrument within thy murderous grasp.

*Mir. (aside.)* Confusion! He has missed his aim.

*Emp.* What may this mean?

*Kher.* Sire, as hither I did come, this villain rushed on my unguarded way, and with uplifted dagger aimed at my heart. This jewel turned the blow; I seized the coward and disarmed him.

*Emp.* Lead him to instant death.

*Kher.* First bid him speak the name of his employer.

*Mir. (Rushing towards him as he is about to speak, and stabbing him.)* Be it mine to avenge this outrage on my friend. Die, base assassin, die! *(The slave is carried off.)*

*Kher. (sarcastically.)* Kheran is grateful to his friend for this. Discretion ever was good Mirza's virtue. The dead betray no tales.

*Mir.* Ha! am I suspected?

*Kher.* No matter: Sire, I now depart.

*Emp.* Mine and thy country's blessing on thee, valiant Kheran. This preservation from the assassin's blow gives promise of success to the great object of this expedition. Away.

*Kheran's elephant is brought forward—it kneels—he mounts it.*

*Kher.* Forward! March!

*Music.* *The army of Elephants marches off. It is seen moving in the distance—clouds of sand rise, and it is soon hidden from view. Meantime, the Emperor, followed by his Court, the people, &c., go off in procession another way; while the music gradually becomes fainter.*

*N.B.* This procession must be even more magnificent than the first<sup>23</sup>.

Scene IV.—*Secret entrance to the Valley of Emeralds.*

*Enter BULBUL.*

*Bul.* Heigho! where can my dear Wilkins be all this while! Here am

<sup>22</sup> 'Tis well for us "that boy" is off, or he would certainly have been "the death of us."

<sup>23</sup> More magnificent! And that was "the most magnificent that ever yet was seen on any stage!" How, where, or when are these magnificencies to reach their climax of magnificence?

I, poor little Bulbul, the principal attendant on the Princess Fantullah, waiting for my lover at the secret entrance to the Valley of Emeralds. I wonder why Osmar has sent him all the way to Eloris just at this time. There is Osmar in the valley along with the Princess. If it were known to the Emperor, we should all be tied up in sacks and thrown into the sea. Well, they are a handsome couple, and deserve to be happy. O that my lover were come!

*Song (eight lines in each verse).*

*1st Verse.*

Ti-tum-ti, &c.

For he's my only treasure.

*2nd Verse,*

Ti-tum-ti, &c.

For he's my only treasure.<sup>24</sup>

But what do I see! That milk-white courser pressing onward—and now it stops—ah! 'tis he—'tis my true love come at last.

*Enter WILKINS.*

*Wil.* Aye, 'tis he indeed, my sweet little Bulbul.

*Bul.* But just tell me what has detained you so long?

*Wil.* I stopped at the Camp thinking to find my friend Osmar; but Jaffnah, the dumb second-in-command,<sup>25</sup> told me he was here at the Valley of Emeralds.

*Bul.* Jaffnah, who is dumb, told you so, did he? Ha, ha, ha!

*Wil.* You may laugh, but you know Jaffnah speaks as intelligibly by signs as we do with our tongues.<sup>26</sup> Osmar saved his life, and Jaffnah, the grateful fellow, would lose his own to serve him. Though I believe they are quits as it is, for Osmar once told me that Jaffnah preserved him when an infant, and is the only witness on earth as to who Osmar really is. Though I am Osmar's friend, he has never yet let me into that secret.

*Bul.* I wish he would tell me.

*Wil.* Trust a woman with a secret! A pretty joke, indeed!<sup>27</sup>

*Bul.* I long to see old England, for you have told me so many fine things about it.<sup>28</sup>

*Wil.* And so you shall; and when there I'll teach you to sing—Bless the King and all the royal family.

*Duet.*

*He.* O, how happy shall we be!

*She.* Happy, loving, gay, and free!

(*Sing eight lines more alternately.*)<sup>29</sup>

*Together.* { Happy, free,  
                  { We shall be,

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>24</sup> Sic MS. This is a wise economy both of time and brains on the part of the poet. He furnishes just as much of a song as is usually uttered by the singer so as to be intelligible to the audience—the burthen, the last line of each verse.

<sup>25</sup> It is so much easier to a certain class of *artists* to execute with grace and agility an equestrian manœuvre, and to discourse by gesture and attitude, than to deliver two lines of dialogue without committing six offences against the laws of elocution, that a judicious (equestrian) dramatist will always find a pretext for constraining one or more of his principal actors to silence. Hence the frequency of a dummy in horse-pieces.

<sup>26</sup> At the least—sometimes.

<sup>27</sup> So one would imagine, considering its frequency on these occasions.

<sup>28</sup> This speech does not seem to occur in the natural course of the dialogue, but it produces the telling reply of Wilkins, and may be excused by the reason adduced in note <sup>20</sup>.

<sup>29</sup> Accounted for by note <sup>24</sup>.

Scene V.—*The Valley of Emeralds; OSMAR and FANTULLAH discovered, seated on a bank of roses.*

*Fan.* Why in my Osmar's mind still lurks the canker of disquietude? Shall not Fantullah, soon to be thy wife, partake her future husband's confidence?

*Osm.* Since thou wilt know, then listen. Vague rumours to my camp have lately crept of preparations vast within the walls of proud Eloris' city; 'tis hinted, too, thy future fate, Fantullah, is their object. Thy fate! And when thy fate hangs on the breath of one—the mighty Sama-Shah, thy father—who with that breath hath power to bid thee hence, and tear thee, for ever, from thy Osmar's presence—tell me, can Osmar's soul be tranquil?

*Fan.* Fear nought, dear Osmar.

*Osm.* To Eloris have I dispatched my faithful friend<sup>30</sup>—he from the happy shores of Albion, land of liberty and love—to learn the truth of these so dreaded rumours. Till he return can I be less than anxious?

*Fan.* Dost thou then doubt Fantullah's truth? Fantullah will resign a Princess' station, and follow to his desert-home her Arab chief; and in his tent be happier far than seated on a throne.

*Osm.* (*aside.*) As soon she shall be; but till I have further proved her constancy I'll not reveal myself.—But come, approach ye nimble-footed Bayaderes; the Princess tasks you to the utmost power of your sweet mysteries. Let the dance begin. [*He leads FANTULLAH to the bank of roses.*]

### GRAND BALLET.

PERFORMED ENTIRELY BY FEMALES!

*After strangers have withdrawn,*<sup>31</sup> *the ballet is interrupted by the sudden entrance of WILKINS and BULBUL.*

*Wilk.* (*to Osm.*) A word.

*Osm.* Any news?

*Wilk.* Any news indeed! Why, in London, one-half the news I have for you would make an extraordinary Gazette. Kheran is appointed commander of the Army of Elephants, Mirza-Mhera is to marry the Princess Fantullah, and Kheran is on his way hither to escort the Princess to Eloris.

*Osm.* How say'st thou! Nay, then, the blow must now be struck, or never may Kassan-Shah, the rightful emperor of Eloris, ascend the throne his ancestors bequeathed him.

*Wilk.* That's likely enough, considering that Kassan-Shah was murdered in his infancy.

*Osm.* My friend, you have yet to learn<sup>32</sup>—but no matter—proceed.

*Wilk.* Well, then, Kheran desires an interview with you.

*Osm.* What'er this meeting may import, Kheran may advance in safety. But the Princess, if I leave her now, she may be lost to me for ever! One word decides for us. Fantullah, say, was thy boasted proof of constancy a tissue of mere words, or would you follow Osmar to his humble tents?

*Fan.* Ungenerous Osmar! Put me to the trial.

*Osm.* At once, away then. Thy father sends to bear thee hence, and once within Eloris' walls for ever art thou lost to Osmar.

*Fan.* Ha! would they tear me from thee! No, never shall they do

<sup>30</sup> That is, Bob Wilkins, late the keeper of an à-la-mode beef shop in the Old Bailey! But see note <sup>16</sup>.

<sup>31</sup> We give this stage direction entire as we find it. What can be meant by the somewhat parliamentary phrase "after strangers have withdrawn?" Can the exciting scene of a "ballet performed entirely by females" be contrived for the purpose of—Oh, no! at least we are not aware of any such "modern instances."

<sup>32</sup> But not just yet.

sa! Come, let us hence, dear Osmar, and leave all care for the here-  
after to Cupid, God of Love!<sup>33</sup>

*Bul.* It is impossible; the Princess cannot pass these gates without the special order of the Emperor. The guardians of the Valley of Emeralds dare not suffer her to quit it. Their death would pay the forfeit of their disobedience.

*Osm.* 'Tis but too true.

*Fan.* Then all our hopes are vain.<sup>34</sup>

*Wilk.* Not so fast: never despair while I am with you.<sup>35</sup> (*Shows a ring.*) What's this?

*Fan.* O joy! my father's ring.

*Wilk.* Who'll oppose us now, I should like to see! The Emperor gave this to Kheran for the very purpose. Master Kheran and I had a sort of tussle together, you must know; and in the fight he dropped it from his finger—and here it is.

*Osm.* How shall we thank you?

*Wilk.* By coming out of this place as fast as you can. So take my arm, my little Bulbul, and let us trudge on. Friend Osmar, do you lead the way. [*Going.*]

*Guard (approaching).* You cannot pass.

*Wilk.* Can't pass! Come, that's a good joke! (*Draws his knife.*) Pray, friend, did you ever happen to peep in at my shop-window in the Old Bailey, and see me knock off a chicken's head at a stroke?

*Guard.* No trifling attempt to pass and you are a dead man.

*Wilk.* Am I? (*Shows the ring.*) Just look at this, my little bantam.

*Guard.* Ha! the Emperor's ring! Pass.

*Wilk.* So, it is pass now, is it? But I say, my friend, if ever you venture to talk to Bob Wilkins again about his being a dead man, he'll just whisk off your head, turban and all; make a foot-ball of it, and trundle it all the way to Eloris. Ha, ha, ha! (*Laughs heartily.*)

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.—A ravine leading to the Yellow Desert.

*Enter KHERAN.*

*Khe.* Yet no reply from Osmar! Should he refuse his aid, then must Khoraddin, the fiery spirit of the Deserts, be invoked, and he will lend me his unearthly succour. But, hark! I hear the tramp of a speed-impelled courser. Ha! this way the sound is borne. I see the rider's form down-bent with urging haste. An Arab, by his garment. Ha! he is here. (*JAFFNAH, on horseback, gallops on.*) Speak! art thou friend or foe? (*JAFFNAH makes a sign that he is unarmed.*) Unarmed! Thou art Jaffnah, Osmar's faithful follower, and bringest Osmar's greeting to Kheran: I am he. (*JAFFNAH, by signs, expresses his unwillingness to doubt a gentleman's word; but, at the same time, his mission being of deep importance, he is bound to exercise the utmost circumspection in the execution of it.*) Nay, doubt it not—let this convince thee. (*Shows the tusk suspended round his neck, and JAFFNAH delivers him a scroll—he reads.*) "Follow my faithful mute—he will conduct thee safely to Osmar's presence." Enough; I follow thee. Now, then, the die is cast.

(*JAFFNAH blows a bugle; instantly an Arab gallops in, dismounts, and*

<sup>33</sup> Pretty; but not strictly Persian.

<sup>34</sup> Do the ingrates forget their friend from the Old Bailey?

<sup>35</sup> We were sure of him.

<sup>36</sup> So much is attempted by certain professors\* of the pantomimic art, that we do not despair of seeing Hamlet's soliloquies, or even a chapter in Locke, delivered by signs.



*gives his horse to KHERAN, who mounts it. JAFFNAH, after making several turns about the stage<sup>87</sup>, gallops off, followed by KHERAN.*

Scene VII.—*The Arab Encampment by Moonlight; Horses in various picturesque groups and positions are seen; a quantity of Men strewed about amongst them<sup>88</sup>. On the right is a perpendicular Cataract, on the left an inaccessible mountain, and in the distance an impregnable Fortress. Beyond this is seen the lonely Pyramid of the Fiery Spirit Khoraddin.*

*Enter ———.*

\* \* \* \* \*

[We had intended to give the whole of this splendid, grand, magnificent, eastern, equestrian, elephantine spectacle; but having presented our readers with sufficient to convey to them a general notion of its plot—of the powerfully-fine writing of the serious portions of its dialogue—and of the wit and humour of the comic, we will proceed no further—nor need we. The principal business of the remainder is clearly indicated by the description of Scene VII.; and even the more minute points will be easily anticipated by such of our readers as have witnessed the exhibitions of this kind during the last twenty years. Kheran will, of course, invoke the fiery spirit, who will, of course, in exchange for his soul, invest him with a magic talisman, which, in the hour of his need, will of course fail him. There will, of course, be a general battle between the horses and the elephantine legions; troops of cavalry will, of course, rush down the perpendicular cataract; the inaccessible mountain will, of course, be scaled, and the impregnable fortress will, of course, be taken. The women will, of course, be in the midst and thickest of the fight, and, of course, escape unhurt. Osmar, of course, the victor, will, of course, be declared the rightful heir to the throne; of course he will marry Fantallah, who, of course, will give Bulbul in marriage to Bob Wilkins, who, of course, has performed prodigies of valour, and who also, of course (he the said à-la-mode beef man) is made prime minister to the new emperor of Eloris. Of course, the whole will conclude with the appearance of the fiery spirit of the desert, who will, of course, bear away the traitor Kheran, in the midst of the most magnificent display of crimson-and-blue fire, of course, ever presented on any stage.]

<sup>87</sup> There seems to be no other necessity for such an evolution than—that it is always performed.

<sup>88</sup> “Men strewed about amongst them!” Were not the word in the MS. as plain as a pike-staff, we should have been inclined to read *saw-dust*. But we must not complain; men have had their day on the stage—’tis the horses’ turn now. They cannot both be uppermost in consideration at the same time.

## THE BOBOLI GARDENS, FLORENCE.

A CHARM-BUILT lovely Nature!—but severe  
 Reined in and stately!—Here the alley-walks  
 Seem proud of their court-chains, with walls of clear  
 Colossal verdure, built all round, and roofed  
 With the broad bending skies, at eventide  
 One uniformity of unbroken blue  
 Depth within depth, a bold embracing frame  
 To the earth's picture. Every nameless hue,  
 From the sharp bronzing light which takes direct  
 Yon mass of shadows in their midst, to greens  
 Of thick sepulchral darkness; sullen greys,  
 And gleams of mystic wanness, sad cold blacks  
 Spread pall-like near the day, and riotously  
 Dashes of red rejoicing in their strength,—  
 All, all, are here, a wayward crowd, best seen  
 Tangled with noontide dreams, thro' half-shut eye,  
 When buried voices wake, and the moved heart  
 Gives up its prisoners. Here let us pause  
 Awhile, and breathe; life moves within us here  
 Like the faint flow and ebb of sleep:—how smooth  
 Peace spreads upon the world! here let us sit  
 By the blue stone bench, muffled well with things  
 Of every beauty, prodigal, and proud,  
 And overflushed with life—or near yon broad  
 And tranquillising glass of waters, starred  
 With bashful flowers, or with the haughtier crowd  
 Of foreign beauties, shrub with linked shrub  
 Mosaic bright, the sultry hours wear down,  
 Building our reveries for many a day  
 Thro' the long future. What fair shapes are these!  
 Peeping at every step, from mystic nook,  
 Then lost again—then found: beviés of nymphs,  
 Naiads, and warriors bowered in wood, or cave,  
 And happy islands, floating some, some fixed  
 In the mid-waters, chapletted with flowers,  
 Or high pasillimed with a waste of wood  
 Let forth at once. Lo! in the midst, as god  
 Of the well-guarded lake, strong Neptune sits,  
 Wrapt in his deity, on his car of sponge  
 Now frozen into stone, and by him sweep  
 Deep-plunging horse and horsemen; and still on  
 Her white uncumbered side, the lake-nymph swells  
 Half-arched, above the waters, to the eye  
 Of lurking satyr, and the waters glide  
 Wooingly round her, as for love, or now  
 Sudden, like spark on spark, from Triton conch  
 Strike out grotesquely. Fair and solemn spot!  
 I must not soon forget thee!

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## RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.—NO. V.

*Predecessors of Mathews.*—Foote was the founder of what Miss Kelly might call the *sola* system; in his performance, however, he was aided by others. After him, Tate, Wilkinson, and many others, gave entertainments à la Foote; then G. A. Steevens started with his Lectures on Heads; Lee Lewis followed in his footsteps; Henderson gave some readings at the Freemasons' Tavern; and the thing was getting out of fashion when Collins started his Evening Brush; then Aaron Kean (uncle, as it is said by some, father, as reputed by others, of the tragedian) gave a mixed performance of stories, songs, veritiloquism, and legerdemain. Charles Dibdin about this time commenced his entertainments, which, from their literary merits, rather than his powers, either vocal or mimetic, were extraordinarily attractive; he very happily fell in with the feeling of the time, and made as much by the sale of his songs as by the performance. Edwin contemplated an "At Home" a little before his death. When Dibdin's years increased, and his attraction failed, a season or two elapsed without any adventurer starting. Bannister was induced at last to open his "Budget" at the Freemasons': he was succeeded by the man who is indeed in himself a theatre.

*Charles Dibdin.*—It has been said that his pathetic ballads were really from the pen of Bickerstaff, who fled from England many years since, but who had been a kind friend to Dibdin in his youth and poverty. Dr. Kit-chener, who was a warm admirer of Dibdin, believed that two or three songs were Bickerstaff's; but admitting, for argument's sake, thirty to have been his, enough are left to prove Charles a first-rate lyrist in his peculiar style. Poor Dibdin was very Mahomedan in his notions respecting the other sex, and he generally gave feasts on the birth-days of his sultanas; when I knew him two feast-days per week must have been about the average. He was a shrewd man—an accurate, not an acute observer—a good musician—had an extensive voice, but almost wholly without tone: his style of entertainment would not be endured now—it was too sentimental—there never was a hearty laugh to be had out of him.

*George Alexander Steevens.*—It is perhaps little known that this celebrated man, whose reputation in his day was greater as it is now less than it ought to be, expired "a driveller and a shew;" nay, what is still worse, lived for years a pitious spectacle of dotage and imbecility. I well remember in my boyhood seeing poor Steevens led about by a footboy; he was in a hopeless state as regarded his intellect, though he was not very old (he did not appear above fifty or fifty-five), nor was he suffering from any bodily infirmity. Mr. Ireland (father of Shakspeare Ireland) told many anecdotes of Steevens—his distresses, his humour, and his subsequent good fortune. By his lecture on heads he netted in America, about 1765, upwards of 2000*l.*, and was the first English dramatic adventurer who went through the States. A poem of his, similar in character to Savage's "Bastard," contained some powerful writing; speaking of himself in this, he says—

"Pleased with each passion, I pursued their aim,  
Cheered the gay pack and grasped the guilty game;  
Revelled regardless, in deep reflection o'er,  
'Till youth, 'till health, fame, fortune, are no more."

If his early life had been one of riot and pleasure, never was there commentary more awfully striking than his appearance in age (say 1778 or 1779)—pale, slaving, and idiotic, tottering and laughing vacantly, as he went down Swallow-street and through the cross street to Hay-hill, which was then the walk they took him every morning: he was subsequently removed to the country, but he never recovered—he died in 1784 or 1785.

*The three Drury-lane Theatres.*—Old Drury-lane, or, as it was generally called, Garrick's theatre, was taken down in 1791: it was about the size of the present Haymarket theatre. The Old Drury that arose in 1793 (and which was burnt down in 1809) held 3,611 persons, producing 826*l.* 6*s.*; Drury-lane, built in 1812, would hold 2,810 persons, producing 750*l.*; and Drury-lane, as altered by Mr. Beasley, in 1822, holds 2,790 persons, producing 748*l.*

*Original Professions of Performers.*—Very few actors have been regularly bred to the stage, as the following list of professions, trades, and callings, in which they were originally engaged, and which they left for the sock and buskin, will show:—

Law, in the various branches of that profession—Selle, Harley, Buckstone, Browne, George Smith, Munden, T. Knight, Wrench.

Physic—Young, Sherwin, Rumball, Stephen Kemble.

Divinity—John and Charles Kemble.

Army, in different ranks—Warde, Yates, Jack Johnstone, G. F. Cooke, Hooper, Mude, Benson Hill, and Sinclair.

Navy—Incedon, Pearman, G. Bennett, T. P. Cooke, O. Smith, W. Bennett.

Artists—Bannister, Pope, E. Knight (little Knight).\*

Printers—Oxberry (the late), Blanchard, Keeley, Charles Baker, Wilson (the singer), Davidge.

Mathews was a bookseller; Liston a schoolmaster; Jones an architect; Reeve a banker's clerk.

Kean, the two Wallacks, Emery, F. and J. Vining, Grimaldi, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Gibbs, and Mrs. C. Kemble, were bred from infancy (with two exceptions, and in those cases from very early years) to the stage.

*A Stage Trick.*—A comedian at present in great repute was some seven or eight years since in great embarrassments, and, to use his own phrase, could not street-ize; he ate, drank, and slept in the theatre; divers scions of the Doe family essayed in vain; at length D—s, the officer, got admittance to the theatre during a rehearsal. "Faustus" was about to be produced, and had the comedian been secured the theatre would have been reduced to great inconvenience. D—s watched his victim, and was walking towards him, when the actor, with extraordinary presence of mind, threw himself upon the vampire trap\*, and went through the stage, as if by magic. That piece of stage machinery (now common in many pieces) had then never been exhibited in London. The officer grew terrified, and picking his way over the stage, like a tabby over a muddy crossing, walked out of the theatre.

*W. Farren's Shylock.*—For this character, though out of his usual line, Mr. Farren has a great desire, and frequently plays it for his benefit. He is not very portly now, but when he enacted Shylock at Birmingham, he was certainly one of Pharaoh's lean kine. The performance went pretty smoothly until Shylock says—

"The pound of flesh that I demand is mine,  
'Tis dearly bought, and I will have it"

When a fellow in the gallery called out, "Oh! let old skinny have the pound of flesh, you can see he wants it bad enough."

\* To the uninitiated it may be necessary to say that these traps are formed of part of the boarding of the stage, detached from the rest, and put on hinges; they are kept up by pulleys and a weight nearly according to the weight of the individual who is to dash through; his additional weight, and the impetus with which he comes, makes the boards yield and he falls into a sort of hammock which is continually slung beneath. The effect, as most of my readers know, is extraordinary and startling—the operation occupies less than two seconds.

*Imitators.*—During the twenty years following the death of Johnson, I remember several persons resembling him in appearance, and who copied his manner, and, as I have been told, correctly copied his speech. And I have observed this throughout my life to be a national peculiarity, that either at the time of a great man's popularity, or just after his death, many persons bearing naturally considerable resemblance to the illustrious one suddenly appear, and by dint of application actually acquire a tone of speaking, and perhaps even of thought, in accordance with their prototype. How many Byrons and Cannings—curled lips, high foreheads, and all—can you not call to mind, reader, amid your own observations during the last dozen years? It always was, and I presume always will be so—man is a mimicking animal.

*Abbott returning Thanks.*—At one of the Garrick Club dinners, amid other toasts, "The Dramatists of the Day" was proposed very late in the evening; there were only one or two persons who had written for the stage present. Abbott, after a pause, rose, and said, "Gentlemen, allow me to return my thanks as one, and on behalf, of a *very large class of dramatists*, I having had a farce *damn'd* last season."

Elliston was infected with the speech-making mania, which had previously been the peculiarity of Palmer. Robert William was never so happy as when it became necessary to "address the house." When Mrs. Bland, then labouring under mental imbecility, took a benefit at Drury, he, deeming it requisite to be oratorical and pathetic, made a long and not very successful speech, and was working up his energies to conclude with a magnificent climax, which came off as follows:—"For your kindness to her this night, ladies and gentlemen, she will bless you! her children will bless you! heaven will bless!" the voice rising at each exclamation, and after a great effort, "I WILL BLESS YOU!" A roar of laughter was the orator's reward.

*Barrington (the Pickpocket) and Mrs. Siddons.*—One York assizes, after the auditors had left the theatre, Mrs. Siddons, who had only to go from thence to the Black Swan in Coney-street, was waiting with her female friend at the stage-door for Mr. Siddons to escort them home. A gentleman of elegant appearance was waiting opposite the house, and observing Mrs. Siddons, crossed over, and addressing her by name, said, he feared she might be endangered by the cold, and begged her to excuse him for requesting to forget he was a stranger, and with her friend accept his escort to her lodgings. Mrs. Siddons was a woman of too good principles to have any affections: she accepted the arm of the stranger, and as she was going homewards remarked, that what made her more timorous was the fact of hearing that Barrington the pickpocket was in the town. The gentleman saw Mrs. Siddons and friend to her door, and putting the latter in first, detained Mrs. Siddons one second whilst she begged to know his name at least, as he positively refused to walk in. "My dear madam," he said, "pray be under no apprehension wherever you are about Barrington; he will never injure you; good night, Madam—I am Barrington." He bowed, and was out of sight in a moment. He went wherever Mrs. Siddons was engaged as a star; the crowds attracted by her acting favouring his depredations, which were always committed upon those he sat next in the box. He was ultimately taken at Newcastle theatre whilst Mrs. Siddons was acting, and identified by Mr. Stephen Kemble the then manager; he that night robbed a Catholic Priest of a gold watch. This was his last essay, he then

"Left his country for his country's good."

# SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS:

## THE BOCHER\* OF RED-GAP LANE.

It was a clear, cool, calm evening in the month of April—an Irish April—that weeps more and smiles less than an English one;—the grass was of a brilliant greenery, such as hath won for my poor country the title of “*Emerald Isle*,” and its brightness was increased by those judicious contrasts in which nature so much delights. The meadows at either side of the lane, leading to the Red-Gap, were starred with daises, white and pearl-like, their petals spreading around their yellow eyes that gazed upwards, delighting in the rays of the sun which had called them into existence;—yellow tufts of laughing butter-cups stood up with greater pretention than their snowy neighbours, inasmuch as they might be some half-inch taller, a distinction in which they vainly gloried. The lesser celandine opened millions of its blossoms beneath the sheltered thickets of the golden furze; and though you saw them not, you *felt* that violets were here—even, as a poet, new amongst us, sings, where

————— “ the earth  
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves  
Are lifted by the grass.”

There were thousands of those flowers along the broken hedge-rows that skirted the narrow lane, and you might see, if at all acquainted with the localities of the place, where the tall green herbs mingled, in all the varieties of fern and robin-run-the-hedge, with the pale cowslip and broad-leaved primrose; you might see, too, just by holding back that wreath of wild plum blossom, the cunning nest of the yellow-hammer, with its pale purple eggs; or still more interesting, the dear robin’s domicile, known by the brown withered leaves which he piles around him, doubtless to remind the prying school-boy of his long and much lauded labour for the babes of the wood. In England the fame of that good deed is his shield and buckler, but in Ireland we have a holier legend:—When our Saviour was suffering, the robin, it is said, hovered near the cross to manifest his affection and duty to the Son of God; he kept close to him unto the end, and when the Lord’s side was pierced, some of the holy blood sprinkled the robin’s breast, and the precious symbol was permitted to remain thereon as a record of his fidelity.

There are but few forest-trees in this my landscape; two only, stunted ones, yonder, still quite bare of leaf; but in the tallest there is a magpie’s nest, like a huge cone of thorns, and the airy monkey-birds, its proprietors, are, bristling with mischief, careering and scampering over fields and meadows, and disputing with the Bochér’s solitary pig his meal of potatoes.

It is impossible justly to describe the freshness of that evening hour, as two young girls met at the commencement of the lane we have endeavoured briefly to mark out. One came over a stile leading from the opposite side of the road, and her rosy feet were moistened with the dew upon

\* Lame man.

which she had been treading. The maiden was brown and comely, with a bright black eye, and a smiling lip; her linsey-woolsey petticoat was rather of the shortest, but her bosom was carefully shrouded by a kerchief of crimson silk, which lent a still deeper hue to the already bright colour of her round and dimpled cheeks. She bounded across the road towards a tall delicate girl, whose deportment was more grave, more placid, rather, than her own, and, in a voice somewhat of the loudest, exclaimed—

“ Well, Miss Ally—there you are before me after all;—now if that isn’t always the way with your quiet asy-going girls; when they take on, they are ever up to the most mischief—as pleasant as a summer’s Sunday when nobody’s thinking of it;—but Alice, darlint! what ails you now?—why you’ve been crying!—and nobody ever had luck or grace who went to the Bocher of the Red-Gap with a wet cheek.”

The person the lively Ellen Boyle addressed was evidently of a rank superior to her own—not exactly a lady, but something between the peasant and absolute gentility—the daughter of a gentleman farmer—of one who was a farmer among gentlemen, and a gentleman among farmers—who endeavoured to cope with his betters who despised him—and who was courted by his equals whom he affected to despise;—in a word, stiff Tom Dizney was a keen impudent Irishman, in whom there was an exaggeration both of the faults and the perfections which are supposed to be the birth-right (and, to coin a word, the birth-curse) of his countrymen. Alice was his only child; and as his wife died in giving her birth, she was committed to the fosterage of Ellen Boyle’s mother, who performed her duty admirably, and bestowed almost as much affection upon Alice Dizney as upon her own turbulent, troublesome daughter, whom she declared, in the bitterness of her heart, “ rолicked the life out of the country, and never picked up a morsel of gentility from the darlint foster-sister, who, with all her beauty and all her goodness, was as mild as new milk, and a pattern to rich and poor on account of her behaviour.”

Ellen laughed at her mother and at all besides, and, sooth to say, appeared steady to no one thing except her affection for “ Miss Alice,” for whom she was ready at any time to sacrifice all her whims and caprices, and indeed they were not a few.

“ Did you wait long, Miss Alice?”

“ No, Ellen, not long; and yet I think I must have been here some time, too, for the sun is sinking—is almost sunk—and when I came here was—there——.”

“ Not there, I am sure, Miss, honey—that’s where he was when I took my father’s dinner at twelve o’clock.”

“ Well, then, there, yonder, where the light white cloud is coming over the blue, as trouble comes over our contentment.”

“ If all trouble, darlint, was as quick and away as that white cloud, it’s small need somebody would have of going to somebody this blessed evening; but I’m sartin it’s two long hours since the sun was there—for when it was——.”

“ Well, Ellen——.”

“ There isn’t an hour’s climb that sun can make but I know it by my work;—I could set it right if it went wrong, God bless it—at five to turn in Machree, and at six to milk her.”

“What, Ellen, occupy a whole hour in turning Machree into the bawn before you milk her?—you shall never be my milk-maid.”

“I didn’t say, did I, I was all that time turning her in?”

“Not exactly; but I concluded as much, by your saying you did not milk till six.”

“Ah, Miss, jewell!—what time have I for a little discourse with—you know who!—but betwixt times?—the driving in of Machree, and the milking—just at the far corner near the bohreen, where the lime-tree grows green, and I get such fine blackberries for my little brother——”

“At this season, Ellen?”

“Ah, don’t be too hard upon us entirely, and you with a bachelor of your own—or at father’s dinner time—indeed you need not laugh;—ever since I hurt my arm helping widow Brady to bind her breastnaugh\*, I hav’nt the strength of an infant in it; and the boy only comes to carry father’s dinner to him by reason of my poor arm—sorra a taste of pity mother has for it. Ah, Miss Ally, it’s well for you—you have no mother to bother and hinder ye at every hand’s turn as mine does me——”

“Now do I pray God,” interrupted Alice Disney, with a sudden burst of feeling much at variance with her usual gentleness, “that he has not heard the saying you have just said in your foolishness, Ellen; for sure the penance would be hard that could take it out. Well for me, is it, that I have no mother!—well for me that I have no one to teach me as a woman what I am to think and do!—well for me that no mother’s kiss ever blessed my lips!—well for me that no mother’s prayer ever whispered its way to God’s throne for me in health or in sickness!—well for me that there is no mother’s eye to look over the common or down the lane to see, if I am coming!—well for me that there is no mother’s ear to listen, and, among the tramp of many feet, to hear only her child’s!—well for me that, with a hard, though maybe kind-hearted father, I am alone in my own country!—and if I were to die, (which who knows but I may, and soon?) is it well for me, Ellen, that a strange hand should fasten my shroud, and that my body would be laid in the cold clay without a mother’s tear?”

Poor Ellen was terrified, like a child that runs from the peal its own hands have set ringing. Although she loved her foster-sister she could not understand her; and now she only felt that she had done wrong, very wrong, and yielding to the impulse of her affectionate heart, she flung herself on her knees and exclaimed,—

“Oh, Miss Alice! alone in your country, with your fine man of a father,—and the farm,—and you the first fortune in the parish, only Miss Jeffers that’s not to be named the one time with you,—to say nothing of my craythur of a mother *who lives upon your breath*,—nor myself, who’d die every day ten times over, morning, noon, or night, to bring the colour to ye’r cheek, or the cheerful bate in your heart,—and you to say that you’re alone in your country! Oh, take back the word, darling, or my bosom will burst open with the sorrow to think of your even’en death to yourself, and ye looking such a beauty entirely in that blue moreno that Miss Jeffers wanted to say was English ’till I taught



her the differ. Oh hould up your heart, if it was only for the sake of him!"—and Ellen, with admirable tact, which after all is nothing more than the essence of kindness flavoured by a little art, seized the hand which hung listlessly amid the folds of the "blue merino," and pressed her finger upon a thin plaiting of gold,—a simple ring which girded the fair Alice's finger. The mute appeal produced some effect: the fair girl raised her hand,—gazed wistfully on the token,—sighed,—shook her head,—and then, without another word, proceeded down Red-Gap Lane towards the Bocher's dwelling. No silent fairy presided at Ellen's birth. She could not hold her tongue,—could not understand tranquillity; and, while Alice walked quietly along, she kept up a sort of running chatter; or, rather, talked to herself, or to anything she encountered, animate or inanimate. Her spirits were perpetually bubbling up,—boiling over,—and she could not command them. Her foster-sister's taciturnity was a matter both of annoyance and condolence to her, and, after in vain endeavouring to draw her into conversation, she would exclaim,—

"Hey, my grief! Miss Alice, honey, it's a mortal pity you can't rouse ye'r heart up like, instead of letting it be down so. Well, to be sure, if there isn't the very same ould hare the Bocher tamed the year of the hard frost! I'd lay anything, for all his hopping so careless there in the clover, he's been down yon at the ould man's parsley which he keeps a-purpose for his bit rabbits. Sure it's the world's wonder the dale of small live things he has about his cabin. And sure that's the wonderful cabin,—a wonder in itself as a body may say: every morsel of wood in it (and it's as good as all wood, *claubered* over with mud) is from the wild sea-drift pieces of *boards* from foreign parts that he gathered himself from along the sea-shore after a storm and wrecks, and the like, and then builded them into a house; and I heard that the very mud of the walls he sprinkled with holy-water,—which was a sin to be sure, though the priest didn't heed it. He's a wonderful man entirely that same Bocher; and has more skill than 'ere a fairy man in the three counties; and more skill in cows, and tossing cups, and reading stars than 'ere another; and a surprising hand at taming horses: almost as good as "the Whisperer" that you couldn't but hear tell of, that went into the stable with Major Claper's horse, Lightning, that no man ever put saddle on; and, having fastened the door and everybody out, whispered one or two secrets into the animal's ear, which set the haste a trembling, and in a lather of foam, so that the horse that went in a devil came out a saint, and, what's more wonderful, never turned devil again,—only like a lamb for innocence and play."

"And what were the secrets?" inquired Alice, half-roused to attention by the mention of a very extraordinary person, whose power of taming the fiercest horse, without any apparent coercion, and that within a very limited space of time, was well known throughout Ireland; "and what were the secrets?"

"Ah! catch a weazel asleep," laughed Ellen, delighted that the spell seemed broken when the silent spoke—"Catch a weazel asleep! he was as careful, maybe more careful, of his secrets than even young ladies of their love; he was close-mouthed, and, barring the horses, never let on to any living mortal what the secret was; sure it's buried with him in the grave now, where it will remain. Well, Miss Alice, I

wouldn't have a secret of that sort for the world; I don't like 'em—they hang about the lips like a cobweb—cling to the tongue like a lump of lead—and the truth is, that whenever I know a secret it keeps creepin', creepin' up my throat, and botherin' me till it gets out. Sure the comfort of it is having it to tell—it makes a body feel somebody, so it does—ye'r sure to have the best corner and the best in the house, for the first news."

"What an excellent person you are to tell a secret to!" observed Alice.

"Troth an' I am, if you knew but all; yet leave off now, for you're laughing at me—I see that as plain as anything; honour bright! as if I couldn't keep a secret if needful—no matter how uneasy it would make me. Ah! Miss Alice, you don't do me justice, that you don't, nor never did, so you didn't. When your father, his own self, questioned me last night—"

"My father question you, Ellen!" exclaimed Alice, really alarmed; "what could my father question you about?"

"Indeed then, though people call him Stiff Tom Ditzney, and say he has no joints in his back bone, yet I find him a civil spoken gentleman, and mighty sweet at times. 'Pretty Nelly,' says he, after I made my curtsy, 'Pretty Nelly, what takes you so often to Cloughiennagbourn, to the Post Office? have you, or any belonging to you, a sweetheart at sea?' 'No, Sir,' says I; 'No, Sir,' says I, plump to him at once, and looking innocent-like up in his face. 'You're a mighty pretty girl grown entirely,' says he. 'Thank ye kindly, Sir,' says I, taking the word out of his mouth, and making another curtsy, 'all the young boys do be telling me so; but to be sure your honour's mind is a great deal the best, on account of your age and experience.' Well, he seemed a little put out on account of the age, which no man likes to be tould of by a young girl, but still he was too cute to be put off with that; 'I'm not disputin' the boys' taste, Nelly, which agrees with my own, but maybe there's not many of them would give you this;' and he puts a bran new half-crown piece into my hand; 'and now, Nelly,' says he, 'as you are a staid sober girl, and often with my daughter—why—she's not very well—and if she got a letter from foreign parts it might distress her—make her worse—and I should just like to look at it first—that's all.' 'Ay, Sir,' says I, looking innocenter and innocenter every time, 'to be sure you'd be the fittest, but I'll take my davy if you please that never a line has she got from foreign parts; and as to her writing, sure sorra a pen have you let stay in the house for her to write with.' Well, Miss Alice, it's as thruc as that I'm a living girl this moment, as I said the last lie, the ould white gander that we pulls the pens out of was going past with his goslings to the pond at the same time, and as if he wanted to tell the masher on me, he stretches out his wing, and screams out Gee-he-he-he! Gee-he-he-he! as loud as ever he could; and not satisfied with that, he makes a pluck at me, and he passing; now wasn't it quare, Miss Ally? I told the lie, quite easy and natural-like (though I didn't tell the secret, mind ye)—I told the lie, and sorra a morsel of blush that brought to my face; but when the poor dumb thing showed the wing, and gee-he'd, I thought I'd hage died with the shame, it seemed so quare-like to be confounded by a silent beast that ■■■; faith, I was ashamed to look the gander in the face!"

"My poor Ellen," sighed Alice, "I would keep you from; not bring you to, shame, and yet——"

"Why sure, Miss Alice, you are not going to take on about that! Sorra a more your father got out of me——. So you see however uneasy it makes me, I *can* keep a secret—sometimes. Now, darlint, there's the smoke from the Bocher's fire curlin' above the bushes—how pretty the smoke do be of an evening. Somehow of a morning there's nothing in it—only smoke; but after a far journey, or a hard day's work in the fields, the sight of the light, white smoke climbing without 'ere a ladder into the sky from the chimbley of my own cabin, always makes me gay hearted."

"I never thought *your* heart was sad," replied Alice, as they came in sight of the Bocher's curiously-constructed sheeling.

"Och, Ma'am," replied the uncultivated peasant girl, "every hill has its hollow—and every time the wave rises it falls."

No philosopher could have spoken more to the purpose on the changes and chances, the ups and downs of life, than did poor Ellen in her simplicity.

The chimney of the Bocher's dwelling had the appearance of having been once a mast—it was whispered that it had really been the *hollowed* mast of a smuggling vessel; be that as it may, several birds which the kindly habits of the solitary man had rendered almost domestic, flew in and out of various holes towards the top, which he had perforated for their accommodation. Under the eaves of the hut, which a very moderately-sized person could touch without reaching the hand above the head, were the mud-nests of innumerable martins; and the thatch, composed as it was of a strange mingling of rushes and straw—with here and there a blue slate or a red tile—was literally alive with sparrows, who, where they could not find holes, had scooped them, and therein made their nests of hay, lined with feathers, and laid therein each pair—five or six white eggs, spotted with red, in the hope of keeping up the sparrow tribe, which no naturalist that ever I heard of yet dreaded would become extinct—little busy, noisy, destructive chattering they are. Over the door was a round hole which enabled several pigeons to go in and out—partakers alike of their master's affections and his fare; beneath grunted and grubbed a pig, while a one-eyed grey-faced terrier, whose upper lip, nearly torn off in some rude fray, exposed to view a set of aged, yet most unamiable, teeth, which rendered him certainly a very picturesque, if not a very pleasing personage, kept a careful look out over all living things and their behaviour; the fellow's one eye also possessed the intelligence of two, it was so bright, so keen, so observant—no vile rat, no stoat, no weazel, neither badger, nor cub fox could escape "Fangs," that is, when he thought proper to exert his talents and industry for their destruction; but he was not always disposed to activity—he suffered from the inroads of time, and waged but little war, except indeed that occasionally he would seize on an incautious wild rabbit, never meddling with hares, an animal his master took under his own especial protection, and Fangs protected all his master cared for, a proof of canine friendship which man would do well to imitate. Fangs had seen Ellen so frequently that he treated her as an old acquaintance, moved from his position, and wagged his little stumpy tail in token of recognition. He smelt Alice's hand, and seemed satisfied that

she might be permitted to enter the hut without so much as a suspicious growl; and as she bowed her head in compliance with the rules prescribed by the low door-way, the Bocher from within cried, or rather whispered out,—"Easy—easy—turn your shadow t'other way—there—there—easy—easy—or you'll fright her off her nest.—My dawshy darlint you war—keep still, my beauty—there now—there now—easy—easy—Nelly, keep *quite*—will you!—Well, Nelly, sure I am, there was a cross in my star the night you war born, for it's one of my heart's scalds, you are—Will you, and her that's with you, just keep easy till I settle Vourneen on her nest, or else I'll lay the addling of her eggs on the pair of you!"

Thus warned, the two girls stood on the threshold, Ellen smiling, and even making wry faces at the delay, Alice patiently waiting until she was desired to enter, while the Bocher continued talking to his favourite white pigeon, Vourneen, who appeared to have a way of her own. "It's your coming, Nelly, has bothered the bird!" he exclaimed in an angry tone, "and it's small sense and worse manners you have, to stand there making faces at the wise man—if wise he be—Ay, stop, now that you're found out, and look as mild as new milk.—Ah! there's more cunning in you than's good for you, any way.—What are you after now? Have you got a new bachelor and sent off the ould one? or have you lost the half of a lucky sixpence? or do you want a cup tossed, (when you want that done, I'll trouble you not to forget to bring the tay, as you did last time,) or do you want to find out whether your colour at the next pattern should be blue or green?—to think of a man like me, and with my knowledge, being bothered about such things by a pack of silly wenches! God be with the times, when those well-born and well-bred came to the lone Bocher of the Red-gap, to know of wars, and signs, and life, and death!—Ah, those war times!"

"Indeed, then, Daddy," replied the mortified Ellen, who had often boasted to Alice that she was one of the Bocher's prime favourites, "indeed, then, Daddy, though you're a little put out now, I can tell you, that many a girl comes from the love and respect she has for yourself, and only that."

"Love!" screamed the Bocher, irritated at the word, "Love!—love for me!—What girl ever loved me!—ever could love this—Ah!—ah!—love a crooked back—a lame, disjointed leg, and a withered arm—respect too—no, no—not respect, but fear—sharp, bitter fear!" He continued muttering and murmuring to himself, when, in the midst of his invectives, Vourneen, his favourite, escaped from his assiduities, and flew almost into Alice's bosom; the pretty white creature expanded and contracted the circle of her pink and glowing eyes, and did not seem at all inclined to leave the protection she had chosen, and the Bocher, as he came forth to seek her, seemed both pleased and surprised to see her there. "Oh, Vourneen, Vourneen," he exclaimed, attempting to caress the bird, who made believe to pick at his finger with her fair soft bill—"there's no use fighting against natur, her own two eggs were broke by accident, and I wanted to give her two others—but she knows the differ—she knows the differ now.—You're in luck, young woman, to have a white pigeon light on your shoulder—you're in great luck—it's a blessed omen.—Vourneen, agra! it's long till you'd go to that brown-skinned witch, though you know her fast enough, and good right you have

to remember her, by token of the feathers she pulled out of your tail for mischief."

"Law, Daddy! that was long ago, when I had but small sense."

"Small sense! small sense!" repeated the Bocher, "as if you ever had any other; and now, Mistress Nelly, just because you bothered Stiff Tom Dizney last night, about his daughter's letter and the like, you think you have a right I suppose to walk yourself in here, and gather yourself up in my chimney-corner, and opening that great fly-trap of a mouth of yours, swallow down every word said by Miss Alice to me, or me to Miss Alice; but you never war more out in your life, so tramp off with yourself, while Miss Alice and I talk our talk."

"You're the heart's blood of an ugly baste, that you are!" exclaimed Ellen angrily—so much in anger at losing her anticipated gossip that she forgot her fear for the mysterious Bocher; "you're an ugly baste, Daddy, and a *mean* one too, for throwing the dirty drop of tay in my face that I didn't bring; and as it was I who coaxed Miss Alice here for your advice—like a fool as I was—I'm bound to take her back, lest any harm should happen her, in your dirty den, with your beastices and your ugly self."

"Oh, you are, are you?" replied the Bocher, drawing his bushy eyebrows closely together—so closely that they formed a complete ledge of thick black hair across his forehead.

"I am—she shan't stay here—she shan't—come along, Miss Alice—come along."

The Bocher, without saying another word, seized Ellen's round, red arm within the vice-like grasp of his long yellow fingers, and elevating himself on his crutch, so as to bring his mouth on a level with her ear, he whispered one or two words which Alice did not hear; the effect, however, was electrical on her companion, who, from being more than rosy-red from passion, grew deadly pale; the cripple's lips separated, and he laughed while withdrawing his grasp.

"Am I an ugly baste now, Ellen?"

"No, Daddy," replied the girl, trembling, "not ugly, not—at—all—ugly; I was joking."

"Did I throw a drop of dirty tay in your face, Ellen?"

"No, Sir, it was good—beautiful tay, so it was; and I drank it, Sir, God bless you."

"And are you afraid now to leave Miss Alice with me and my beastices?"

"Law, no, Sir—no, Daddy—not at all—they're all gentle purty dears—and this is—a nice—clean—little—tidy—place!"

"Very good, Ellen," said the Bocher, and extending his long arm, he pointed to the road; Ellen understood the hint and walked out.

"God help us!" muttered the village-seer, as he shut to the door upon Alice and himself; "God help us! how easy it is with the world to blow hot and cold—poor tools! poor fools! and now, Alice Dizney, for your folly, though it is different from her's."

*(To be continued.)*

# APOSTROPHE TO THE APPROACHING COMET.

It may be considered as tolerably certain, that the comet will become visible in every part of Europe about the latter end of August, or beginning of September next. On the night of the 3rd of October, about midnight, it will appear in the east, at an elevation of about thirty degrees; and will be a little above a line joining the bright star called Castor, with the star called  $\alpha$  in the Great Bear. Between that hour and sunrise, it will ascend the firmament, and will cross the meridian near the zenith of London about sunrise."—*Edinburgh Review. Art. Approaching Comet.*

THE end of August ! Potentate august,  
Is that the period settled for your visit ?  
Is that indeed the time when life's short crust  
Must be consumed—baked—burnt to cinders ? Is it ?

Then August's "latter end" is ours, I think,  
If as your advent you've resolved to fix it ;  
Oh ! for a Mediterranean of ink,  
To blot out the Reviewer's *ipse dixit* !

Mediterranean ! or blue, or black,  
Or green, each deep ere long will be a Red-sea ;  
Atlantic, Euxine, Baltic,—nay, alack !  
The very tide of Life will be a Dead-sea.

For have not several "pages" brought us here  
A piece of news too heavy for a porter,—  
That thou, within a quarter, wilt appear,—  
One quarter more, and show us no more quarter !

Is not stated, to astound all earth,  
(And be it fact or falsehood, I've no share in't)  
That men shall see a strange and fearful Birth—  
That thou, O Comet, wilt become a-parent ?

Terrible tidings—wonder full of woe !  
Do these astronomers proclaim it rightly,  
That thou'lt become a mother ?—is it so ?  
And will the prodigy be witnessed nightly ?

A litter of young comets !—Literature  
At once grows convert to the creed Malthusian,  
And though unable to prescribe a cure,  
Deems the new birth a case of clear intrusion.

But stay, a letter from Vienna ;—what ?  
'Tis said by Herschel—see the public papers—  
The comet seeks a more sequestered lot,  
And all our fierce volcanoes are mere vapours.

Its course quite changed—its orbit not the same—  
That's something yet to make one's horror risible ;  
Yet, ah ! not much ; we still shall feel its flame—  
Danger's not safe because it is invisible.

*Apostrophe to the Approaching Comet.*

Ah, no ! thy tidings, Herschel, even at first  
 Had been for comfort wholly unavailing ;  
 Of two bad tales men always trust the worst—  
 'Tis human nature's virtue, not its failing.

So ! we're to feel no fright, to make no fuss,  
 Because the foe we're not to have a sight of ;  
 Accomplished ignorance may reason thus,  
 But comets are not creatures to make light of.

Let us be miserable ; yes, let us leave  
 To idle boys and philosophic codgers  
 The joys of hope ; let us despond and grieve—  
 " I would not, if I could, be gay," writes Rogers.

Anguish is easier when past all cure ;  
 Check not your sorrow—call it uncontrollable ;  
 Grief may be disagreeable ; yet, endure—  
 It grows more pleasant when it's inconsolable.

Who'er is not quite horror-stricken, hums ;  
 Let him think only of the earth's destroying ;  
 A quarter's misery ere the comet comes  
 He thus, at least, is certain of enjoying.

Mife be sweet wretchedness and dear despair ;  
 Long for this weight of woe I've been a waiter ;  
 Troubles we've had, 'tis true, and " tails" to spare—  
 But none like thine, Celestial Agitator !

Talk not of fierce Lord Durham—hot-brain'd Hume—  
 Give each his tail, and Fate may save us from it ;  
 What jack-o'-lanterns make us mortals fume !  
 Of Cobbett think not—think upon the comet !

Why, what's O'Connell ? *Him* we may defy,  
 With all his " joints," to shake us in our beds ;  
 For Ireland's self may now in candour cry,  
 " Ye little tails, hide your diminished heads !"

A great Enlightener, bidding others cease,  
 Will wag a tail of fire ere summer ceases ;  
 Then will the House *divide*—then England's peace  
 Will end, in England split into two pieces !

I care not what the Tories now endure ;  
 Nor what the Whigs have got, nor who have bought 'em ;  
 Nor when the Radicals will come in sure ;—  
 Who will, I ask, insure the Thames next autumn ?

Oh Press, prodigious " organ," cease to blow  
 Your bellows, while the fiery foe's about ;  
 But rather, as a mighty " engine," show  
 How we're to put the coming comet out.

No more about the " March ;" on August preach !—  
 I feel its heat—its glare is on my eye,  
 So ends—" my tale"—another 's within reach ;—  
 My pen—is shrivell'd—and my ink—is—dry !

## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The New Administration—The Recent Pensions—Libel upon the lovely—Burlesque with the Black Cap—The Last New Murderess—Finding not Keeping—Shakspeare Ireland.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.—Our monthly commentary must touch upon the recent changes in the Government of Great Britain—albeit, we eschew politics, party politics, and desire to confine ourselves to the more pleasant and less troublous paths of literature. The administration of Sir Robert Peel is the shortest upon record—in England, that is to say; for in France, *regenerated* France, ministerial changes have been as frequent as the changes of the moon. In that free and happy country, ever since the “three glorious days” of the Messieurs les Charbonniers and Mesdames les Poissardes, ministers of state are no sooner seated than they spring out of their most uneasy places. With us, however, matters have been otherwise. Heretofore, if the King’s advisers were not altogether men after the “own hearts” of the people, they were at least allowed “a fair trial,”—that which an Englishman accords even to the culprit whose crime is as clear as the sun at noon-day. He is considered innocent until he has been proved guilty. Modern fashion, however, is putting aside ancient usages even in State affairs. Sir Robert Peel held the office of Prime Minister during 118 days; and consequently, could do nothing but declare his desire and intention to propose and effect all rational reforms, such as, while maintaining the great principles of the Constitution, would fully satisfy the people. The House of Commons, or rather a small majority of the House, was indisposed to take his word, and refused him the “fair trial” for which he asked; after sustaining several defeats, the Right Honourable Baronet, like a true Englishman, acknowledged himself beaten, gave in, and permitted his adversaries to enjoy all the honours and advantages of victory. Lord Melbourne has, therefore, again taken the helm of the State; we trust his voyage will be a longer and a more prosperous one: that he may steer his course in safety through the dangers by which he is surrounded—that he will, by the force of a large mind, be enabled to reconcile interests and opinions, but a short time ago as opposite as fire and water; that he will subdue or conciliate the avowed enemies of English supremacy; satisfy, without too great a sacrifice, the enormous appetites of hungry adventurers; restore us to calmness and prosperity at home, and preserve peace, while maintaining and extending the national honour abroad,—that he will, moreover, succeed by the most reasonable, and therefore the safest, means in disarming of its hostility, an “opposition,” next to that which *was* the opposition, the most powerful against which any Minister of modern times has had to contend. If Lord Melbourne and his coadjutors, Lords Lansdowne, Duncannon, Palmerston, and Brougham, and Messrs. Rice, O’Loughlin, and Grant, are enabled to work out their way with such happy results to Great Britain, we shall be deeply thankful that the “fair trial” was not allowed to Sir Robert Peel, and that he was rejected almost without a hearing; and certainly before it was



possible for him to carry into effect any one of the largely beneficial measures of which he had given notice. It is, however, admitted on all sides, that he has greatly raised his own character by his conduct while in office, and by his manly dignity in retiring from it. He might have again appealed to the country—it is believed with the certainty of success; we rejoice that he preferred a more prudent course. He has gained and deserved the approbation of the King, and the gratitude of the kingdom.

**THE RECENT PENSIONS.**—To those who live by literature, it is deeply gratifying to record that to some of its worthiest and most estimable professors, pensions have been granted by the late Government: such a judicious expenditure of public money cannot but receive the sanction of all parties. It will be recollected that, a short time ago, several aged and meritorious “slaves of the pen” were, without the slightest notice, deprived of annuities, upon which they had calculated as certain and unfailing securities against want while treading “the downhill of life.” They were men of fine and delicate sensibilities—they had accepted the small recompense which their country offered for long and valuable labours, and it gave to them the feeling, at least, of independence. The withdrawal of such support was a mean and pitiful economy; more than one of our lamps went out when the oil was supplied no longer; death soon followed the cruel change which a single act had wrought in their destinies. It is therefore with increased pleasure we state, that during the brief Administration of Sir Robert Peel he conferred pensions upon some of the most deserving men of the country; and had he remained longer in office, doubtless the same liberal source would have afforded comfort to many others\*. It is doubly gratifying, because the majority of those who have been thus distinguished have held political opinions opposed to those of the late Premier; one of them—James Montgomery—was for several years the editor of the “*Sheffield Iris*,” a Whig newspaper, of the old and better school, certainly, but always a powerful opponent of the policy of the Tories.

Another circumstance highly honourable to Sir Robert Peel we may refer to. In the kindest and most delicate manner, he conveyed information to Mrs. Hemans that a Government-office was at the service of one of her sons; accompanying the offer with a sum sufficient for the young gentleman’s outfit. Both were gratefully received by the excellent lady, and have doubtless contributed much to relieve the maternal anxieties of a mother who has sacrificed health and strength to educate her children—unaided by him who should have at least divided the duty with her. Sir Robert Peel may also enjoy the consciousness that he has given comfort and consolation, in a time of extreme suffering, to one of the most upright, amiable, and admirable of her sex. Facts like

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\* The following are the pensions granted by Sir Robert Peel, during his short Administration: Professor Airey, 300*l.*; Mr. Southey, 300*l.*; Mrs. Somerville, 200*l.*; James Montgomery, 150*l.*; Sharon Turner, 200*l.*; the widow of Mr. Temple, late Governor of Sierra Leone, 100*l.*

these speak for themselves; we may dwell upon them in our thoughts—it is unnecessary to do so with our pens.

**LABEL UPON THE LOVELY.**—That was a wise monarch who resolved to pay his physicians only while he continued in an unexceptionable state of health—stopping their handsome allowances the very instant his pulse beat slower or quicker than it should do. It is a great pity that circumstances will not allow of the strict application of this beneficial principle to our guardians of the public morals—our police-physicians. We should gain greatly by paying them only while they have nothing to do—by making their sole interest consist in the growth of good principle, and enlarging their rewards according to the diminution of depravity. As it is, it would appear that they conceive themselves bound to labour incessantly for their money—to provide themselves constantly with work—to guard against every possibility of a falling off. It can scarcely be with any other view that they—we speak of the majority of them—offer no lenient interpretation of the law which punishes poverty as a crime, and that they so dispense justice as that very often the prosecutor repents of having sought it, while still more frequently the delinquent is certain to be brought up again for some unavoidable offence as soon as his punishment has terminated. Duennas occasionally have not been indisposed to instigate and encourage intrigue, in order to render duennas more important and necessary; and many of our metropolitan moralists seem to proceed upon the same plan.

But, whether they speak upon system, or for want of thought, with a view to lower public morals in the eyes of society, or simply for the sake of talking—the frequent record of their strange sayings in the newspapers is equally calculated to produce a call for reform in that department of the “public offices,” wherever else it may be superfluous. We can point to an instance of that indifference (to say the least of it) with regard to morality which we have been adverting to, in an observation made a few days since by one of the Lambeth-street Magistrates. A somewhat silly old gentleman, seeking advice, had stated as his grievance, that some person had endeavoured to alienate the affections of a widow lady to whom he was “betrothed,” by accusing him of having a mistress and two illegitimate children. The magistrate is reported to have thus expressed himself:—“With many females, that which forms the ground of complaint against you—namely, that of having illegitimate children—would be a *recommendation*; and I have no doubt, that, if you persevere in your suit, you will find this to be the case with the lady in question, and that in a short time you will accomplish your object.” This is vapid enough as a piece of playful jocularity, yet, it doubtless produced the laugh it aimed at, and at the same time satisfied a frivolous applicant. But what a sentiment for a magistrate to utter! What an insulting libel upon “the sex,” and what a gratuitous reflection upon the widow in question! Why should *she* be picked out as one whom this worthy moralist “had no doubt” would regard the proofs of illicit love as a recommendation in a suitor! It is impossible to say with what class of females “his worship” may have had most experience, or to what rank of life he alluded. We may be sure he did not level his remark as a shaft of satire at the upper classes. It

is most charitable to suppose that he was thinking more particularly of that class, some members of which are almost daily, it is to be feared, brought within the scope of his tender mercies. However taken, it denotes how much the moral schoolmaster is needed by those who are set in authority over us, and calls for an indignant reprimand as an impertinence and an indecency.

**BURLESQUE WITH THE BLACK CAP.**—That “thin partition” which divides the bounds of the sublime and the ridiculous—that same small single step between them in other cases and in other places—is frequently not discoverable at all in courts of justice when questions of life or death are being decided. Then and there—far more often than those who are not constantly on the watch would conceive—the extremes meet. The awful is absolutely blended with the absurd. So were they, as it seems to us, upon a singular trial for murder at the recent Gloucester assizes. The miserable culprit was a young labourer, of less than average intelligence. He manifested no viciousness of mind, but had been prompted to murder by a species of infatuation. His eyes had been dazzled by the watch-seals of his victim, whom he had often “met in the dark.” It was always in his thoughts—in his sight; he thirsted for the possession of it; and at last, he obtained it by assassination. With the watch to which it belonged, he first buried it in the earth; then placed it, with a bit of hay laid over it, on the wall of a loft hourly frequented by his fellow-labourers; and then he carried it about his person, “hiding the watch with his hand when he wanted to see what time it was.” All this terminated in a full confession before a magistrate. There were no witnesses to his fearful statement—no circumstances to throw suspicion upon him—nothing but his own voluntary confession to connect him with the crime for which he was to be tried. When called upon to plead, he avowed himself “guilty.” The judge demanded who had so advised him. “They told me,” said the prisoner, “that I had better tell all about it.” “Whoever,” rejoined the judge, “has told you so, has advised you *very improperly*. Every one is entitled to a *fair trial*, and it will be no worse for you, either in this world or the next, that you should plead not guilty.” This really appears to us to be a frightful mockery of reason and justice,—a moral enormity, not certainly less shocking for being common. The present case, however, is hardly to be called a common one. The judge had all the depositions before him,—he was aware of the inconsequential character of the evidence,—he knew that ere he himself quitted the judgment-seat, the unfortunate prisoner would be convicted solely upon his own confession, and sentenced to die. And so it was. Yet the judge, at that awful moment, and under those awful circumstances, could act upon the established practice, and turn the solemn business of justice and truth into a horrible farce;—could excite hopes in the mind of the self-accused which he knew could not be realized,—recommend him to quit the world with a lie upon his lips,—and, while about to doom him to death upon his written confession of guilt, could persuade him to give the wretched mockery of a contradiction to it, under the plea of insuring to himself a “fair trial.” We will not imitate the judge, and talk of the “next world;” but surely these are triflings with the sacred-

ness of truth, and tamperings with the great principles of humanity which it is time for "this world" to blush for, and to terminate.

**THE LAST NEW MURDERESS.**—"She was dressed in a black gown, coloured shawl, and a black bonnet: her appearance and manner were appropriate and becoming." Such is the description of the dress and demeanour of "Mrs. Mary Anne Burdock" on the occasion of her proceeding the other day, "leaning on the governor's arm," from the press-room to the gallows, to—see an execution?—no; to be hanged herself. Her appearance was appropriate! We have not the least doubt of it. And the appearance of the gallows was singularly appropriate also. Never was a more fitting introduction on either side. "We distinctly heard her respond to the prayers, and, we should say, feelingly." How very consoling. This is clearly the beginning of a conversion, and a day or two more would have turned "Mrs. B." into a babe of grace. A pity she could not be spared so long! "While the rope was being adjusted to her neck, she asked if something soft could not be put round it." No wonder—"Mrs. Burdock" had every reason to expect the most luxurious indulgences. Truly precious for the time to everybody,—the most interesting thing going,—"your only neat monster,"—a parcel of creatures considered generally sensible hanging over every little word she spoke "enamoured,"—she had a right to demand that her part in the day's exhibition should be made at least as pleasant as possible. We do not wish to disgust the reader more than may be necessary, but, as a further specimen of the atrocious absurdities raked up on these occasions for the morbid maw of the newspaper public, we would quote the least objectionable. This has reference to "Mrs. Burdock's" manner the day before her execution. "On being pressed not then to think of this world's concerns,"—your greedy gossips give the most considerate and disinterested advice at all times,—"she said, 'I must attend to business.' She then called Mrs. Vowles, the matron of the prison, and asked, 'Who makes the gaol coffins?' On receiving an answer, she again turned to her brother and desired him 'to get a good strong plain coffin,' adding, 'But mind, you are not to give more than 2*l.* for it; at the same time moving herself up from the bed and lifting her elbows, she said, 'Mind, it must be full-sized, and let it be lined with flannel; and mind that I have a warm, comfortable shroud, and don't let the coffin be screwed down too tight: recollect that it be brought to me this evening. I'll have it put by my bedside.'" What a pathetic impression all this is calculated to leave on the public mind! What an idea of the comfort of an execution! "Mrs. Burdock" was just too early, however, for the advertisement of a few days ago. How superior "caoutchouc" would have been to flannel! How gratifying to the public to have been informed that her desires for submundane luxury (as the Bristol Recorder would have said) had been even more than accomplished, and that she lay "water-proof" in her interesting grave! We wonder whether it was in consequence of reading this account that M. Abel inserted his advertisement in last week's Parisian papers:—"Foreigners have the advantage of knowing that M. Abel is authorised to inter them as soon as convenient;—having an extensive stock of oak, &c., he hopes his friends will favour him with an early

application. He can be strongly recommended." This ingenious gentleman must surely have observed the national characteristic as exemplified at Bristol. We blush to think in what other quarters the filthy accounts may have been observed, and noted down to the credit of our nation. In every point of view they are ineffably disgusting. In the present instance, it is true, there is little reason to regret the "foregone conclusion" they most generally imply with reference to the unfortunate creature who happens to be their object, for "Mrs. Burdock," as they delight to call her, appears to have been utterly devoid of any thing like sensibility or shame. But fancy a sore and sensitive mind constantly measured in this way,—its attempts at composure ruffled,—the last retirements of its misery haunted and vexed,—the agonies of its cup of bitterness regularly gauged! And for what? To gratify a vulgar curiosity, and sell a dozen copies more of some local journal!

**FINDING NOT KEEPING.**—If judges sometimes scorn the line of common sense in their resolution to keep the line of precedent and established usage, it is clear that they as frequently find juries ready to keep them in countenance. Juries are often unduly influenced by the judge—as often led to a wrong conclusion by a strong and stubborn appetite for dinner, and as often by a perverseness and a prejudice as intractable and despotic as either. One of the two latter influences must have prevailed in a case tried at the York Assizes. The son of a certain builder, amusing himself by digging in a large heap of ashes, which had been for years accumulating in his father's yard, found a sovereign. The next day he dug again, with the like luck. Other spades went to work with more golden fortune; and, upon sifting the whole heap, about 128 sovereigns were found. It was evident that they had been buried for many years. No owner appeared for some time; until at last a female pauper, about forty years of age, of infirm mind, started up as the claimant of the treasure. Her cause was taken up, and an action commenced against the finder. It was alleged that she had hidden the sovereigns in the ash-midden, and that she had, in 1833, searched for them in vain. How she, a pauper, an imbecile, originally became possessed of such a treasure, did not appear, nobody could speak to that; and she herself was so weak in mind, as to be "incapable of being examined, even if she had been considered in law a competent witness." Yet the jury, like the defendant, *found for the plaintiff*.

**SHAKESPEARE IRELAND.**—This strange and unfortunate person died the other day in an obscure lodging in town, in great want and suffering. We do not know that sufficient interest survives about him to warrant even this word of public mention, but his fate has been instructive enough to call for it on other grounds. His ingenuity was considerable, and would unquestionably have carried him safely and honourably through life, but that its first exhibition was a *lie*. The indulgence of such a singular ambition was fatal to every other—may it never be indulged in any walk of life or literature without a result as fatal!

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Labourer's Friend. 1 vol.

A HAPPY union of benevolence and sound judgment produced about four years ago the formation of the Labourer's Friend Society, the intention of which was to effect some mitigation of the severe distress among the lower orders of our agricultural population, by procuring small assignments of land, to be cultivated principally by spade husbandry at leisure hours, by small cottagers and their families. The result of the labours of the Society since its first institution is now before the public, and is in all points so satisfactory, that it must be a matter of astonishment to every rational mind that means of alleviating an extensive national evil, so simple in design, and so easy of execution, have not long ago been universally adopted throughout the country. In almost every district where the allotment system has taken root, the indigent pauper has been converted into a decent and contented member of the community,—the wretched dependent upon the extorted bounty of others, into an individual raised from both moral and physical degradation by the just satisfaction arising from earning his own subsistence by his free exertions,—and the idle and dissipated wanderer over the face of the country—idle because unfurnished either with an opportunity or a hope of reputable employment, and dissipated because far too well acquainted with the desperate appearance of the future to omit procuring the readiest means of enjoyment, however pernicious, for the present hour—has been furnished with a means of occupation, which, in addition to affording a sufficient guard against actual want, holds out a reasonable prospect of the daily increasing amelioration of condition, and even of ultimate respectability as the reward of an ordinary degree of industry and prudence. Can anything be possibly worse than the present poor-laws,—worse in principle or worse in application,—more injurious to those engaged in their administration or to those intended to be the objects benefited by their operation? We need not dwell upon the crowded aggregation of vice, want, and misery to be witnessed in almost every parish poorhouse, upon the unfeeling brutality of overseers, rendered callous by the constant exhibitions of distress, as well as by constant attempts to impose upon their vigilance,—nor upon the reckless insolence or specious cunning of paupers, degraded from the condition of independent beings into that of dependents upon a bounty as precarious in its duration as it is capricious in its operations. The moment a man becomes an object of the public alms, that moment he sinks in his own esteem, and knowing himself lowered to the condition of a mendicant assumes at once all the self-abandonment natural to the character. On the contrary, the effect of the possession (so far as its culture and a claim to its produce can be considered such) of but a rood of earth is altogether as different; and that, too, to an extent almost incredible when considered in relation to the means employed. It is the circumstance of having something of his own, something in actual proprietorship for the time being which is susceptible of daily improvement, and which he is left to his own ingenuity to improve as he best may, which has so talismanic an influence upon the efforts of the labourer. It matters not how small his parcel of land may be: if it produces but a flower for his Sunday nosegay, or a dish of vegetables to eke out his scanty meal, the produce is sacred in his eyes; and to descend from moral influence to benefits of a more tangible and substantial nature, no one is ignorant, who has paid any attention to the matter, to what an extent the smallest plot of ground may be made to repay the labour of a few hours judiciously devoted to it. How small is the space, and how little the trouble required for a full-bearing fruit-tree? how apparently scant the area from which an abundant crop of potatoes and cabbages may often be obtained? Hundreds of parishes

have whole acres of land lying waste which might be converted even by the unemployed children of distressed husbandmen into a means of preventing all the miseries of parochial want, and the present attempts of parochial authorities to relieve it. This is a tale which has been often repeated if it is true, but it cannot be too frequently brought forward in the present day, while we are lavishing immense sums for the furtherance of emigration, which might be far better employed in the re-establishment of competence and comfort among our population at home. Enough, however, has been said elsewhere as to the theory of the allotment system, and with an eloquence and judgment which we cannot presume to imitate. With respect to its actual operation, we request all those who are concerned in the welfare of a large proportion of their fellow-countrymen, and large landed proprietors in particular, to peruse the almost innumerable instances of benefits resulting from the exercise of this easy plan of relief contained in the pages before us. Their well-authenticated testimony is equivalent to whole volumes of discussion, and should find its way wherever attempts for the assistance of the agricultural poor are in contemplation or exercise.

*Melanie, and other Poems.* By N. P. Willis. Edited by Barry Cornwall.

Mr. Willis, although he has obtained honourable fame in his own country, is comparatively unknown in England. We have shown to the living poets of America far less favour than they have bestowed upon ours; acting towards them in the spirit of the harsh step-mother, who considers honours and kindnesses given to the children of another parent only as so many robberies of her own progeny. We trust this ungenerous feeling is rapidly passing away. We may not compare the young bards of the young land with the master-spirits of Great Britain; but certain we are that they equal, if they do not excel, the sons and daughters of song—with a few glorious exceptions—that now dwell among us. We hail with exceeding pleasure the publication of this work, as the herald of better times; as a first step towards a more cordial and intimate acquaintance with the sons of the same fathers, who have been schooled in the same language, have the same glorious associations, the same ennobling themes to celebrate, and the same sources of inspiration as ourselves. We have a mingling of pride also with our pleasure in noticing this book. Mr. Willis has been introduced to the English public through the pages of the "New Monthly Magazine." There is no reason why we should not ourselves state that which a dozen other publications have stated; and he has had ample reason to be satisfied with the manner in which his productions have been received in England. His pictures of American scenery and character have been fully appreciated. As a poet, however, he now comes before us—and may be assured that here he will find as many and as warm admirers as he has found in his own land. His volume is ushered in by a preface from Barry Cornwall, who desired "to do his best to diminish the space that separates England from America." The act may be gratifying to Mr. Willis, but it was unnecessary. The poems will make their own way. The writer has strength enough to stand without help. He possesses a vigorous mind—a fertile imagination—much learning, softened and improved by travel—and, above all, a deep and fervent love of nature. He is therefore a true poet, and the productions of his pen will endure long after the petty jealousies that "divide" the American from the Englishman have ceased to be aught but recollections that move our wonder. The volume contains a variety of short poems—the longest of which is "*Melanie*." It tells the sad story of the love a brother cherishes for a sister, ignorant of the barrier which nature has placed between them. It is a melancholy tale, and has, of course, a melancholy

ending. The next, "Lord Ivon and his Daughter," is a dramatic sketch—a powerful and beautiful sketch—in which a father relates his history of sin and suffering to his fair and virtuous child. We refer the reader to these fine poems; and, as better suited to our pages, extract one of the shorter pieces, entitled—

"BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

- "I know not if my mother's eyes  
Would find me changed in slighter things;  
I've wander'd beneath many skies,  
And tasted of some bitter springs;  
And many leaves, once fair and gay,  
From youth's full flower have dropp'd away—
- "But, as these looser leaves depart,  
The lessen'd flower gets near the core,  
And, when deserted quite, the heart  
Takes closer what was dear of yore,  
And yearns to those who loved it first—  
The sunshine and the dew by which its bud was nurst.
- "Dear mother! dost thou love me yet?  
Am I remember'd in my home?  
When those I love for joy are met,  
Does some one wish that I would come?  
Thou *dost*—I *am* beloved of these!  
But, as the schoolboy numbers o'er  
Night after night the Pleiades,  
And finds the stars he found before,  
As turns the maiden oft her token,  
As counts the miser aye his gold—  
So, till life's silver chord is broken,  
Would I of thy fond love be told.  
My heart is full, mine eyes are wet—  
Dear mother! dost thou love thy long-lost wanderer yet?
- "Oh! when the hour to meet again  
Creeps on, and, speeding o'er the sea,  
My heart takes up its lengthen'd chain,  
And, link by link, draws nearer thee—  
When land is hail'd, and, from the shore,  
Comes off the blessed breath of home,  
With fragrance from my mother's door  
Of flowers forgotten when I come—
- "When port is gain'd, and, slowly now,  
The old familiar paths are past—  
And entering, unconscious how,  
I gaze upon thy face at last,  
And run to thee, all faint and weak,  
And feel thy tears upon my cheek—  
Oh! if my heart break not with joy,  
The light of heaven will fairer seem;  
And I shall grow once more a boy:  
And, mother! 'twill be like a dream  
That we were parted thus for years—  
And, once that we have dried our tears,  
How will the days seem long and bright—  
To meet thee always with the morn,  
And hear thy blessing every night—  
Thy 'dearest,' thy 'first-born!'—  
And be no more, as now, in a strange land, forlorn!"

The poems of Mr. Willis will live, as they deserve to live, among the better productions of modern times. Still this is not an age when the love of poetry is universal. From some cause or other—many have guessed at it, but it is still undiscovered—the Muse's lore has been of late years



almost utterly neglected; and the most admirable work finds comparatively few readers. A task that shall make the name of Mr. Willis largely known in England he has therefore yet to perform:—a novel, the scene of which shall be laid in America. That his powers are fully equal to warrant him in the expectation of competing successfully with the best writers of his own country or ours, our readers, who have perused his sketches in the “*New Monthly Magazine*,” will readily allow. The sooner he sets to work about it the better.

### A New Dictionary of the English Language. By Charles Richardson.

Since the publication of the great work of Dr. Johnson, the lexicography of the English language has been far too generally considered as a task which, if not already performed in a manner perfectly unexceptionable, has at least left little to be effected by the labours of subsequent philologists. The deservedly high reputation of its author, the length of time during which he has been considered the standard authority for ultimate decision, together with his own dogmatical style of writing, to which no small share of the deference so extensively paid to his decisions must be ascribed, have all contributed to render the work of correcting his errors and improving upon his general plan an enterprise which it would require some small share of resolution, as well as no ordinary degree of ability, to carry into effect with any reasonable prospect of success. But even were this field of literary exertion unmaintained by any previous occupant, there is quite enough in the effort of compiling a dictionary, abstractedly considered, to deter any common industry or ambition from undertaking so formidable a labour. An unwearied power of application, a nicely discriminative judgment, a correct taste in the selection of suitable authorities, and a peculiar tact in tracing the meaning of words through discrepancies and varieties of signification to their original sources, are qualities which are called at every step into requisition; while, even should these be eminently possessed, many years must unavoidably elapse before the tedious and unvarying employment of extraction and arrangement can be brought to its close. Few trials to which the human mind can be subjected are better calculated to display its powers of application and unshaken perseverance than the occupation of the lexicographer,—few are less appreciated in proportion to their importance. We are happy to welcome a “*New Dictionary of the English Language*” upon a plan which Dr. Johnson himself at first marked out, but which from various reasons he was subsequently unable to follow. Mr. Richardson gives, in the first instance, the primitive signification of each respective word,—next, the consequential,—and finally, the metaphorical meaning. To these he appends a multitude of authorities, collected with great care from our standard classic authors, which have the great recommendation of being regularly arranged in chronological order from the prose of Udal and the verse of Gower and Chaucer, to the finished compositions of Burke and Johnson. He has availed himself of the numerous etymological stores which have been accumulating for some years past, in elucidation of the principles of language, and has drawn largely and judiciously upon points, in which his authority is unquestionably of great value, from the writings of the acute author of the “*Divisions of Purley*.” We need say but little more in recommendation of a work which, in addition to its skilful arrangement, reflects great credit upon the publishers, from the manner in which it is got up for general circulation. The whole will be comprised in about thirty parts to be issued monthly, and will form two handsome quarto volumes; which, whether we consider the mass of information comprised in their compass, or the skilful manner in which so singularly extensive a quantity of materials has been arranged, must be considered a treasure by all lovers of the English tongue. We cannot, however, but enter our

serious protest against the censure which the editor has bestowed upon the Dictionary of Dr. Webster. Differing though that work does in plan from his own, it is unquestionably a publication which does honour to the country in which it was produced as well as to its learned author.

In justice to the publisher of Mr. Richardson's Dictionary, we must recommend it as an admirable specimen of "getting up," as the phrase is, Mr. Pickering is a man of taste as well as enterprise, and he has found a valuable coadjutor in his printer, Mr. Clay. The type is necessarily small, and there is of course a large quantity of matter "crammed" into a page; nevertheless, it is as clear as if it flowed through "meadows of margin;" and the accuracy of the "reader," considering the great difficulty of his task in copying from ancient writers in an obsolete style, is really amazing. The work is, moreover, one of the cheapest that has been issued even in these days of cheap publications.

**The Works of William Cowper; his Life and Letters.** By William Hayley. Edited by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, A.M.

Two of the volumes of this edition of Cowper have been published. They enable us to judge what the work will be when completed. It is "got up" in a very tasteful manner, printed in a clear and "readable" type, and embellished by some excellent engravings by Messrs. Finden, from drawings by Harding, illustrative of scenes once familiar to the poet, and connected with the history of his earlier and later life. Mr. Grimshawe, the editor, is of established reputation as a biographer, and he has had the assistance of some of Cowper's nearest and dearest friends in this attempt to do honour to his memory. His chief advantage, however, consists in the power to introduce the private correspondence which Hayley overlooked or rejected. He has therefore carefully revised the memoir of Hayley, introduced the "correspondence in its entire and unbroken form, and in its chronological order," and added a variety of brief but important notes, illustrative and explanatory of the original text of the biographer. The work will now become one of the most interesting and valuable in the language—published in a style of elegance worthy the admirable poet and excellent man—edited by an accomplished clergyman—and accessible to readers of limited means.

**A Poet's Portfolio.** By James Montgomery.

The appearance of this delightful volume, from the pen of a poet who has already done so much to embellish the literature of his day, and whose name is so intimately connected with much of what we are accustomed to admire, to love, and to revere, has aptly taken place at this season of promise, when the face of external nature is renewed by gladness, when every hue is that of hope, and every sound indicative of enjoyment and delight. We have no doubt that it will be welcomed with as much pleasure as any of the tokens of spring, for it is replete with the flowers of true genius, and the redolence of fervent and rational piety breathes from its fragrant pages. Mr. Montgomery has been more uniformly successful than any devotional poet of his time, and the reason is obvious. He has never looked about him for the means of producing a startling effect, but trusting to his own quiet and natural strength, he has suffered the spring of poetry within him to wander forth at its own will, constantly influenced by a desire of consecrating it to the best purpose, and desirous rather to steal gradually upon the notice and affection of his readers, than to surprise them into admiration by sudden bursts of unexpected power, and remarkable though ill-sustained exertion. His poetry, moreover, has been invariably considered by himself as secondary to his religion; and this is as it should be. Many writers have assumed sacred subjects merely as affording a greater scope for the exercise of fancy, or the pomp of description; but this is not the

case with Mr. Montgomery: it is the feeling of deep devotion, which has with him the strongest power over his imagination, which, if at other times occasionally languid, immediately brightens beneath this influence, as the richly-tinted panes of some Gothic cathedral kindle into their full glow of colour and beauty the moment they are looked upon by the unclouded ray of heaven.

The present volume consists principally of fugitive pieces of various degrees of merit, and on which we cannot bestow greater praise than by saying that they are all fully worthy of their author. We would particularly instance the "Dream of Lord Falkland," as a poem of great imagination and deep pathos; and an exquisite production, entitled "A Tale without a Name," than which one more beautifully conceived has never appeared, even from the pen of Mr. Montgomery himself. It is, indeed, a poem of first-rate excellence. Our readers, however, will no doubt be much better pleased with quotation than with dry critical dissertation; and as we know that nothing from an author who has the well-merited good fortune of being a favourite at every domestic hearth in the kingdom can come amiss, we select the following lines, not as the most meritorious, but as the best suited to our present limits for extraction:—

"EVENING TIME.

"Zech. xiv. 7.

"At evening time let there be light—

Life's little day draws near its close;

Around me fall the shades of night,

The night of death, the grave's repose;

To crown my joys, to end my woes,

At evening time let there be light.

"At evening time let there be light—

Stormy and dark hath been my day;

Yet rose the morn benignly bright,

Leaves, birds, and flowers cheered all the way;

Oh, for one sweet, one parting ray!

At evening time let there be light!

"At evening time there *shall* be light—

For God hath said "So let it be!"

Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight,

His glory now is risen on me;

Mine eyes shall his salvation see:

'Tis evening time and there is light."

Provincial Sketches. By the Author of "The Usurer's Daughter,"  
"The Puritan's Grave," &c.

We cannot designate as "*pleasing*" any work which delights in looking at the wrong side of human nature; although Mr. Scargill sometimes basks in sunshine, his taste is for the shade—he grasps at the ridiculous with an avidity which shows how much he delights therein—he revels in malformations, whether of mind or body—and yet there are touches of kindness, gleams of goodness, scattered over his thorns and nettles, that make us believe it is more the love of singularity, than a harsh or unfeeling nature which leads our author to shew up so many quaint, odd, unsightly "bodies" in his graphic sketch-book. The volume is an amusing one. Indeed, we very much fear that nothing is so amusing as ill-nature—as long as we ourselves are not sketched, we laugh at the caricatures and praise the caricaturist; but when it comes home, then indeed the author becomes a "vile assassin!" "a wretch!"—the English language is hunted for epithets, and the more true, "the higher mounts our ire."

If this was Mr. Scargill's first production, he might be designated the literary H.B.; indeed the late changes would furnish him with ample

materials for a "Political Sketch-book," which he could, if he would, manage admirably.

His fame does not rest upon this foundation; when he turns to the "olden time" he forgets his bitterness. Nor have we forgotten the pathos of "The Puritan's Grave," nor the fascinations of "The Usurer's Daughter." The best thing in the volume now upon our table is "Dame Deborah Boreham's Almshouses." We confess our censure at the commencement of our notice does not extend to Martha Crump, "the very wrinkles in whose face are exact and uniform; nay, they are not wrinkles—they are rather superannuated dimples, all smiling—not laughing—for *smiling age is beautiful, and laughing age is irreverent—they are the trophies, not the triumphs of time, for there can be no triumph where there has been no resistance*, and Martha Crump was never known to struggle against time, either to urge its flight or to retard it." We wish there had been many Martha Crumps in these sketches.

#### A Visit to Iceland. By John Barrow, jun.

As Mr. Barrow has previously appeared before the public in the character of a pleasing and intelligent traveller, and received a considerable meed of approbation in consequence, there is the less necessity for any preliminary remarks by way of introduction to the present tour. When we observe that it comprehends a space of about three months, spent at Drontheim, Roraas, and Reikiavik, in Iceland, with excursions to the celebrated copper-mines in Norwegian Lapland, to the Geysers and Mount Hecla, and finally, to the formidable coast of Stappen, it will at once be seen that no common quantity of amusing and instructive reading is contained within its pages. Much of what Mr. Barrow has observed among the bleak mountains of Norway, or the Phlegreæan fields and boiling springs of Iceland, has indeed been noticed by former travellers; but such is the charm thrown by his easy and good-humoured style of narrative over every part of his journey, that facts with which many have been previously acquainted assume the aspect of novelty, while at the same time he has contrived to weave enough of what is unknown into his work to impress upon many parts of it the character of striking originality. We cannot follow him in his voyage in the "Flower of Yarrow" from Liverpool to Norway, and from thence to Iceland, nor examine his various excursions to different points in detail. We observe, however, that his account of the Geysers is certainly one of the most striking descriptions ever penned of those wonderful fountains, and that the statistical information he has procured respecting Iceland cannot fail of proving highly valuable to the Society for which it was collected. Neither should we pass without notice, a romantic account of the ascent of the mountain of the Snœfell Yokel, by Messrs. Stanley, Wright, &c., in 1789, an enterprise which Mr. Barrow, perhaps fortunately for himself and the public, was prevented by unfavourable weather from attempting, and which, by the narrative inserted in the present volume, appears to have quite enough of imminent peril to satisfy the most ardent admirer of hazardous enterprise. In conclusion, the geologist to whom Iceland and its igneous formations is an unfailing subject of intense interest, and the botanist, to whom its limited Flora, from the peculiar circumstances under which vegetable life is displayed in so high a latitude, becomes, notwithstanding its comparative scantiness, so constant an object of attraction,—will find much to gratify their curiosity in Mr. Barrow's researches. The only subject-matter of regret on the part of either his scientific or unscientific readers will, we imagine, be, that his journey was not protracted to at least twice the time which it occupied.

#### The Descent into Hell.

The second edition of Mr. Heraud's poem of "The Descent into Hell" presents that remarkable composition under an improved form to the pub-

lic, and contains besides, three additional odes, which will be interesting, as further illustrative of his lofty and elaborate, though at times quaint and almost unintelligible genius. The first, dictated by the melancholy occasion of the loss of a son, breathes a deep and sincere pathos, sufficient to affect the most indifferent reader, and is made a vehicle, for conveying in a sublimely poetical form those consolations of religion, which convert the chamber of death into a place of solemn triumph, and make the last moments of the weakest infant a source of edification and hope, of devout trust or even of felicitous anticipation, to those on whom the stroke of separation the most heavily falls. To the poem which occupies the principal part of the volume we have much to object; and while stating what appears to us its defects, we beg that it may be at once understood, that for Mr. Heraud's poetical talents, abstractedly, we entertain the greatest respect, and that our notice will proceed upon the position, which few would question, that no mind of ordinary endowments could have conceived or executed the task which the author of the present work has planned and accomplished, if not so satisfactorily as might be wished, at least with as great success, and with far more equable excellence than could reasonably be expected under all the disadvantages with which he has had to contend. Mr. Heraud has been too long known to have his title to the "*mens divinior*" made a matter of examination now: how far his genius has been led into error in the present instance is all into which we have to inquire. In the first place, then, the selection of the subject, which, notwithstanding Bishop Horsley's opinion, we cannot but regard as founded on a somewhat apocryphal doctrine, appears to us, waiving the question how far it is warranted by Divine testimony, singularly inappropriate. We trust we are not making use of an affected reverence for the Holy Scriptures to aver our opinion, but we must express our unwillingness that the sacred narrative of the most awful and mysterious event ever witnessed on the face of the earth—an event which may be considered as the hinge on which the destiny of every reasonable being depends, and which the heavenly intelligences themselves, however desirous they may be of looking into it, are unable, with all their exalted faculties, fully to comprehend—should be in any way connected with the mere play of human imagination. The simple and severe account of the Evangelists neither has been, nor can be made susceptible of adventitious ornament, and the attempt to apply it is at all times productive of palpable incongruity, and sometimes of a much more mischievous result. Surely the region of devotional poetry is wide enough to prevent encroachments upon that of direct revelation; but to judge from the presumptuous freedom of some late writers, one would suppose that in a state of pre-existence they had been admitted to the knowledge of facts, which they are now called upon to publish, to make up the deficiencies of the Sacred Canon, with such boldness are the most sacred and the most awful characters made to perform parts in their productions. It is of little use to plead the examples of Milton and Dante as authority for what the general sense of mankind must now unequivocally condemn. The barbarism of his age, and the frequency of irreverent pageants and ceremonies in his own church, afford both a reason and excuse for the error of the Florentine poet; while Milton, in almost every passage in which he has attempted to draw the Divine Essence, has afforded by his complete failure a striking and memorable warning to future writers against a practice which, were it not for the uniform excellence which pervades the purely imaginative part of his astonishing work, would not escape severe and general reprehension. Our next objection to "*The Descent into Hell*" is, that it is too metaphysical for the generality of readers; there is scarcely a page which would not afford a good thesis for an able master of school Divinity; and many parts through which the author, from his acute powers and practice of thinking, added to the habit of expressing his ideas in his own conventional terms, can no doubt thread

his way with facility, require perusing three or four times over, before any idea can be formed of their proper meaning. All poetry which is intended to be permanently popular, and this we presume to be its general aim, must be written in popular language. We do not sit down to its perusal as to the examination of a system of intellectual philosophy; nor perhaps is it the poet's business so much to make the principles of our moral constitution the subjects of reasoning and analysis, as to describe the effect of their operation. To proceed finally to the actual composition of the work, we cannot say that the *terza rima* seems to us the best adapted for heroic narration, and although Mr. Heraud has succeeded admirably in moulding it to his purpose, it appears even under his hands at times to lie like a fetter upon his finest conceptions. He has also unfortunately printed it in separate divisions of three lines each, and added by this means no small difficulty to that already presented by the mystic character of his subject, and his own condensed and philosophic diction. Having thus freely stated what we think principally detracts from the merit of this extraordinary work, we feel bound to add in conclusion, that the whole, notwithstanding what may be objected to its general plan, is pervaded with a true spirit of christian piety, often ascending to a sublimity of thought and expression, which the coldest must feel, from its unaffected energy, and the least imaginative admire, from the splendid garb in which the fancy of its author has invested it. Some of the choral odes, and in particular those which are paraphrases of the Psalms, are equal to anything of the kind which has yet appeared in the English language; and Mr. Heraud, by devoting his talents to a more general diffusion of the doctrines of truth, in a kind of literature which has of late sometimes been unfortunately devoted to speculations of a very different character, has established his title to a praise, in comparison with which the highest commendations, bestowed upon the highest mental acquirements, appear utterly valueless, and unworthy a moment's regard.

A History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, illustrated by original documents. By Frederick Von Raumer. Translated from the German. 2 vols.

"The work," says the translator in his Preface, "is the result of inquiries conducted in the manuscript collections of the Paris Library, by one whose name will be to every German scholar, in itself, security for merit both of conception and execution." The result of Raumer's inquiries and the translator's labours have conferred a large benefit upon the English reader—presenting a mass of information tending to illustrate in the most pleasing manner the histories of the periods, persons, and countries to which they refer. M. Raumer's original work comprised various extracts from the Cottonian MSS., which are much valued in the Paris collection, but which the translator has omitted, as, he says, "they appeared to him to form no essential portion of M. Raumer's volumes, and at the same time reference to the originals (in our own museum) led to the conclusion that the task of making extracts would tempt any one who undertook it into a field of further research, which it would be better to explore separately and more fully, if at all." We must rest satisfied with this apology, and thankful for what we have received; yet we should much have desired to see what so acute a person as M. Raumer would have deemed it desirable to extract from such a mass as the Cottonian MSS. at first present to those who desire to dive into their mysteries. We have so much really to be grateful for, in the present volumes, that it would be ungracious to repine; and our readers will doubtless agree with us when we tell them that no series of books, treating of English history, can be considered complete without these being added to the number; indeed, we have never read any work of "good old historie" that so completely fascinated

us while we read. The first volume is occupied chiefly by details of foreign events during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the description of the famous diet at Ratisbon, in 1630; a curious account of Denmark in the time of the Thirty years' war, by Torquato Pecchio; sketches of the Spanish court in 1611; Catherine of Medicis and Henry IV.; the murder of the Guises; in fact, every subject which interested the civilized world at the period referred to, has some light, frequently a new one, thrown upon it in the first volume. The second is more interesting to ourselves, treating as it does of the manners of England and the English court—of Wolsey, of Edward VI., of Elizabeth, and Mary Stuart—indeed, there is much about the latter beautiful unfortunate—of her faults and perfections, and of those associated with her in history—of Darnley, of Rizzio, of Bothwell—Du Croë's curious diplomatic reports—a letter of Elizabeth to Henry III. touching Mary Stuart—letters of the Queen of Scots to her ambassador, and complaints of the treatment she received in captivity which made us shudder; in process of time, much of the trial of Strafford; a curious description of England given by one Cominges; many particulars relative to tournaments and festivals; the translation concluding with a most extraordinary account of a journey of the great Mogul Jehan, from Agra to Lahore, in September 1638. Although we have enumerated only a very small portion of the attractions of these entertaining and instructive volumes, we feel assured that we have said enough to lead our readers to an immediate perusal of their entire contents; and we defy them to be disappointed. It is quite delightful to meet with such a work; and we hope speedily to be furnished with others from the same rich source.

**The Gipsej. By the Author of "Richlieu," &c.**

Mr. James has been long recognised not only as a writer of talent, but a man of singular industry, whose historical romances were more strictly true than could be expected from one who lived and revelled so completely in the realms of fiction. His "Field of the Cloth of Gold" was a glorious pageant—his "Richlieu" and "De L'Orme" admirable pictures of the people and times whereof he treated—and the present story, which is totally different from any thing he has before attempted, proves him to possess a versatility of talent for which we did not give him credit, highly as we have always thought of him.

"The Gipsej" is a domestic novel, appealing to our home feelings and affections, and carrying on to the end a mystery, and of course an interest, which we recommend our readers to enter upon forthwith. There are scenes and situations throughout the volumes which would tell powerfully upon the stage, and Mr. James has not so completely forgotten his habits of "old romaunt," as not to introduce a large proportion of the quality into his new production. Perhaps there is rather too much of the old leaven occasionally, but it gives variety to the quieter parts. Pharold the Gipsej is a combination of much that is great and good, with all that is wild and singular—a being who *might*—though it is not very probable *could*—exist as he did; and yet he is so cleverly managed throughout, that you are not surprised by any incongruity in his character from beginning to end. The two friends are drawn with so much ease, and are so perfectly natural, that you feel with them and for them. The heroines are graceful and lady-like—nay, Marian is more than that; and the gipsej-girl—the exquisite Leena—is one of the most perfect and beautiful sketches ever penned or imagined by Mr. James; it is happy from first to last; a line more, a line less, would have destroyed it—it is perfect. Having said thus much in praise of a novel—the first of its kind, but assuredly not the last—it only remains for us to congratulate the author on his success, and recommend the book very cordially to our readers, who know that we hold it *treason* to divulge the plot, and thus spoil the enjoyment they will derive from the perusal.

## LITERARY REPORT.

One of the most amusing publications of the present month is the collection of the delightful *Sketches and Recollections* of Mr. Poole, the well-known dramatist. In his ludicrous delineations of life and manners the author of "Paul Fry" is certainly without a rival. His book presents a fund of entertainment to readers of all classes.

A new and cheap edition is announced for immediate publication of the *Viscount de Chateaubriand's "Travels to Jerusalem and the Holy Land,"* than which no book published in our time forms such an admirable and valuable companion to the Scriptures. The author, entering with a pious enthusiasm into the subject, it will be recollected proceeded to the Holy City for the express purpose of visiting and describing the memorable scenes immortalised in Holy Writ.

The Fifth Number of the *History of the Irish Union*, by Sir Jonah Barrington, appears this month. One more Part will complete the work, which is accompanied by the whole 40 Portraits, &c. of the original edition.

"Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement," The second and concluding volume of this celebrated production forms the Fifth Number of Colburn's *Modern Novelists*, a selection of the most celebrated modern works of fiction, publishing in monthly volumes, after the plan of the *Waverley Series*, with embellishments by the Messrs. Finden, at 5s. per volume.

Of the *Lady's Own Cookery-Book*, by a Lady of distinction, a new and cheaper edition is just published. This valuable family manual contains no less than 1600 receipts; the result of many years' observation, aided by the contributions of the authoress's numerous friends and acquaintance.

Dr. Bernays is preparing for publication "*German Historical Anthology*," being a selection from the works of the best German historians, with notes.

Mr. Stanfield, the eminent marine painter, is preparing for publication a series of highly-interesting Views in the British Channel, and on the Coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and other picturesque portions of the European Continent.

*Plebeians and Patricians*, a novel, in 3 vols., is preparing for early publication.

Mr. G. I. Bennett, the author of "*The Albanians*," is about to publish a novel in 2 vols., entitled "*The Empress*."

The following works are also announced as being in the press:—

*Records of a Route through France and Italy*, with a View of Catholicism, by W. Rae Wilson, F.S.A.—A new edition of Charles Lamb's *Specimens of the old Dramatic Poets*, including his extracts from the Garrick Plays.—*Rosabel*, or Sixty Years ago, by the authoress of "*Constance*."—*Rambles in Northumberland and on the Scottish Border*, by Stephen Oliver, the Younger, author of "*Scenes and Recollections of Fly-fishing*."—*Lives of Catholic Missionaries*, by John Carne, Esq.—A Nar-

rative of the Visit made by the Deputies to the American Churches from the Congregational Union of England and Wales, by Dr. A. Reed and Dr. J. Matheson.—*Select Specimens of Gothic Architecture*, by W. Cavelar.—*Annals of Lacock Abbey, of Wilts*; with Memorials of the Foundress Ela, Countess of Salisbury, and the Earls of the Houses of Salisbury and Longespée, by the Rev. W. L. Bowles.—*Noble Deeds of Woman*.—*Memoirs of John Seiden*, and of the Political Struggle during the Reigns of the first Two Monarchs of the House of Stuart, by G. W. Johnson, F.L.S.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

*English in India, and other Sketches*, by a Traveller, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

*Remarks on the Architecture of the Middle Ages; especially of Italy*, by R. Willis, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

*A Code of Universal Naval Signals*, by H. C. Phillippa, R.N. 8vo. 9s.

*Faust of Goethe*, attempted in English Rhyme, by the Hon. R. Talbot, 8vo. 8s.

*Literary Fables, from the Spanish of Yriarte*, by R. Andrews, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

*Illustrations of the Bible*, by Westall and Martin, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s., or 1 vol. 4to. 31s. 6d.

*Sketches of the Beginning and the End of the Life of Gherardo di Lucca*, 8vo. 5s.

*The Rationale of Political Representation*, by the Author of "*Essay on the Formation of Opinions*," &c., 8vo. 10s. 6d.

*China and the English; or, the Character and Manners of the Chinese Illustrated*, 18mo. 2s. 6d.

*Lodore*, by the Author of "*Frankenstein*," 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.

*A Voyage of Discovery to Africa and Arabia*, in H.M.S. *Leven* and *Barracotta*, under the command of Captain F. W. Owen, R.N., by Captain T. Boteler, R.N. with Plates, 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

*Tales of the Wars of Montrose*, by James Hogg, Esq., 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

*A Voyage round the World*, by James Holman, Vol. III., 8vo. 14s.

*Gothic Furniture in the Style of the Fifteenth Century*, designed and etched by A. W. Pugin, 4to. 21s.

*Christian's Family Library*, Vol. XV.

*Journal of an Excursion to the United States and Canada in 1834*, 18mo. 3s.

*Practical Guide to Executors and Administrators*, by R. Matthews, 12mo. 8s.

*The Gallery of British Artists*, Vol. I. 4to. 14s.

*History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, translated from the German of Rumer, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

*Mope's Historical Essay on Architecture*, and Illustrations, 2 vols. imp. 8vo. 21.

*A Fragment on Mackintosh*; being Strictures on his Treatise prefixed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 8vo. 9s.

*Life, Ministry, and Remains of the Rev. Samuel Walker, of Truro*, by the Rev. E. Sidney, 8vo. 12s.



## FINE ARTS.

THE exhibition of the Royal Academy, which will open in a few days, is, we understand, to prove a rare treat to the lovers of art, and afford additional proof of the pre-eminence of British artists. The Society of Painters in Water Colours have also sounded a lofty note of preparation. The month of May will, as heretofore, be rich in such sources of enjoyment. Meanwhile, the New Water-Colour Society have commenced operations at Exeter Hall, where they have the advantages of spacious rooms and good light; and it is more than probable that their situation will prove a desirable one, inasmuch as the visitors to Somerset House may make a call at their exhibition on the way.

If the *New* may not as yet rival the *Old* Water-Colour Society, it bids fair to attain as much excellence and to deserve as much patronage. The *Old* is an exclusive body—unlike the Royal Academy, which is answerable to the public for its deeds. They make and divide a considerable sum annually by their annual show. We have no fault to find with this profitable arrangement: they may do what they will with their own; but we are, therefore, the more induced to support an institution less aristocratic in its pretensions.

The principal exhibitors are Mr. Parris, Mr. Lance, Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Weigall, Mr. Downing, and Mr. Rochard; but there are several with whose names we are less familiar, from whom we expect much in this delightful branch of the art. Mr. Weigall's pictures are full of humour; one or two from "*Roderick Random*" are exceedingly rich in character, and skilfully painted. Lance, as usual, excels in copies of fruit and flowers; and the street-scenes of Mr. Shepherd are rare specimens of a style in which, now-a-days, few are successful. On the whole, the exhibition is one of considerable merit; and, if it may not be classed with the leading attractions of the season, will afford enjoyment and information far more than enough to compensate the visitor.

## THE COLOSSEUM.

This exhibition has of late received some important additions, the most remarkable of which is a view in Switzerland, with its rich scenery of valley, lake, and mountain. The artist has skilfully introduced a variety of objects to add to the interest of the picture. Smoke is seen to issue from the chimney of a cottage in the fore-ground; a water-mill is represented in motion; and on the distant lake vessels and boats are floating—the various accessories of which are represented with so much accuracy and effect, as to be really astonishing. The other parts of the "establishment" have also undergone revision. The conservatory is especially inviting at this season of the year; it is a delicious lounge, and a fitting place for the young to obtain acquaintance with the wonders of nature. The Colosseum would be thronged from morning till night, but that we are so apt to postpone that which may be at any time enjoyed; and the Colosseum can never be a bird of passage.

## HURFORD'S PANORAMA OF JERUSALEM.

This is another of Mr. Burford's magnificent panoramas;—a rarer treat, both to the old and young, is not supplied by the metropolis. The work is painted from drawings made about a year ago by Mr. Catherwood, the architect: they were taken, according to the printed description, "from the terrace of the house of the aga, or governor, formerly the palace of Pontius Pilate; and the view, both from the situation and height of the house, is most comprehensive and interesting, embracing nearly the whole of the important stations mentioned in Scripture, and a vast assemblage of monasteries, mosques, domes, minarets, &c., which, though they generally resemble each other, are so dissimilar to anything European, that

they excite curiosity, and, being mostly of white stone, sparkle, under the rays of a glorious eastern sun, with inconceivable splendour. Immediately in front of the spectator, towards the south, stands boldly prominent, with most imposing effect, the beautiful Mosque of Omar, or El Sahhara, occupying the site of the Temple of Solomon, resembling, from its curious style, and variety of gay colours, an immense piece of mosaic work, backed by the rugged summits of stony and unfruitful hills, a portion of the Dead Sea appearing in the distance, inclosed by lofty and majestic mountains. Towards the west, immediately beneath, commences the Via Dolorosa, which may be traced in its ascent through the thickest part of the city, towards the Temple of the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary, whose vast dome rises above the surrounding buildings: on this side are also seen the Castle and Tomb of David, and the Armenian Convent on 'God's Holy Hill of Zion.' To the north, beyond a considerable portion of the city, formerly the 'Daughter of Zion,' is seen the Hill Scopo, where Titus fixed his head-quarters, and other sterile hills, presenting only a few olive-trees: and, towards the east, the most interesting portion is a long line of the city walls, beneath which lies the valley of Jehoshaphat; the Mount of Olives, rising majestically in front, presenting the Mount of Ascension and Village of Olivet, the Mount of Offence, Garden of Gethsemane, and other holy stations, relieved by patches of cultivation and a few olive-trees, closes the view."

#### PUBLICATIONS.

The Lord's Prayer, illustrated by Flaxman. Copied in Lithography by Richard Lane, A.R.A.

A set of seven prints, illustrating the seven passages contained in the Lord's Prayer, copied by the pencil of an accomplished artist from the designs of the greatest master of which our country and our age can boast;—Flaxman was, in truth, a man of mighty mind, and his works are immortal. In his most minute, as well as in his greatest, efforts he was perfect. The most matured judgment, the nicest taste, the soundest learning, can detect no faults in the productions to which he gave form from clay or marble. The slight sketches before us are the mere memoranda of thought—a few touches created them; yet how completely do they personify the beautiful precepts of our Lord,—the glorifying God—the prayer for forgiveness—for deliverance from evil—for daily bread—and for safety from temptation! A more exquisite set of gems have never been laid before us. The copyist, too, has most happily rendered them: he has evidently caught the spirit of the great artist; and this work, though small in size, is sufficient to establish his reputation as the ablest professor of a branch of art too often rendered valueless by careless hands.

Wanderings through North Wales. By Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Nos. I. and II. With Engravings, from Drawings, by Cox, Cattermole, &c.

Another of the publications—cheap, but good—which are becoming every day more numerous. The prints in this work are well engraved, and the subjects judiciously selected from a country most rich in the picturesque. Mr. Roscoe has performed his part with much ability, introducing some of the wild and romantic legends of North Wales, and affording to the reader amusement as well as information.

## THE DRAMA.

## DRURY-LANE.

EASTER is always most uncritical, and we do not mean to be out of season. This is fortunate for Mr. Fitzball, the author of the "Note-Forgers." We are surprised, by the way, that any doubt should exist as to this gentleman being the real author. A little consideration would surely have set any one right. We are very sure there is no translation in the case;—nothing but itself could be its prototype. It has the most determined Fitzballian look. It has, as it were, his very "image and superscription," and the acting is appropriate. Mr. Denvil, with those fits and starts, those mouthings, and stridings, and gapings, and gaspings, has hit off the whole "matter and copy of the father, eye, nose, lip, the trick of his frown." Mr. Warde is the pathetic rascal, and is quite as rascally and as pathetic as such people generally are. We are sorry to see Miss Ellen Tree, who is a very sweet and graceful actress, with all the power which deep and delicate feeling gives her, mixed up with these things.

We should like to have seen Mr. Reynolds's opinion of the "Note-Forgers," when it was submitted for his approbation. "In inscribing to you the 'Schoolfellows,'" says Mr. Jerrold, in his recent dedication of that little comedy to his friend Mr. Serle, "you will not, I am convinced, give the drama a less cordial welcome, because refused by the professionally retained reader—the *one* reader—appointed to the *two* theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden. That gentleman was, doubtless, correct in his opinion, that for the two patent stages the piece was altogether ineffective." Now, as Mr. Pepys says, these things are pretty to observe. "The Schoolfellows," an admirably written, chaste, pathetic, and effective little comedy—a piece calculated in every way to engage the interest of an audience, and to widen the sphere of their virtuous sympathies—is rejected, because it is unfit for the two large houses. Therefore we say we should like to read Mr. Reynolds's written judgment of the "Note-Forgers," because that would unquestionably, so far as he is concerned—and he is a gentleman, it seems, of very weighty influence—decide the long-discussed question of the aptitude of the "patent houses" for the "regular drama," and the chances of success to the "regular drama" within the "patent houses."

## COVENT-GARDEN.

The Fitzball again! The houses which used to engross every thing, have, in turn, delivered every thing up to be engrossed in turn by—Mr. Fitzball; and the dramatic muse, as Mr. Jerrold would say, is now flung under the hoofs of the author of Jonathan Bradford. "Carlmlhan, or the Drowned Crew," is the name of the production he has kicked out of her, or kicked her out of, at this theatre. It is a popular superstition, mysteriously treated. The scenery is excellent, however, and the efforts of the mechanist successful beyond all praise.

## ENGLISH OPERA.

We had hoped to have been able to congratulate Mr. Arnold on the achievement of another successful native opera. "Sadak and Kalasrad," however, though exhibiting a very graceful understanding on the part of the young composer of the lighter harmonies in music, failed utterly on the dramatic side. Its instrumentation was throughout extremely poor, and at times even ludicrous. We believe it has been since withdrawn. Under these circumstances it would be unfair to speak of the literary portion of the piece, which, even if much stronger on the dramatic side, could not have weighed up the music. It was furnished by Miss Mitford—and, though we could hear very indistinctly, we fancied we had caught, once or twice, portions of the recitative and songs quite worthy of that excellent writer.

Mr. Serle's new drama, "The Shadow on the Wall," was very highly

successful—well written and well played—full of the deepest and most touching sentiment, and set off, for the purposes of the stage, with the fullest relief of humour;—it had all the best and most lasting elements of success. It is one of those dramas we wish long life to, not less for the sake of the author than for that of the virtuous sympathies of the audience, which it must heighten and extend. With that cordial wish we leave it.

## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

A PAPER recently read gave some account of the great eruption of Vesuvius, which took place in August, 1834, compiled from the MS. of an Italian gentleman, an F. G. S., by Dr. Daubeny. The eruption excited on the spot a great degree of interest; forming, as it did, the concluding link of certain volcanic phenomena which had been in operation since 1831. Immediately prior to the discharge of lava, red-hot stones of immense size, mingled with *scoria*, were thrown out of the crater to a great height, and this was accompanied with considerable noise and shocks, like those produced by an earthquake; the lava invaded the green fields, hamlets, and highways, in a moving mass, half a mile in breadth, and from fifteen to eighteen feet in depth. No fewer than 800 persons were destroyed, and 500 acres of ground covered by it; there were no traces of fusion in the lava; it remained like a dead weight on the surface. In a pond in the vicinity, about thirteen hundred weight of fish, chiefly of that class which congregates at the bottom, like eels, perished; while those which came to the top did not at all suffer; and this curious circumstance was not confined to one spot. Portions of the vapour were collected and condensed; muriatic acid, but no base was present; there was no trace of muriate of ammonia; the sulphate of alumina and lime were also present.

### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Faraday read, at a recent meeting, a paper on the manufacture of pens from quill and steel. The great object of the lecturer was to compare and contrast the pens of ten years ago with those of the present time; his subject, therefore, was naturally divided into two parts, viz., the quill pen, and the steel pen. The chief marts for the former were Russia and Polish Prussia. The extraordinary elasticity of quill and feather was illustrated by showing that a peacock's feather, crumpled and pressed together to the utmost degree, could be perfectly expanded and arranged by subjecting it to the heat of steam. All the operations necessary in pen-making were then shown. The average number of quills manufactured by some of the old established houses in the metropolis was 6,000,000 each, annually. During the last seven years the imports of quills into London were—

In 1828	.	.	.	.	22,418,600
1829	.	.	.	.	23,119,800
1830	.	.	.	.	19,787,400
1831	.	.	.	.	23,070,300
1832	.	.	.	.	17,860,900
1833	.	.	.	.	23,976,600
1834	.	.	.	.	18,732,000

After touching upon the manufacture of the portable pens, and exhibiting the machine (from Morden's) by which they were made, Mr. Faraday proceeded to notice the steel pens of Wyse, Donkin, Wollaston, Doughty, and others. The mode of manufacturing steel pens at present was by the presses and apparatus of Mr. Morden; who, as a member of the Royal Institution, evinced his zeal for its welfare by transporting his beautiful machinery, as well as his men, to the lecture-room. The points of mechanical and chemical philosophy which continually arose as the pens passed

through their numerous stages—fourteen—were of the utmost interest. Mr. Faraday then stated some particulars respecting the present enormous production of pens, and referred to the establishment of Messrs. Gillat, of Birmingham, in which there are about three hundred pair of hands constantly employed, and which consumes about forty tons of steel per annum in the manufacture of this article. One ton of steel can produce 1,935,360 pens, or nearly two millions. The whole production in England was supposed to be equal to thrice that of Gillat's, or about 220,000,000 annually. Steel pens have been made by Wyse above thirty years ago, yet the great trade had arisen within the last nine or ten; and although the quill-pen trade has been somewhat affected by it, the consumption of such pens has diminished very little, and is now increasing. Hence it becomes a matter of curious speculation to consider what would have been the case had steel pens not been introduced; for, taking the importation of quills ten years ago as 22,000,000, or 23,000,000, there is now added to that amount a ten-fold production of steel pens, or about 220,000,000. In considering the manner in which these pens were disposed of, Mr. Faraday stated that many were exported. To account for the disposal of the rest, he took the population as having increased in the above period by one-fourth of its present number: he supposed that, from the diffusion of education, probably the proportion of persons who could write now, as compared with those who did so ten or fifteen years ago, was as four to one; or rather that the proportion of writing was in that ratio. Finally, he considered that the cheapness of the pens now produced would probably cause an increase in the waste amounting to one-third of the whole supply. These causes put together would account for an increase of consumption as seven to one, and with the exports, gave an idea of the manner in which the whole was disposed of.

#### LONDON UNIVERSITY.

The annual general meeting of proprietors of the London University has been held, when the council was authorized to raise by mortgage two thousand five hundred pounds, to complete the North London Hospital. The annual report expressed the satisfaction of the council at the prospects of the institution. The number of students in the faculty of the arts and law is 37; in medicine, 371; in the junior school, 303. The total amount of receipts, 9971*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* The extraordinary expenses of the year amounted to 1218*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*, of which 480*l.* was incurred on account of proceedings to obtain a charter. The report alluded to the measures taken to obtain a charter, a petition for which was first presented in 1831. After receiving the approval of the Crown officers and the Royal signature in two instances, and, being on the eve of receiving the sanction of the Great Seal, its last stage to completion, the heads of the University of Cambridge, and afterwards those of Oxford, interposed, and demanded that a clause should be introduced to restrain the granting of degrees. The council of this institu-

#### University of Cambridge

College of Surgeons applied to be heard against the petition, the grounds of the opposition to the granting of the charter being the absence of all religious instruction, the impropriety of interfering in the regulations for licensing medical practitioners sending a Parliamentary inquiry into the subject, and that the University was supported by shareholders as a joint-stock company, whose shares were transferable in the market. No final decision has yet been made, but the council of management congratulated the proprietors on the success which had attended the medical department, and the establishment of the new hospital, in which there were at present 118 patients, and 90 students attending its practice.

## VARIETIES.

*Church Commission.*—The following is an outline of the report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the Established Church:—

It is proposed to erect two new Bishoprics—one of Manchester, the other of Ripon. The greater part of the new diocese of Manchester is to be taken from the present diocese of Chester. The archdiocese of York to supply the new diocese of Ripon.

The number of bishops in the House of Lords will not, however, be increased, for it is proposed to unite the bishopric of Bristol and Llandaff, the out-laying part of the diocese of Bristol in Wilts and Dorset to pass to the diocese of Salisbury; and also to unite the sees of Bangor and Asaph.

It is likewise proposed to deprive the see of London of those parts of the metropolitan diocese which lie in Essex and Herts, giving to London in return all that, in the represented metropolitan districts, which now belongs to Canterbury or Winchester, so as to make the diocese nearly co-extensive with the represented metropolis. Essex is to be transferred to the bishopric of Rochester.

As regards the revenue, the rule laid down is, that when the annual income of a bishop amounts to 4,500*l.*, no addition should be made, nor any diminution unless it exceeded 5,500*l.* But it is suggested that the two archbishoprics and the bishoprics of London, Durham, and Winchester, require a larger provision. It is added, that this approach to an equalization will diminish the inducements to translation, besides the advantage of a discontinuance of Commendams.

To this report is appended a table containing the net income of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and of the twenty-four bishops for England and Wales, on three years' average, ending Dec. 13, 1831, with the estimated future income. From this it appears that the net income of the Archbishop of Canterbury is 19,182*l.*; that of the Archbishop of York, 12,629*l.*; of the Bishop of London, 13,999*l.*; of the Bishop of Winchester, 11,151*l.*; of the Bishop of Ely, 11,105*l.*; of the Bishop of Durham, 10,066*l.* These are the richest of the Church dignities; the income of the other sees vary from 6,569*l.*, the revenue of the Bishop of Worcester, to 924*l.*, which is the net income of the Bishop of Llandaff; the net revenue of the Bishop of Exeter is 2,713*l.* The total net income of the bishoprics in 1831 was 157,731*l.*

*Criminal Returns.*—By returns showing the number of persons taken into custody by the metropolitan police, and the result of the charges, in the year 1834, which have been recently printed, it appears that 64,269 persons were taken into custody, of whom 34,499 were discharged by the magistrates, 26,302 were summarily convicted or held to bail, 3468 were committed for trial, 2565 were convicted and sentenced, 551 acquitted, 329 not prosecuted (bills not found), and 23 whose cases have not been ascertained. The criminal charge under which the greatest number appears is that of uttering counterfeit coin, 929 having been taken into custody under that charge, of whom, however, 819 were discharged by the magistrates, and 98 convicted and sentenced. The charges of murder have been 26, but only 11 prosecutions upon them have been instituted, and 9 convictions obtained, of which last 8 were declared manslaughter, so that only one execution followed. Not less than 19,779 have been taken into custody for drunkenness, of whom 10,944 obtained their discharge without fine, and 8,835 summarily convicted. A comparative statement of these returns with those published the three previous years, shows that from 1831 to the end of 1834, there is a decrease in the number of persons taken into custody of 8555, an increase during the corresponding period

of 513 of committals for trial, and of 4459 convictions by magistrates. The comparative statements of the intermediate years, following one another, do not exhibit any very remarkable difference, the increase in one year of some cases being counterbalanced by a decrease in the next.

**Malt Tax.**—By the returns before Parliament, the following were the quantities of malt that paid duties in each of the last nine years, from 1825 to 1833 both inclusive:—

	BUSHELS.	DUTY.
1825 . . .	33,679,384 . . .	£4,380,371
1826 . . .	33,906,760 . . .	4,487,083
1827 . . .	27,731,300 . . .	4,367,364
1828 . . .	37,507,242 . . .	4,825,211
1829 . . .	31,808,848 . . .	4,086,506
1830 . . .	29,696,087 . . .	3,798,891
1831 . . .	37,149,462 . . .	4,767,231
1832 . . .	38,766,704 . . .	4,976,694
1833 . . .	40,164,795 . . .	5,153,574

By which it will be seen that the average consumption for the six years, up to 1830, inclusive, was 32,404,718 bushels; and for the three years, 1831, 1832, and 1833, inclusive (being the period since the repeal of the beer duty) the average consumption was 38,693,653 bushels, being an increase in consumption in the three last years of rather more than 19 per cent. The increase of consumption may fairly be attributed to the repeal of the beer duty in 1830, by which the price of beer was reduced; and by the account of the revenue, it appears that the receipts from other branches have increased in that time, so that the defalcation in total of the revenue, notwithstanding the reduction of three millions beer duty, has been very little.

**Importation of Foreign Timber through the British North American Ports.**—A return has been printed of the vessels' names and tonnage, the European ports whence the timber was originally shipped, the British American ports to which it was conveyed, the British ports into which it was imported, and its quantity and description. The number of those vessels was thirteen, and their united tonnage 3507; ten were originally from Memel, one from Riga, and two from Egersund (Norway); nine of them proceeded to Halifax, three to Pictou, and one to Sydney (Cape Breton); and three imported their cargoes into London, three into Liverpool, two into Portsmouth, and one each into Gloucester, Newcastle, Sunderland, St. Ives, and Cork. The total quantity imported was 3838 loads, and 355 pieces of fir timber, 2059 pieces of lath wood, and 130 great hundreds of staves.

**Convicts.**—Two reports from Mr. Capper, up to the 29th of January, 1835, are just printed, relative to the convicts confined in the hulks at Portsmouth, Gosport, Chatham, and Woolwich, and working at Bermuda, in which are found the following statements:—The convicts have been generally healthy. Since the transportation of the elder boys, considerable improvement has taken place amongst the younger ones, and the convicts at Bermuda continue orderly and healthy. On the 1st of January, 1834, there were 3060 prisoners on boards the hulks in England, since which there have been received 4354; of these 4302 have been transported to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, 702 have been discharged, 142 have died, 2 have escaped, and 2556 remained in the hulks on the 1st of January last. The total expenses of the hulks in England last year amounted to 44,257*l.*, and the value of the convicts' labour to 33,123*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; and at Bermuda their expense amounted to 23,929*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*; and the value of their work to 30,160*l.* 4*s.*

By an account which has been returned to the House of Commons, it appears that the ten inspectors for the county of Middlesex, appointed

under the new act, have rejected 26,301 false weights, and 20,996 false measures; for which service, and marking 227,100 true weights, and 377,897 true measures, they have received in fees 3974*l.* 3*s.* 11*d.*

*National Vaccine Institution.*—The report of this Institution is just published. It appears from it that the deaths by small pox in London last year were only 334, a number less by at least 4000 than the annual average of deaths by that disorder before Vaccination was discovered, though the population of the metropolis was then more than one-fourth less than its present amount. The applications to this Institution for vaccinating material, last year, were 42 from the Navy, 34 from the Army, 53 from foreign stations, and 107 from Provincial Dispensaries. There were vaccinated last year at the Institution 11,571 poor persons; and 83,191 charges of lymph were sent out.

There are at this moment as many as eight ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer living:—Lord Sidmouth, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Bexley, (who held that office eleven years,) Earl Ripon, Mr. Herries, Mr. Goulburn, Earl Spencer, and Sir Robert Peel. The number of persons living who have held the office of Premier, or First Lord of the Treasury, is six:—Lord Sidmouth, the Earl of Ripon, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, Lord Melbourne, and Sir Robert Peel.

Sir Robert Peel's Administration was the shortest known in England, at least since 1760, the date of accession of George the Third: it lasted only 118 days. The other short ones during that period were that of Lord Shelburne in 1782, which lasted five days longer; that of Mr. Canning, the duration of which was 135; and of the Earl of Ripon, which was 162 days. The duration of Lord Melbourne's first Administration was 186 days.

The Navy Estimates for the current year present a reduction of 330,000*l.* as compared with those of the preceding one.

The total number of slaves in Jamaica, on the 1st of last August, was 309,167, which have been valued at 15,352,306*s.*, or 40*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.* each.

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

*Fall of Fish.*—A correspondent of the "Asiatic Journal" at Bengal gives the following particulars of a fall of fish, which happened on the 17th of May last, in the neighbourhood of Allahabad:—"The Zemindars of the village have furnished the following particulars, which are confirmed by other accounts. About noon, the wind being from the west, and a few distant clouds visible, a blast of high wind, accompanied with much dust, which changed the atmosphere to a reddish yellow hue, came on: the blast appeared to extend in breadth about 400 yards, choppers were carried off, and trees blown down. When the storm had passed over, they found the ground south of the village to the extent of two bigahs strewed with fish, in number no less than 3000 or 4000. The fish were all of the Chalwa species (*Clopea Cultrata*, Shakespeare's Dictionary), a span or less in length, and from one and a half to half a seer in weight. When found they were all dead and dry. Chalwa fish are found in the tanks and rivers in the neighbourhood. The nearest tank in which there is water is about half a mile south of the village. The Jumna runs about three miles south of the village, the Ganges fourteen miles N. by E. The fish were not eaten; it is said that in the pan they turned into blood!"

The "Diario di Roma" announces that on making some repairs in the vestry of the church at Pieva, a discovery was made of a magnificent arabesque painting by Perugino, representing the infant Saviour in a manger, surrounded by numerous figures remarkable for their beauty;



and on searching further, there were found four vases in terra cotta, evidently of great antiquity, on one of which was a note by Perugino, certifying that the painting was executed by him.

*The Dutch Navy.*—The official list of the Dutch Navy has just been published, from which it appears it consists of 2 ships of 84 guns; 6 ships of 74 guns; 1 ship of 64 guns; 3 ships of 60 guns; 16 ships of 44 guns; 6 ships of 32 guns; 12 ships of 28 guns; 4 ships of 20 guns; 9 ships of 18 guns; 4 ships of 14 guns; 1 ship of 12 guns; 3 ships of 8 guns; 4 steam-boats, and 4 transports.—Total, 75.

*The Crime of Poisoning.*—The French chemists make the following proposition, in order to render less frequent the crime of poisoning, and to put on their guard those who may be marked out as the victims of revenge, jealousy, or the like. From 1824 to 1832 the number of individuals accused of poisoning was 273, and it appeared that in many instances the intended victims have been saved by the bad taste communicated to the food by the poisonous substance. It is, therefore, recommended that it should be rendered compulsory to colour or give a flavour to all poisonous substances which would not be deteriorated by the admixture. For the latter purposes aloes have been suggested, and of this many English as well as French chemists have approved. It has also been recommended to scent all poisons with the same odour—musk, for instance.

*The Inquisition.*—A curious publication, showing the number of victims that have been sacrificed by the Inquisition, has just appeared, and according to which 105,285 fell under Torquemada, 51,167 under Cisneros, 34,952 under Diego Perez. Those who suffered under the inquisitors who preceded these three monsters amounted to 3,410,215. It is reckoned that 31,912 have been burnt alive, 15,659 have suffered the punishment of the statute, and 291,450 that of the penitentiaries. 500,000 families have been destroyed by the Inquisition, and it has cost Spain two millions of her children.

The master of a fishing smack belonging to Port-en-Bessin, on the coast of Normandy, on attempting to draw in his net, found it retained by some extremely heavy body. With much difficulty it was at last safely lodged in the boat, and found to be a conical mass, completely covered with seaweed and shells. These are cleared away, and disclosed a large bell, weighing about 180 lbs., beautifully wrought, and containing in its metal a great portion of silver. According to the traditions of the country, this bell must have belonged to a large foreign ship, which was wrecked off that coast in the time of William the Conqueror.

*Enumeration made by M. Arago of all the Severe Winters during the last Ten Centuries.*—In 806 the Rhone was frozen over; the cold was from 18 to 20 centigrade degrees below Zero. In 1133 the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea. In 1234 loaded waggons crossed the Adriatic in front of Venice. In 1305 all the rivers of France were frozen over. In 1324 it was possible to travel from Denmark to Lubec and Dantzic on the ice. In 1334 all the rivers of Provence and Italy were frozen; at Paris the frost lasted two months and twenty days. In 1468 it was necessary to break up the wine in Flanders with hatchets, in order to serve it out to the soldiers. In 1544 the same became requisite in France. In 1594 the sea was frozen from Marseilles to Venice. In 1657 the Seine was entirely frozen over. In 1677 the Seine was frozen for thirty-five successive days. In 1709 the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, from Marseilles to Genoa, were frozen. In 1716 shops were established on the Thames; and finally, the Seine was entirely frozen over in 1742, 1744, 1766, 1767, 1776, 1788, and 1829.—*Paris Advertiser.*

A curious fact stated in the Report of the Bank of Savings at Amiens

is, that in the course of the year 1834 there was spent in the public-houses of Amiens 1,051,685*l.* 74*c.*, of which 744,140*l.* 40*c.* was for brandy only. The number of drams taken in the year was 15,874,493, which makes 43,493 daily.

There has been lately found at Crotroy, in the Somme, a human skeleton, with an iron ring soldered round the neck, apparently of the 13th or 14th century. The weight of the ring is considerable, though much eaten by rust.

*Jean Jaques Rousseau*.—A statue in bronze, by Pradier, a countryman of Rousseau's, has been placed, with great pomp, in the city of Geneva. It is seven feet high above the pedestal, and has been the result of a subscription, among the contributors to which we see the names of many clergymen.

*Cervantes*.—The celebrated sculptor, Antonio Sola, director of the Spanish Academy at Rome, has just completed a bronze statue of Michael Cervantes, which is to be placed in the square of Santa Catalina, at Madrid, opposite the Chamber of Procuradores.

There has recently been discovered in a garret over the public library at Cambray, a collection of the bulls of the different Popes, addressed to the prelates who have successively filled the see of Cambray, and which will be highly interesting to archæologists. The greater part are in fine preservation.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE state of the weather has been particularly favourable for barley sowing up to the 15th of April, when a sudden and violent transition, produced by cold north and north-east winds, brought storms of sleet, hail, and snow, which covered the land and melted away by turns during the hours of two nights and days. But there is reason to suppose that previous to that time by far the greater portion of the seed had been got in, and certainly under as auspicious circumstances as were ever remembered. From all we can learn, the Chevalier has been almost universally adopted, and it is probable the greatest possible breadth has been sown from the apparently advantageous promise which the increasing demand for malt holds out. Thus the great operation of spring-culture is most successfully past. We have seen the grain coming up beautifully over large tracts; indeed, there is nothing more remarkable than the improvement since the drill has superseded the broad-cast. Yet how difficult it was to persuade the farmer to the change! Even in Norfolk it was nine years before Mr. Coke could induce a single tenant of his own to follow his example, though his success was then so widely made known by the annual Holkham sheep-shearings. Now, probably, there is hardly an acre cultivated in the old method—a sufficient hint to the occupier to keep his eyes upon practical improvement.

The peas also look equally well, particularly where they have been got early into the ground,—a plan we have the assurance of the first agriculturist to warrant us in saying ascertains this somewhat doubtful crop. The wheats before the fall of the snow looked thin and cold, though the colour was good. It is probable that the mildness of the winter, though it has encouraged the growth, has been not less favourable to the wire-worm, and to the operation of this insect is to be attributed the failure where the plant seems to have disappeared. But, upon the whole, the winter passed over well. The fall of lambs is great. Turnips have held out; and though the Spring cannot be considered to be forward, there will be

no lack of grass, particularly if we have now a few warm days. The bottoms of the clovers are full and thriving.

But what is to be the consequence of the state of the trade in wheat and its continued depression?—a depression from which there appears to be not only no present hope of rescue, but none of any future permanent alteration or improvement; while it seems certain that the markets were never so largely supplied, the stocks do not appear to have undergone any important diminution. There are still plenty of stacks to be seen in the rick-yards and fields. Yet we know the quantities consumed; first on account of the low price, which has tempted the employment of wheat for many uses not at all customary, especially for malting; and secondly, because the necessity of bringing a double quantity to sale to raise the same sum of money that would formerly have been raised by the moiety must have been incalculably greater. In one week (towards the close of last month) nearly 15,000 quarters were brought into the port of London from England alone, and the supply has been every week since tolerably large. This, too, is said to have happened in the very teeth of the fact, that all who are not driven by necessity into the market are holding back their wheat in the hope of some reaction. Now, as wheat has up to this time furnished the staple commodity of a farm—the ground of the computation of its produce and value—the grain from the price of which rent and other expenses are calculated and charged, and according to the same standard the measure of legislative protection, what is to be the event? If, as there appears good reason to believe, the growth is more than equal to the demand, it will be impossible to say where the depression is to stop. Certainly not at all short of the continental price; and, as the continental price depends much upon the English demand, it should seem that the course of things is bringing about that change which has been so long the object of contest between the landed and manufacturing interests, and that the approximation of the English to the continental price, by the natural tendency of a production equal to the consumption, is virtually and practically on the eve of consummating the abolition of the Corn Laws. Such being the command of Nature and art combining to this end, as it were; surely it would be best for the Government to avail itself of this co-operation, and to get rid at once of a question which will continue to be a subject of perpetual dissatisfaction and discord. The times can never be more favourable. If at the same instant the Malt Tax can be abrogated and the Corn Laws abolished, the ground of complaint would be removed both on the side of the agriculturist and the manufacturer. And to this, it is sufficiently obvious, do what they will, Ministers must come at last.

The public has been irritated though deluded, for we know not how many years, by the perpetual reiteration of the cry that the cupidity of the landlords was the ruin of the country. We need scarcely say that these clamours have proceeded from persons whose ignorance of rural economy, as well as of the political economy of rural affairs, has been most profound; and it is lamentable to know that “the leading journals” of the metropolis have not been amongst the most backward or the least culpable. It is not to be denied that the rent of land, occasioned principally by the outlay of capital and the exertions of skill in the improvement of the soil, stimulated by high prices during the war, had greatly advanced previous to the peace. But it is also true, that since that period land has suffered a depression, varying, probably, according to situation and circumstances, from 25 to 40 per cent.

Within the last few weeks a very simple, clear, and injurious method of demonstrating that rent is not the important particular it has been represented to be, has been put forth in one of the journals (“The Mark Lane Express”) devoted to agricultural matters. “The fact,” says the writer, “we think will be found, is, that the rent bears so small a proportion to the produce and other expenses of a farm, that no diminution of it can

effectually relieve the grower. An acre of good land, well cultivated, would produce twenty-four bushels of wheat, and the rent of which land may be calculated at 24s.; if wheat declines 1s. per bushel, the whole amount of rent is at once lost. As far as the interests of the consumer are involved, if the English landlords were at once to say, 'We will relinquish all our rents from corn lands—all shall be freely cultivated, and we are content to be ruined,' it would not relieve the consumer to the amount of *one penny* a loaf, and which may be thus simply exemplified:—Flour to compose the standard wheaten bread, by the old Assize Act of 13 Geo. III., c. 62, was calculated to bear three-fourths proportion of the weight of the wheat, of which it was made: the weight of the quarter loaf being 4 lbs. 5½ oz. Having alluded to the Act, we will continue the old weights and measures therein specified: a Winchester quarter, of average quality, of wheat will weigh 476 lbs.; one-fourth is allowed by the said Act to be deducted for offal when ground in flour, but when made into bread, it will regain about one-fifth of the original weight; a Winchester quarter, therefore, will produce about 448 lbs. of standard wheaten bread, which is rather more than 103 quartern loaves, or make it even numbers—say 100. An acre of land, as above stated, yielding twenty-four bushels, and let at 24s., will therefore produce 300 loaves; take, then, from each loaf one penny, or 300 pence, making 25s., and more than the amount of the rent is done away with. Thus, if the owners of corn-land were to sacrifice the whole of their income, how small a proportionate benefit would the consumer derive—the one party ruined, to cause a trifling alleviation to the other."

This is clear—this is conclusive. What then is to be done for the relief of agriculture? The case seems hopeless! Agriculture, it must be replied, is like other things; and embracing a much wider extent of circumstances and contingencies, both natural and social, than appertain to any other commerce, it will be of course affected more extensively, often more unexpectedly, and always more uncontrollably, than any other. But still, left to its own instinct and resources, it will right itself. The price of wheat, no more than the amount of rent, is not the only particular, barley and other grain, mangel wozel, turnips, and grasses comingling with the raising of stock; sheep, and wool have become, and may probably remain, more important objects of profit. If, as we have no hesitation in prophesying must happen, and probably soon, the artificial restrictions on all sides be removed, then will skill, capital, and industry work their usual effects. We can but believe that the major part of the distress arises out of the artificial state of things. The unnaturally raised rent converted the proprietor—once the country gentleman—into a cosmopolitan; instead of giving his personal attention to his estate, he demitted the trust to a steward, and he now feels the consequences. He deserted his own place and his own affairs—he revelled in the luxuries of the metropolis and the expensive gaieties of the watering-places—he lost his habits and his knowledge—and he now suffers only the natural results. He retains his extravagant desires and expenses, while the means of supplying them have gradually slipped away from his grasp; and not less unluckily, his want of acquaintance with the incidents and economy of his estate unfit him for redressing his own evils. This is the history of half the estates now falling into ruin from the absence of their owners, and which are infinitely more in number than the world at large conjectures. The high prices had a similar effect upon the tenantry, and the unnatural stimulus, by turning so vast a portion of the capital and attention of the nation to agriculture during the high times, has precipitated the labourer into the same abyss. He suffers from the decline of employment occasioned by the return to old prices—not perhaps to a greater degree; but he is far more sensible of the evil, because he has no alternative resource. The competition of the increased numbers of his class is but the symptom of the decreased profits

of the trade in which he is but an instrument. What then will be done? There are three things the Legislature can do, but whether they will we pretend not to decide. These are—First, to repeal the malt tax, and whatever other imposts bear directly upon land; secondly, to abolish the Corn-Laws; and thirdly, to commute the tithes. Touching the maintenance of the poor, which after all is perhaps the heaviest burden, a large experiment is in the course of trial, and, however doubtful its success, the issue must be patiently awaited. Till these things are done, there will be little peace in the rural community; they depend indeed upon general politics, but still they will command attention, for the landed interest is now too well instructed in the arts of agitation "to suffer and be still."

## RURAL ECONOMY.

*The Annat Barley, a new Variety of Barley.*—This new and seemingly very superior variety is the produce of three ears which were picked by Mr. Gorrie, Annat Gardens, in a field on the farm of Flawcraig, Carse of Gowrie, Perthshire, in the harvest of 1830; since which period it has been grown at Annat Gardens. Hence its name. Last season it was sown on a ridge in the middle of a field, with common barley on one side, and Chevalier on the other. In bulk of straw it seemed to have the advantage of both these kinds; it was five days earlier ripe than the former, and about a fortnight before the latter; and it was also 2½lb. per bushel heavier than the Chevalier. From the Annat barley being of so recent introduction, it will be two years at least before a sufficient quantity of seed can be produced to render it the subject of extensive cultivation.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

*On the Fertility of Grain.*—Transplant, in the months of February or March, from the field into a fresh dug piece of ground in your garden, fifty plants of wheat; to be planted out in rows, twelve inches apart, and nine inches from each other in the rows. In the months of March or April transplant fifty plants of oats, in the same way, and at the same distances; let the intervals be well hoed, and kept clean of weeds, as long as you can get among them; each plant of wheat will tiller out, from the root, from six to sixteen stems, each producing an ear of wheat. The stems from the oats are not so numerous as the wheat, but the grains of oats are far more abundant; this affords great encouragement for the allotment system now so much and properly resorted to for the benefit of our agricultural labourers. It is likewise a plain and simple method of proving the advantages to be derived from the row culture, both as to the employment it occasions and the remuneration it affords.

*Whale-Oil as a Manure.*—It appears, from the report of the Doncaster Agricultural Association, that one gallon of whale-oil has been proved equal to one bushel of bones in raising turnips. It should be mixed with screened soil at least one month before using, in the proportion of a gallon to three bushels of soil. Should succeeding trials be favourable, it will be of greater importance than even bone-dust. Unrefined whale-oil averages about 1s. 3d. per gallon.

## USEFUL ARTS.

*Iodine and Guaiacum.*—A correspondent of the "Medical Gazette" notices the following curious fact:—"On the addition of a very minute portion of iodine to a small quantity of an alcoholic solution of the powder of guaiacum, I observed a very fine blue colour, varying in its different shades according to the quantities used. The decomposition of iodine which here takes place," he proceeds, "bears so close an analogy to that effect which is produced by starch, that all I feel surprised at is, that it has not been mentioned before. The circumstances that are necessary for the success of the one experiment hold good in the other; and the modifications also are in a great measure alike."

*Specific against Fire.*—A French chemist states that the phosphate of ammonia is preventive against fire; that a piece of muslin dipped in a solution of this salt, after having been dried, will not catch fire when exposed to the flame of a candle. The muslin at first becomes black, is then reddened, but there is no appearance of flame.

*Instantaneous Magnetic Light.*—A magnetic application of the philosophical researches of Professor Faraday, and the mechanical arrangements of Professor Ritchie and Mr. Saxton, has, we are informed, been contrived by Mr. Newman, the philosophical instrument maker in Regent-street—the principle of the apparatus not requiring the use of either acids or gases, allowing the greatest facility in its employment, without being liable to be easily deranged, or affected by dampness or changes of temperature—possessing, at the same time, as we are informed, all the power of the magneto-electric machine, and being capable also of use as a philosophical instrument, for effecting decomposition and ignition.

*Black Lead Pencils.*—A. M. Fichtemberg, of Paris, has invented a combination which is said to possess all the desirable qualities of the pure plumbazine, or plumbago, of Cumberland.

*An Important Improvement in Shoes and Boots.*—The following method of preparing water-proof leather at a very small expense, will be found invariably to succeed:—Take one pint of drying oil, two ounces of yellow wax, two ounces of spirit of turpentine, and one ounce of Burgundy pitch, melted carefully over a slow fire; with this composition new shoes and boots are to be rubbed in the sun, or at a distance from the fire, with a sponge, as often as they become dry, until they are fully saturated; the leather then is impervious to wet, the shoes and boots last much longer, acquire softness and pliability, and thus prepared, are the most effectual preservatives against cold and chilblains.

*Propelling Vessels by Quicksilver.*—It is said, in a Hamburg paper, that Lord Cochrane's scheme for propelling vessels by quicksilver instead of steam, is objected to at St. Petersburg, on scientific grounds. It is asserted that if the plan were proved to be advantageous in a mechanical point of view, it would still be impracticable. In support of this opinion, it is remarked that no piston of a steam engine is so exactly fitted to its cylinder as to prevent the passage of steam, and that every lubricating matter which might be applied would, in the heat of the boiling mercury, at 600 degrees of Fahrenheit, be partly evaporated, partly carbonized. Moreover, no lubricating substance exists, which is capable of obstructing the passage of the vapour, and its ascent from quicksilver would be greater than the ascent from steam. The atmosphere of the vessel would, therefore, be completely loaded with mercurial effluvia, and thus rendered highly dangerous to the health of the crew and the passengers. This objection, which appears to be well founded, renders it the more desirable that experiments should be made to ascertain whether a sufficient motive power may not be obtained by means of the galvanic battery in the Adelaide Gallery.

## BANKRUPTS,

FROM MARCH 24, TO APRIL 24, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

March 24.—G. WILLIAMS, Union-court, Old Broad-street, merchant. F. F. THOMPSON, Sloane-street, Chelsea, wine-merchant. C. BEVAN, Great Portland-street, Marylebone, china-dealer. W. ALLEN, Holt, Norfolk, grocer. R. OWEN, Carnarvon, draper. T. YORK, Northampton, carver and gilder. T. KENNINGTON, Wrayby, Lincolnshire, horse-dealer. R. WILLIAMS, Trederwen, Montgomeryshire, nurseryman. T. WADLEY, Liverpool, merchant. W. WILKES and R. WILKES, Shrewsbury, drapers. T. HARBUTT, Tynemouth, Northumberland, brewer. J. BAYLEY, Manchester, commission-agent.

March 27.—J. LEONARD, Rugeley, Staffordshire, bookseller. E. EYRE, Wells-street, Oxford-street, blind-maker. C. CAMPBELL, Arundel-street, Strand, lodging-house keeper. H. SWAN, Great Knight-Rider-street, City, money-scrivener. W. SPICER, Tower-street, Seven Dials, licensed victualler. R. JOHNSON, Snelinton, Nottinghamshire, lace-manufacturer. S. GLOVER, Thackley, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer. W. WHITLEY, Liverpool, money-scrivener. T. ALLISON, Manchester, warehouseman. J. S. SMITH, Manchester, merchant. J. CUNNINGTON, sen., and J. CUNNINGTON, jun., Spalding, Lincolnshire, ironmongers. R. HACKWARTH, Moulton, Lincolnshire, wheelwright. W. B. MITCHELL, Sheffield, Yorkshire, merchant. J. KNIGHT, Hastings, innkeeper. H. ANDREWS, Bristol, paper-hanger. E. HARDY, Swanage, Isle of Purbeck, Dorsetshire, innkeeper.

March 31.—A. NEIRINCKX, Hammersmith, builder. M. ARNOLD, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, bookseller. G. BAKER, Davies-street, Berkeley-square, ironmonger. T. WATERFIELD, Dunstable, straw-hat manufacturer. S. F. GRAY, New Bond-street, chemist. J. GLOSSOP, Victoria Theatre, printer. T. IDLE, Manchester, fishmonger. W. HANKES, Macclesfield, brewer. J. BROWN, Workington, Cumberland, mercer. J. WHITE, Burton-under-Needwood, Staffordshire, Druggist. J. S. WITHERDEN, Margate, blacksmith.

April 3.—W. ROBSON, George-street, City, printer. J. TAYLOR, Coleman-street, City, merchant. T. SMITH, jun., East Grinstead, Sussex, chemist. J. THOMAS, Cole's-wharf, Thomas-street, Horsleydown, granary-keeper. D. BYAS, Oxford-street, upholsterer. J. G. MANDOX, Bristol, druggist. W. FOX, Wiston-hill, Norwood, victualler. R. NICHOLS, Wakefield, bookseller. B. BOARDMAN, Norwich, tailor. J. HILL, South Milford, Yorkshire, tinsel-dealer. C. COWDEROY, Kensington, Surrey, grocer and trader. J.

ROOTH, Shirland, Derbyshire, corn-factor. J. S. SMITH and J. G. BIRD, Manchester, merchants. J. MALLETT, East-street, Walworth, grocer.

April 7.—J. RUDDOCK, King-street, Portman-square, livery stable keeper. E. W. GRATWICK, Goswell-street, tea dealer. E. RUSSELL and W. P. M. CROFT, New Tothill-street, Westminster, tobacco-nists. J. MORRIS, sen., and J. MORRIS, jun., Upper St. Martin's-lane, auctioneers. F. P. COUCH, Launceston, horse dealer. J. MORRIS, Carmarthen, ironmonger. J. BELLAMY, Tynemouth, farmer. C. SALSBURY, Hull, hatter. R. DYSON, Gloucester-street, Queens-square, tailor.

April 10.—R. CAYLEY, Queen's-row, Walworth, merchant. J. STYLES, North Brixton, lodging-house keeper. R. HALL, Paradise-street, Rotherhithe, general dealer. G. GREEN and A. LYNN, Golden-lane, Barbican, saddlers' ironmongers. W. WARD, Coventry, ribbon manufacturer. J. EDMUNDSON, Blackburn, cotton manufacturer. R. VERRARD, Bristol, flax dresser.

April 14.—A. GOODBODY, Ludgate-street, City, tailor. J. CLAYTON, Buxton, Derbyshire, draper. W. DIX, Burslem, Staffordshire, draper. J. H. SEWARD, Leominster, Herefordshire, wine merchant. J. MARCHETTI, Torquay, Devonshire, victualler. S. W. HARRISON and W. HARRISON, North Shields, ship owners. J. SHELTON, Walsell, Staffordshire, publican.

April 17.—T. KIRTLAN and W. BRUCE, Blackman-street, Surrey, woollen drapers. J. S. WILSON, Agnes-place, Waterloo-road, coach proprietor. W. GOTTON, Gutter-lane, Cheap-side, fishmonger. E. TARDIEU, Berners-street, Oxford-street, dealer in lace. R. W. JOHNSON, Gloucester, merchant. G. PELL, Buttock's Booth, Weston Favell, Northamptonshire, victualler.

April 21.—F. RODBART and C. MASSINA, Hammersmith, schoolmasters. W. SAYKS, Horsham, Sussex, baker. W. HARRIS, Fareham, Southampton, cattle-salesman. R. ORD, Blisphorpe, Yorkshire, dealer. T. SMALLWOOD, Birmingham, grocer. W. WILLIAMS, Pontymvile, Monmouthshire, shop-keeper. T. RAYNER, Manchester, victualler.

April 24.—R. W. SAVAGE, Great Rider-str., St. James's, dealer. T. L. TERRY, Cornhill, vintner. D. TYE, Weybridge, cattle and sheep salesman. T. BOWETT, Northampton, tin-plate worker. W. HOGARTH, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builder. T. BACKHOUSE, Wakefield, Yorkshire, plumber.

## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

The general condition of the manufacturing interests in the country is satisfactory; the cotton mills and looms are in full employ, and the woollen manufactures, though somewhat depressed by the season of the year, are certainly not more so than is usually the case. The Silk trade is all bustle and activity, and, in some instances, mills hitherto otherwise occupied have been converted to this branch of manufacture.

In the Colonial Market, there has been a degree of inactivity of late, but rather attributable to the holiday season than to any permanent cause. The Sugar trade is considered to be generally in a healthy state, affording a fair remunerating price to the grower, to the importer, and to the dealer; the weekly deliveries are larger than at the corresponding period of last year, and with every appearance of its continuing to be so. The principal arrivals from the West Indies are expected to be somewhat larger than last year, but it is not anticipated that there will be any considerable decrease in the quantity. The present quotations show a depreciation to the extent of about 1s. per cwt. during the last fortnight; they are as follows:—Jamaica, brown, 51s. to 52s.; middling, 53s. to 55s.; good to very fine, 56s. to 60s.; Demerara, brown, 49s. to 51s.; middling, 51s. to 55s.; good to fine, 56s. to 58s. A large public sale of Mauritius Sugars, amounting to more than 8000 bags, took place recently; but being generally of a strong quality suited to refiners, it went off at full prices. In East India and Foreign Sugars the transactions have lately been unimportant. The present stock of West India Muscovades is 11,800 hhds. and trs., being 4600 more than last year; that of Mauritius is 108,400 bags, which is 18,300 more than last year. The last average price of Sugar is 17. 10s. 4½d. per cwt.

The market for Refined Sugars is dull; the holders ask 33s. 6d.; biddings of 33s. are freely made, and some sales are effected at 33s. 3d.

The Coffee Market is heavy; but the prices of British Plantation do not give way: the quotations are—for Jamaica, ordinary, 73s. to 78s.; good to fine ordinary, 80s. to 90s.; middling, 92s. to 105s.; good to fine, 107s. to 123s. In East India and Foreign Coffee there is nothing doing. An application has

been lately made to the Lords of the Treasury urging a further reduction of the Duty by one-third,—namely, to 4d. per lb. on West India, and to 6d. per lb. on East India Coffee: the answer, which was transmitted shortly before the late change in the Ministry, was not of a favourable nature.

Rum presents little variation; the prices lately realized have been for Leewards, 6 over-proof, 2s. 2d. per gallon; strong Demerara, 27 and 28 over, 2s. 9d., and 37 to 38 over, 3s. 1d.

The Cotton Market continues very firm, though the holidays have caused some suspension of business; the sales in the preceding week amounted in London to 8000 bags, and in Liverpool to 35,000 packages. East India sold at an advance of ½d. to ¾d. per lb.; American and Brazil, ½d. to ¾d. per lb. higher.

The stock of Wool being now very low, and a fair share of business doing by the manufacturers, the holders are firm in their demands for increased prices.

In Indigo there has been nothing material done since the termination of the public sales; in Spices there has been considerable activity, particularly in Pepper and Nutmegs; for a fine parcel of the latter as much as 7s. 6d. per lb. has been obtained.

The Corn Market has long been free from any of those sudden fluctuations by which fortunes were decided in Mark Lane with as much rapidity as in Capel Court; and of late the variations have been as trifling as in any other article of merchandize. As an instance of this, it is to be observed that the average price of Wheat for the last week differs but 6d. per quarter from the average of the last six weeks; and in other descriptions of grain the difference is still less.

The English Funds, which exhibited symptoms of depression during the period when it was to a certain degree doubtful whether another appeal would be made to the people by means of a general election, have acquired additional firmness by the formation of a Ministry without having recourse to this exciting experiment. Since the principal appointments have been made, Consols have been steadily, though slowly advancing, and are now about ½ per cent. better than at the beginning of the month; and this has taken place notwithstanding a scarcity of money, which



has reduced the premium on India Bonds and Exchequer Bills.

The Foreign Stock Market has been the scene of great excitement, particularly in South American Securities, in which a most rapid and unaccountable advance took place; in the space of a month Chilean Bonds rose from 47 to 57; Colombian from 40 to 54; Mexican from 43 to 51; and Peruvian from 29 to 43. As there is no better foundation for this extraordinary rise than vague conjecture or wild speculation, it may be expected that the reaction will be as rapid and as extensive. With much better reason have the Bonds of Spain and Portugal been in a continued course of improvement; until the latter from the quotation of 94½ have come within a fraction of 100; and the former have advanced from 65 to nearly 72. The other descriptions of Foreign Stock are improved, though not to the same extent.

The Share Market has been lately in a very inanimate state; but the spirit of speculation seems now about to call new projects into activity.

The closing quotations of the principal Securities, on the 24th, are subjoined:—

#### ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 217, 18—Three per Cent.

Reduced, 91½;—Three per Cent. Consols, 92½—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 99½—Three and a Half per Cent. New, 100½—Long Annuities, expire Jan., 1866, 16½—India Stock, 259 60—Ditto Bonds, 18 20—Exchequer Bills, 1000, and Small, 36 7—Bank for Account, shut—India ditto, shut—Consols ditto, 92½ 3.

#### SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 8, 9—Bolanos, 145 50 Brazilian, Imperial, 43 4—Ditto D'El Rey, 7½ 8—Canada, 40 1—Colombian, 13 14—Real Del Monte, 35 6—United Mexican, 6½ 7½—Candonga, 1½ 2½.

#### FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 104½ 5—Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 88½—Chilian, 6 per cent. 54½ 5½—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 50 ½—Danish, 3 per cent. 76½ 77½—Dutch, 2½ per cent. 57½ ½—Ditto, 5 per cent. 101½ ½—Mexican, 6 per cent. 49 ½—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 39 ½—Portuguese, 3 per cent. 74½ ½—Ditto Regency, 5 per cent. 99½ ½—Russian 0/ sterling, 5 per cent. 108½ 9—Spanish, 1821, 5 per cent. 71½ ½—Ditto, 1835, Scrip, 5 per cent. 10½ ½—Ditto, passive 5 per cent. 21 22—Ditto, deferred, 5 per cent. 33½ 34.

## MONTHLY DIGEST.

### GREAT BRITAIN. THE REVENUE.

Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the								
*	Yrs. ended Apr. 5.		In-crease.	De-crease.	Yrs. ended Apr. 5.		In-crease.	De-crease.
	1834.	1835.			1834.	1835.		
Customs....	3,603,267	4,286,877	683,610	.....	15,133,005	17,620,305	2,487,300	.....
Excise .....	2,703,561	1,877,574	.....	1,015,987	14,943,943	12,150,068	.....	2,793,875
Stamps .....	1,671,450	1,634,382	.....	17,063	6,586,093	6,565,171	.....	20,927
Taxes .....	483,351	245,364	.....	237,987	4,665,846	4,312,627	.....	553,219
Post-Office ..	334,000	339,000	5,000	.....	1,374,000	1,386,000	12,000	.....
Miscellane....	11,285	10,988	.....	297	51,940	56,622	4,682	.....
	8,806,944	8,244,190			42,954,837	42,090,793		
Repayments of Advances for Public Works &c..	123,461	716,734	59,273	.....	366,115	478,632	112,517	.....
Total .....	8,930,405	8,960,924	796,833	1,271,334	43,320,952	42,569,425	2,616,499	3,868,026
	Deduct Increase .....			796,833	Deduct Increase .....			2,616,499
	Decrease on the Quarter ....			474,451	Decrease on the Year .....			751,527

From the reduction of house and other taxes, a falling-off in the receipts had been anticipated, which has been realised, the general income appearing this year less than the last by 751,527*l.*, whilst upon the quarter it is less by 474,451*l.* As contributing to this result, it would appear that all the sources of public wealth (certainly the main channels) have been less productive this year than the last. The Customs show an improvement upon the year of 2,487,300*l.*, and upon the quarter of 683,610*l.*; but the Excise duties have fallen off 2,793,880*l.* upon the year, and 1,015,987*l.* upon the quarter. The stamp-duties, which appear to be as regularly diminishing in amount yearly as the revenue for the Post-office is increasing, are less this year and quarter by 20,927*l.* and 17,063*l.* respectively, as those of the Post-office are better by 12,000*l.* for the year, and 25,000*l.* for the quarter. Under the head of Assessed Taxes, the defalcation is to the amount of 553,219*l.* for the year, and 237,987*l.* for the quarter. The "Miscellaneous" have increased upon the year, to the amount of 4,682*l.*, but are worse upon the quarter, compared with that of last year, by 297*l.* As moneys received in the way of re-payments for former advances to public works, the increase is upon the year 112,517*l.* and upon the quarter, 88,273*l.* The probable amount of Exchequer Bills required for the service of the quarter is estimated at 4,973,105*l.*

## LIST OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

## THE CABINET.

First Lord of the Treasury .....	Lord Melbourne.
President of the Council .....	Lord Lansdowne.
First Lord of the Admiralty .....	Lord Auckland.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster .....	Lord Holland.
Woods, Works, and Privy Seal .....	Lord Duncannon.
Home Secretary .....	Lord John Russell.
Foreign Secretary .....	Lord Palmerston.
Colonial Secretary .....	Mr. Charles Grant.
India Board .....	Sir John Cam Hobhouse.
Secretary at War .....	Lord Howick.
Board of Trade .....	Mr. Poulett Thomson.
Chancellor of the Exchequer .....	Mr. Spring Rice.

## NOT IN THE CABINET.

Joint Secretaries of the Treasury .....	{ Mr. Francis T. Baring. Mr. E. J. Stanley.
Attorney-General .....	Sir John Campbell.
Solicitor-General .....	Mr. Rolfe.
Judge-Advocate-General .....	Mr. Cutlar Fergusson.
Post-Master-General .....	Marquis of Conyngham.
Paymaster-General and Treasurer of the Navy .....	Sir Henry Parnell.
Clerk of the Ordnance .....	Colonel Leith Hay.
Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland .....	Lord Mulgrave.
Lord-Chancellor of Ireland .....	Lord Plunket.
Attorney-General for Ireland .....	Mr. Perrin.
Solicitor-General for Ireland .....	Mr. O'Loughlin.
Lord-Advocate of Scotland .....	Mr. J. A. Murray.
Solicitor-General for Scotland .....	Mr. Cunningham.
Lords of the Treasury .....	{ Lord Seymour. Mr. Ord. Mr. R. Stenart. Lord Palmerly. Admiral Adam.
Lords of the Admiralty .....	{ Sir Thomas Troubridge. Admiral Sir W. Parker. Hon. Capt. Elliott, R.N.
Irish Secretary .....	Lord Morpeth
Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint .....	{ Mr. Labouchere.

Under Secretary of the Home Department.....	Hon. For Maule.
Under Secretary of the Colonies.....	Sir George Grey.
Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs.....	Lord Fordwich.
Secretary of the Admiralty .....	Mr. C. Wood,
Secretaries of the Board of Control .....	{ Mr. Robert Gordon.
	{ Mr. Vernon Smith.
Surveyor-General of the Ordnance.....	Sir Rufane Donkin.
Store-keeper-General of the Ordnance.....	Colonel Anson.
Lord Chamberlain.....	Marquis Wellesley.
Vice-Chamberlain .....	Lord A. Conyngham.
Lord Steward of the Household .....	Duke of Argyll.
Master of the Horse .....	Earl of Albemarle.
Master of the Stag Hounds .....	Earl of Etrrol.
Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard .....	Earl of Gosford.

#### IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

March 24.—On the motion of the Duke of Richmond, a Committee was appointed to inquire into the present state of prison-discipline.

March 27.—The Marquess of Westminster inquired whether it was the intention of Government to confine the construction of those Houses to one architect, to the exclusion of all the other talented architects of the country.—The Duke of Wellington said that the House had not decided upon the plan before the Committee of the House of Commons, nor any other plan; nor would he say that Government would confine itself to any particular plan at present, or whether any other architect would be excluded from furnishing a plan of his own.—The Marquess of Lansdowne observed that, so far from the Committee having adopted any plan, they had only formally acknowledged the receipt of that before them, and it was understood that the matter was still open to competition.

March 30.—The Earl of Aberdeen presented the reports of the Corporation and the Ecclesiastical Commissions,—ordered to be printed.

April 2.—Lord Plunket, entered into an explanation of his opinion respecting Church property, and its appropriation by the State, in answer to an inference of the Bishop of Exeter on a former evening. His Lordship stated in effect that his opinions upon that subject had undergone no alteration. He had never said that Church property was of the nature of private property. On the contrary, he had ever regarded it in the light of corporate property. Allusions to former speeches he condemned as irregular and in bad taste.

April 7.—Lord Brougham inquired whether the Privy Council had come to any decision upon the application of the London University, for a Charter to grant Degrees, under certain restrictions?—The Earl of Rosslyn stated that the Privy Council having heard evidence on both sides, had adjourned *sine die*.

April 8.—The Duke of Wellington briefly announced that his Majesty's Government had tendered their resignations, and that they held their offices only until their successors were appointed.

April 18.—Lord Melbourne announced his appointment as First Lord of the Treasury, and that it was the intention of the Administration to adhere to that liberal line of policy which the Administration were pursuing before they quitted office. "With respect to the difficulties," said his Lordship, "under which the Administration has been formed—and great and many they have been—some, indeed, of a peculiarly severe and mortifying nature—it is not now my business to say anything." His Lordship concluded by moving an adjournment to the 12th of May.—Lord Alvanley desired to know whether the Noble Viscount had or had not obtained the powerful aid of Mr. O'Connell and his party? Lord Melbourne, in reply, said—"I do not know whether I have the assistance of Mr. O'Connell or

not, but I say most distinctly that I have taken no means to secure it, and I most particularly state that I have entered into no terms whatever. To the Noble Lord's question, therefore, I give a most decided negative; and if he has been told anything to the contrary, he has been told what is false, and without foundation."—In answer to a question from the Duke of Buckingham about the Church Appropriation question, Lord Melbourne subsequently said—"I have no hesitation in declaring to the Noble Duke that I hold myself bound, and pledge myself to act upon the principle of the resolution adopted by the House of Commons." His Lordship then moved the adjournment to the 30th of April, on the understanding that no *public* business should be taken till the 12th of May.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

March 23.—Mr. Roebuck adverted to a letter sent by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to Mr. Hume, requiring explanation of the sense in which certain expressions were used; he noticed that letter as a breach of privilege, but after a short discussion, the matter was dropped.

March 24.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved a resolution for a Bill for the Commutation of Tithe in England and Wales.—The measure appeared to give general satisfaction, and, after a long discussion, was agreed to.

March 25.—The order of the day for the House resolving itself into a Committee of Supply having been moved, 819,115*l.* was granted for the half-pay of officers in the Navy and Marines, 522,635*l.* for military pensions and allowances, and 219,625*l.* for civil pensions.

March 26.—Mr. Tooke brought forward his motion, "That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, beseeching him to grant his Royal Charter of Incorporation to the University of London, as approved in the year 1831, by the then law officers of the Crown, and containing no other restriction than against conferring degrees in divinity and in medicine."—Mr. Goulburn moved an amendment, "That an humble Address be presented to the Crown, praying that all memorials laid before the Privy Council with reference to granting a charter to the London University, and any proceedings taken, be laid before the House."—After a protracted discussion, the House divided, when Mr. Tooke's motion was carried by a majority of 246 against 136.

March 27.—Sir Robert Peel wished to know, supposing the House to agree to the proposition of Lord John Russell, and to go into Committee, whether the Noble Lord would be prepared to produce the particular plan by which he proposed to make the appropriation?—Lord John Russell said that that was a question which he felt himself not bound to answer.

March 30.—Lord John Russell entered on the great question of the Appropriation of the Revenues of the Church of Ireland. His Lordship addressed the House at great length; and after a retrospect of the events in Ireland, stated his intention of proposing that there should be instituted such a reform of the Church of Ireland as would enable them to adapt its establishment to the spiritual instruction of those that belong to it, taking care in doing so to prevent there being any unnecessary additions. His Lordship concluded by moving the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. Ward:—"That this House resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House, in order to consider the present state of the Church of Ireland, with a view of applying any surplus of its revenues to the general education of all classes of the people, without reference to religious distinction."—Sir Edward Knatchbull said that an address to the Crown, expressive of the opinion of the House of Commons, was for no other purpose than the hope of involving the Crown in a direct opposition to the wishes of that House. A resolution had been artfully and wilfully drawn up, which was to produce the effect its framers desired, but which they had

not sufficient confidence nor boldness to avow. To the principle of the Noble Lord he withheld his consent, on the ground that he was not at all prepared to allow of the alienation of Church property from Church purposes.—Sir J. Graham addressed the House at some length, in favour of Ministers, and Lord Howick spoke for a considerable time in support of the motion.—The debate was adjourned.

March 31.—The adjourned debate on the Church of Ireland was resumed. The speakers in support of Lord John Russell's resolution were Mr. Sheil, Mr. C. Wood, Mr. Feargus O'Connor, and Sir J. C. Hobhouse. The members who addressed the House on the other side were Mr. Lefroy, Colonel Damer, Sir R. Inglis, Mr. Gladstone, and the Solicitor-General. The debate was again adjourned.

April 1.—The Hon. T. Corry announced his Majesty's answer to the address of the 26th, connected with the London University, which expressed his Majesty's readiness to forward the grant of the charter. The adjourned debate on Lord John Russell's motion respecting the Irish Church occupied the remainder of the sitting. The speakers in support of the measure of confiscation of the property of the Irish Church were Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, Dr. Lushington, Mr. Littleton, and Mr. S. Rice. The members who addressed the House in opposition to the motion, and in support of the negative moved by Sir E. Knatchbull, were Mr. Praed, Mr. Beilby Thompson, Sir H. Hardinge, and Lord Stanley.—The House again adjourned.

April 2.—The adjourned debate on Lord J. Russell's motion was renewed by Sir J. Gampbell, who declared his full concurrence in the resolution, upon which, as he conceived, the destinies of the empire depended.—Mr. Richards opposed the resolution as impracticable, without the grossest violation of principle and property, and as calculated to produce confusion and civil war if attempted to be carried into effect.—Mr. Goulburn denied the existence of any surplus revenue, and contended that so far from an excess of funds there was a deficiency, as could be proved from well-authenticated statements. He thought the adoption of the resolution would add to the excitement of Ireland, instead of allaying it.—Mr. T. F. Buxton said the only hope of benefiting Ireland was by education, which would extinguish religious animosities and promote Protestantism. He should therefore move, when the proper opportunity presented itself, that in the event of the Protestant religion extending in Ireland, so as to require further aid, means should be provided, or the right given to resume what should now be appropriated to education.—Mr. O'Connell supported the motion in a speech of great length. He observed that the result of this debate would be a proclamation to the people of Ireland as to what they would have to expect, and whether there was to be an end of the system by which they had been governed.—Sir R. Peel followed, and, in a powerful appeal to the House, cautioned members against exciting false hopes in the Catholics while terror was fixed in the breasts of the Protestants. He also declared that if the motion were adopted he could be no party to carrying it into effect; he could be no part of any Government that would adopt such a measure.—Lord J. Russell said he deemed the principle of so much importance to the tranquillity of the country that he must press it forward. As to Mr. Buxton's amendments, he had no objection to the adoption of them.—The House divided. The numbers were—For the motion, 322; against it, 289; majority in favour of the motion, 33.

April 3.—Lord John Russell having moved the order of the day for a Committee of the whole House on the Irish Church,—Sir Robert Peel said he should not throw the slightest objection in the way of the motion of the noble Lord; but the exigencies of the state rendered it necessary that the Navy Estimates and the Mutiny Act should come under the earliest consideration of the House.

April 6.—Lord Mahon, in reply to Mr. T. Duncombe, said that Government had sent Lord Eliott upon a special mission to the scene of war in

Spain, the object of which was, if possible, to prevent the system of barbaric warfare which all must regret had been adopted by the two armies. The mission had been sent out with the full concurrence of the Ministers from Spain and France, solely for that purpose, and not with any intention of supporting Don Carlos's pretensions to the throne of Spain.—The adjourned discussion on the Irish Church was resumed in a Committee of the whole House.—After speeches had been delivered by Mr. Borthwick, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Baring Wall, Mr. F. Bruen, the Marquess of Chandos, and Mr. Scarlett, against Lord John Russell's resolution, and by Mr. S. Maxwell, Mr. Baines, Mr. Roche, Mr. Buller, and Mr. Warburton, in favour of it, the House divided, when there appeared—for the resolution, 262—against it, 237—majority, 25.—Lord John Russell then gave notice that he should move, on Tuesday, "That it is the opinion of this House that no measure relating to the Irish tithes will lead to a satisfactory adjustment without its embodying the foregoing resolution."

April 7.—Mr. Bernal brought up the report of the Committee on the Irish Church resolution.—Mr. Sinclair suggested that the resolution should be communicated to the House of Lords.—Lord John Russell said when it had received the sanction of that House, he was quite sure that the House of Lords would not refuse to pass a measure calculated to secure the Church of Ireland and the peace of the empire.—Sir R. Peel said that, as the first resolution of the noble Lord had already been discussed, he would not divide the House again upon it; but when the noble Lord brought forward his second resolution, that no Tithe Bill would give satisfaction to Ireland unless embodying the principles of that resolution, he should certainly take the opinion of the House upon the subject.—The report of the resolution having been read and agreed to, Lord John Russell brought forward his second resolution: "That it is the opinion of the House that no measure upon the subject of tithes in Ireland can lead to a satisfactory and final adjustment, unless it includes the principles contained in the resolution come to by that House." The motion was debated at considerable length: in the course of the discussion Sir H. Hardinge declared that if the motion were carried he could not undertake to embody it in the Irish Tithes Bill which he had proposed to bring forward.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer charged Lord John Russell with having pursued anything but a candid course, in having so frequently varied his propositions, as contrasted with original notices. He resisted the present motion as unprecedented and dangerous.—The House eventually divided, when there appeared, for the resolution, 285—against it, 258—making a majority of 27 against Ministers.

April 8.—As soon as the hour for commencing public business arrived, the Chancellor of the Exchequer made a communication that all the Ministers had felt it to be their duty to tender their resignations to his Majesty, and that they now only held the seals of office until successors should be appointed. Sir Robert fully and temperately described the motives which had led to this step: they were founded on the continual majorities against them, and on the final adoption of a principle, to the carrying of which into effect the Ministers could be no party. Further, the vote of Tuesday night was tantamount to a declaration of want of confidence in the Ministers, for it assumed that the House had no confidence in any measure that the Ministers might bring forward on the subject of tithes in Ireland. They had continued in office as long as they saw any chance of effectually and honourably promoting the public service, not allowing disgust, disappointment, or the consideration of private feelings to have any weight with them. That submission, however, had its limit; that limit they had now approached; for, looking to the little progress made with public business, and the decisions on the last four debates, they saw that the time had come for them to withdraw from further contest. The motion

of Tuesday night not merely went to declare want of confidence, but positively to recommend a change of system in the Government of Ireland. To the introduction of that change the Ministers could be no party; they, therefore, under all these circumstances, and believing that the Government of the country could not continue beneficially to act against decided majorities, felt that perseverance would be fruitless.—Lord John Russell briefly observed that all must admit that the course of the Right Hon. Baronet had been marked with perfect honour and propriety.

April 9.—The House met *pro forma*, and adjourned to the 13th.

April 13.—Soon after the House assembled, Sir Robert Peel rose and said—"I have received an intimation from his Majesty that arrangements for the formation of a new Government are in progress, but that they have not yet been finally completed. Under these circumstances, I cannot doubt but that the same motives which induced the House on a former day to consent to a short adjournment will still influence them, and that, from considerations of convenience to the public service, they will now agree to a similar motion. I therefore beg to move that the House, at its rising, do adjourn till the 16th."—The question having been put, after a few words from Sir J. Campbell and Mr. S. Rice, relative to the disposal of private business, the motion was agreed to.

April 16.—Sir R. Peel, after stating that he had received a communication from his Majesty similar to the one which had induced him to move the former adjournment, moved a further adjournment to the 18th. Mr. Sinclair inquired whether any progress had been made in the formation of a new Ministry?—Lord J. Russell said that, on the resignation of the late Government, his Majesty had sent for Earl Grey; and that, in consequence of what then passed, his Majesty had sent for Lords Melbourne and Lansdowne. He was not yet at liberty to state the nature of the communications which had taken place; but he hoped the arrangements would be so far concluded by the 18th as to admit of explanation.

April 18.—Several new writs were moved for, and the House adjourned.

April 20.—The House met, and several new writs having been moved for, adjourned to May 12.

## THE COLONIES.

### CANADA.

The following resolutions have been passed by the Assembly:—

"1. Resolved, that any censure of the proceedings of this House on the part of another branch of the legislature or executive government is a violation of the statute in virtue of which this House was constituted—an infringement of its privileges, which they cannot disperse without protesting against, and a dangerous attack upon the rights and liberties of his Majesty's subjects in this province.

"2. Resolved, that that part of the speech of his Excellency the Governor-in-Chief addressed to the House on the 18th of March, at the close of the last session, and which relates to the petition addressed by this House to his Most Gracious Majesty and to the two Houses of Parliament of the United Kingdom, on the state of this province, complaining of grievances and abuses which exist in the province, and introducing measures for remedying the same, is a censure on the part of the head of the executive of this province of the proceedings of the House, which had acted as an equal and independent branch of the legislature for divers good causes and considerations to itself known, for the benefit of his Majesty's subjects in this province and of his Majesty's government therein.

"3. Resolved that the said speech be expunged from the journals of this House."

These resolutions, upon a division, were carried by sixty-four to eight.

By the latest accounts from Montreal we learn that the majority in the House of Assembly had passed a Bill appointing Mr. J. A. Roebuck, M.P., as their agent in England. A salary of 600*l.* has been voted to Mr. Roebuck, with an allowance of 500*l.* for contingencies, and 150*l.* for a corresponding secretary in Quebec; but the Legislative Assembly had refused to sanction the appointment.

#### EAST INDIES.

It appears that there has been a falling off in the territorial revenue of the British settlements in the East Indies, to the amount of nearly 70,000*l.*, which has caused the present depression of East India Stock.

#### NEW SOUTH WALES.

Accounts from Sydney contain some unpleasant intelligence from New Zealand. The natives were continuing their depredations upon the Europeans, particularly at Otago. A letter from this place, dated Sept. 28, is written in very gloomy terms. Taboooa, who is represented to be one of the most ill-disposed chiefs, and a horrible cannibal with a large head, was restrained from shooting and robbing the white people only by the persuasion of the relatives in Sydney, until the arrival of the *Lucy Ann*; when after some consultation they departed, having first endeavoured to provoke a quarrel. The letter adds, that, from the statements in the Sydney papers, great hopes were entertained that assistance would ultimately arrive, as it appeared that two men-of-war were on the coast. The government had been petitioned for assistance.

### FOREIGN STATES. •

#### • PORTUGAL.

THE young and interesting Prince, Augustus of Portugal, died at Lisbon March 28. This event, as little foreseen as it is universally deplored, was occasioned by an attack of quinsy, which was mild at first, but soon proved alarming, and eventually, after a very few days, laid such hold of the patient as to resist the utmost efforts of art. The Prince was seen in all the vigour of health and buoyancy of youth, attending his wife, the Queen, in public on Sunday; on Monday he was present at a horse-race, but before night on the Saturday following, was a corpse. The sympathy for the youthful Queen, a widow before she is yet sixteen, is sincere and universal. It is described as being very much akin to the feeling produced in this country by the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte. Duke Augustus Charles Eugene Napoleon of Leuchtenberg was born on the 9th December, 1810. The post of Commander-in-Chief of the Army, vacated by the Prince's death, has been conferred on the Duke of Terceira, who is very popular with the troops. The Chambers have resolved upon supporting the Queen, as well against "the Miguelites, as all monarchists."

#### ITALY.

An article in the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" states that the recent accounts from Italy describe that country as in a very satisfactory state. Commerce and manufactures are prospering, and the enjoyment of peace allows that beautiful country to advance without interruption in the improvement of all branches of manufactures and art. They export a large amount, and have surpassed Switzerland in many branches of manufacture, and will gain the advantage over it in every thing, if the useless political agitation



which has gained ground in Switzerland should long continue and spread further. We hear, indeed, from Berne that many political fugitives are retiring to the French frontiers. But so long as the Swiss authorities themselves do not see in a right point of view the wants of their fellow-countrymen, and the relations with foreign powers, little will be gained by sending away a few individuals.

## BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

### DR. MATON.

DR. MATON died at the age of 61. He was a great favourite with the late Queen Charlotte and the other members of the Royal Family. He was an excellent scholar, and ranked high in the profession as a physician and botanist. He translated "*Linnæus*," and was a Fellow and Elect of the Royal College of Physicians. In private life he was an amiable and kind-hearted man, and paid upwards of seventeen thousand pounds for his late father, who had been Chamberlain to the Corporation of Salisbury. He was a constant patron to merit wherever he could discover its indication, and it was principally to his fostering hand that Dr. Paris owes his being first brought into public notice. He was a bachelor, and amassed a considerable fortune. He held the office of Physician to the Westminster Hospital for many years.

### HENRY DAVID INGLIS.

This distinguished author, who died on the 20th of March, was the only son of a barrister in Edinburgh, and was descended from a very ancient family. His maternal grandmother was daughter of the celebrated Colonel James Gardiner, who fell so nobly at the battle of Preston Pans; and was herself the authoress of an heroic poem. Through her Mr. Inglis was allied to the noble house of Buchan and the Erskines.

The writings of Mr. Inglis are two-fold—travels and fiction; and what is not unusual, the success of his works was pretty nearly in the inverse ratio of their merits. It may be justly said that Mr. Inglis gained his reputation by those of his works least distinguished by genius; for while it is as a writer of travels that he is chiefly known, it is as a writer of fiction that he most deserved to be so. Of the former class, his "*Spain in 1830*" is unquestionably his best work; and his "*Ireland in 1834*" attracted very considerable notice. His "*Channel Islands*" abounds in elegant descriptions of natural scenery; his "*Tyrol*," his "*Switzerland and the Pyrenees*," and his "*Norway*," are all books of much merit, and have altogether contributed to establish for him a just and well-earned reputation, while they have been of great utility to the world, by making one part of it better able to appreciate the moral character and the physical advantages possessed by other parts. But it was in the regions of pure imagination that the genius of Inglis loved most to range; and it was here only that the magic of his pen is to be seen and felt.

For travels, however useful, are limited in the means which they place at the disposal of genius for making its power to be felt. But how changed is the position of him who enters the wide and boundless regions of uncreated worlds of whim, who, soaring,

"Above this visible diurnal sphere,"

attempts to embody, by the aid of a frail and perishable pen,

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

This is the impassable gulph that separates the little from the great—

that divides genius from her imitators. And here it is that Inglis has taken up his abode; and ignorant as I believe the world at this moment is of the fact, it is in these regions that our author will be sought and found by posterity. With all the great efforts of the brightest spirits of our land still fresh in my memory, I will boldly assert, that there is one effort of our author that will stand a comparison with the best of them. Yet, will it be believed, the "New Gil Blas" was the only one of all his works that was unsuccessful.

Half the world, alarmed at the title, refused to read it; and the other half feared to judge, after it had read; while of those able to form a judgment, and who felt the power of this work, not a man was found bold enough to encounter the public ordeal, by standing forward to speak the bold truth before the world. "Alas!" my poor friend used to exclaim, "I fear I have written my Gil Blas for posterity." He was right, and the next generation will find it out.

His "Solitary Walks in Many Lands" is the other work, partly of this class, which developed the real genius of its author. The apostrophe to May, and the solemn picture of September, have hardly a parallel for purity of diction and elevation of thought, whether in the prose or poetry of our tongue. Shakspeare founded his plays on translations from the French and Italian romances. Byron copied most of his stories from D'Herbelot, and the German Kotzebue; while in the "Ivanhoe" only I detect three long stories copied from Boccaccio.

Inglis created for himself—because with him it was easier to create than to borrow, and that man has yet to live who will present in one work so many subjects on which to engage the study of the artist in the loftiest and tenderest styles.

Mr. Inglis died near Regent's Park, in the 40th year of his age; his body sinking down beneath the weight of his mind.—*Lit. Gazette*.

#### MR. HENRY HUNT.

Mr. Hunt was born at Widdington Farm, in the parish of Upavon, Wilts. For many years he regularly attended Devizes market, seldom, if ever, missing a market-day. After his father's death he was elected chairman of the table of the principal dining-room of the farmers at the Bear Inn, the daughter of the landlord of which inn (Miss Halcomb) he married. Fond as he was of pleasure, no man attended more strictly to his farming business, and the farms of no man in the kingdom were managed better, or were in higher condition. He had also the best flock of Southdown sheep in the county, bearing the finest fleeces, the wool of which sold for the very highest prices. Some idea of the extent of his farming business may be formed from the following fact:—During Mr. Pitt's Administration in the year 1801, the fear of an invasion was so great, that the Lord Lieutenant of the county caused letters to be written to the churchwardens and overseers of every parish to return an account of all the moveable property, live and dead stock, &c. In Mr. Hunt's schedule was enumerated—wheat, 1600 sacks; barley, 1500 quarters; oats, 400 quarters; hay, 250 tons; cart horses, 30, value from 30 to 70 guineas each; working oxen, 10; cows, 20; sheep, 4200, &c., altogether valued at upwards of 20,000*l.*; the whole of which he voluntarily tendered to the Government, to be at their disposal in case of an invasion. He also engaged to enter himself and three servants, completely equipped, and mounted upon valuable hunters, as volunteers, into the regiment of horse that should make the first charge upon the enemy. The liberal and patriotic offer was talked of all over the country; and he received the thanks of the Lord Lieutenant. The years 1801 and 1802 may be said to have been the zenith of the farmer's glory; wheat being at that time 4*l.* a sack. Although Hunt generally drove four-in-hand to Devizes market, he was able to do a day's work with any labourer in the county; and it is related of him, that after returning one

Wednesday evening from a jaunt of pleasure, he was told that his threshers had struck for higher wages. A quantity of wheat was necessary to be threshed out for the following day's market at Derizes. Determined, however, not to yield to his labourers, within five minutes after he dismounted from his carriage he was in the barn, and, with the assistance of his coachman, and some of his household servants, threshed out the requisite quantity, and attended the market with it on the Thursday morning. Before marriage, he spent one Sunday with Miss Halcomb, at Heytesbury, a distance of nearly thirty miles from his father's house, where the time passed so pleasantly that the clock struck twelve before he recollected that he had an engagement with his father's mowers at four on the Monday morning, to attack a field of oats, of seventeen acres and a half, very heavy crop, to see if they (five in number) could not cut it down the same day. It was one o'clock before he started; within two hours, however, he arrived home, and without waiting to take off his tight leather breeches (which were in fashion at the time), or his boots, he mounted another pony, and reached the field of oats (three miles off), just as the four men were stripped and whetting their scythes in order to begin. He went to work with them, and in ten minutes after the sun had sunk below the horizon, the last swathe was laid flat, and not one oat left standing—a day's work which stands unrivalled in this country; and which is the more uncommon, as, in fact, there were only four scythes at work during the greater part of the day; for it being exceedingly hot, one of the men, the worst mower, of course, was principally employed in riding to and from the inn, at Everley, to replenish the bottles.

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married.*—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, to Lady Ribblesdale.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Captain George Richardson Johnston, of the Madras army, grandson of the late Sir George Richardson, of Pencatland, Bart., to Clara Maria, youngest daughter of R. Tillyard Blunt, Esq.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Captain James Hanway Plumridge, R.N., to Harriet Agnew, daughter of the late Right Hon. Hugh Elliot.

At St. George's, Hanover square, Captain Mathew, M.P., Coldstream Guards, to Anne, daughter of Henry Hoare, Esq., and sole grandchild of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., of Stourhead, Wiltshire.

At St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, Charles Fenton Whiting, Esq., to Isabella Charlotte Lady Congreve, widow of the late Major-General Sir William Congreve, Bart.

At Wandsworth, the Rev. Henry Mosely, Professor of Natural Philosophy in King's College, to Harriet, daughter of William Notage, of Wandsworth Common, Esq.

At All Saints Church, Southampton, the Rev. William Farley Wilkinson, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, to Jane, only daughter of the late Thomas Russell, Esq.

Bourne, the Right Hon. Elizabeth Countess Dowager of Burlington.

At Gileston-park, in the prime of life, Sophia Anne, only remaining daughter of R. Plumer Ward, Esq.

In Cavendish-square, Sir George Lemon Tuthill, Knt., M.D.

Lady Isabella Thynne, daughter of the late and sister to the present Marquis of Bath.

In Berkeley-square, Lady Julia Hobhouse, wife of Sir John Cam Hobhouse, and sister of the Marquis of Tweeddale.

Suddenly, Dr. Maton, aged 61, physician to the Duke of Sussex.

At Kimpton, Herts, in his 57th year, the Rev. Charles Chauncy, Vicar of St. Paul's Walden, for 30 years curate of Kimpton, and lineal descendant of Sir Henry Chauncy, the Historian of Hertfordshire.

In Portugal-street, Grosvenor-square, Daniel Hailes, Esq., aged 84. By his demise a pension of a thousand a year reverts to the crown.

At Dalnahoo, near Edinburgh, John Thos. Hope, Esq., eldest son of Gen. the Hon. Sir Alexander Hope.

At Cheltenham, Anna, wife of the Rev. R. Dickson, and sister of Sir William Chatterton, Bart., and Colonel Chatterton, M.P.

The Hon. Mrs. Sackville Germain, at Drayton-house, in Northamptonshire.

At her house in Philadelphia, Lady Oldmixon, once the celebrated Miss George, pupil of Dr. Arne and Mara.

*Died.*—Aged 74, at Compton-place, East

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

### IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

*Destitute Sailors' Asylum.*—We understand there is to be a bazaar at the Hanover-square Rooms on the 12th and 13th of June, and that her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, ever ready to promote a benevolent work, has kindly consented to patronize it. Many ladies of distinction have likewise promised their aid. The directors of this charity are desirous of erecting a plain but convenient building, better suited to their purposes than that which was temporarily engaged. Several ladies have determined to raise the necessary sum by means of a fancy fair; and are, therefore, at the present moment labouring heart, head, and hand to attain their object. We feel assured all our fair countrywomen will willingly come forward and contribute, by their works, to so useful and benevolent an institution, which has for its object the relief of those best props and defenders of Great Britain. We can truly say we heartily wish them success.

The proprietors of shares in the London and Westminster Bank—established on the principle of Scotch banks, allowing an indefinite number of partners—have held their first meeting. The Chairman, in showing the advantage to be derived from the safe and simple plan of banking in Scotland, drew the attention of the proprietors to the fact, that for many years up to 1819, only one bank had failed, and in that instance the creditors had been paid immediately 14s. in the pound as a dividend, and upon the winding up of the concern the whole of the demands. He then contrasted this statement with the failures that had occurred in London from 1810 to 1832. Of 70 banks existing in London in 1810, no fewer than 32 failed; three only paid in full, while 19 were insolvent. The debts proved against these unfortunate establishments amounted to 7,350,000*l.*, and the average dividends to only 8s. 3*d.* in the pound, so that the public had lost upwards of four millions sterling in that short period of time; while in Scotland, during that time, only two or three failures had occurred. In Edinburgh there were no failures; and, in

all their cases, the creditors were paid 20s. in the pound. The report of the Directors was then read, and a statement of accounts was submitted to the meeting, from which it appeared that, in the first instance, 10,000 shares had been taken up, and subsequently a greater number were issued, making a total of 17,713 shares, held by 575 proprietors. 15*l.* per share had been paid up, the receipts amounting to 244,945*l.* The profits of the Company would enable the Court of Directors to declare a dividend of 2 per cent. after paying all expenses, leaving a small amount as a reserve-fund. The preliminary expenses in forming the Company amounted to 10,635*l.* It also appeared, from the Company's accounts, that there were due to the public, for interest and deposit receipts, &c., 180,380*l.* 9s. 10*d.*; to the proprietors, for capital paid up, 182,255*l.*; making a balance in favour of the Bank of 3,540*l.* 6s. 6*d.* On the other side, for sums due to the Bank, on account of investment in Government Securities, &c., there was an amount of 355,540*l.* 3s. 6*d.* From the profit and loss account it appeared that there was a balance in favour of the Company, as already stated. The report was adopted; and after a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the meeting adjourned.

*The New Post-Office.*—It is intended immediately to widen the end of Newgate-street from Cheapside, so as to form a spacious carriage approach to the new Post-Office. This is to be effected by pulling down two of the three houses which form the corner between Paternoster-row and the south-east side of Newgate-street, together with several other houses in the rear. The tenants have received notice to quit, which has been already partly obeyed.

The Governors of Christ's Hospital, London, in General Court assembled, after being informed that the new buildings for the accommodation of the children were now finished, ordered that 130 governors have each the privilege of placing a boy in the school immediately, and the same number six months hence—viz., in the month of

September next, and that their names be printed, and distributed to the public at the counting-house.

The London Court of Common Council has decided, by a majority of 63 to 38, that Aldermen shall, in future, be elected periodically, for seven years instead of for life.

#### DORSETSHIRE.

Of all the phenomena in England, there is none greater to be seen than is now under the East Cliff at Bridport harbour. The beach (till within this fortnight) from time immemorial has been covered with sand several feet deep. No more extraordinary than true, the sand has now entirely disappeared, and nothing remains but a ledge of rocks; they lie in tiers one over the other from the harbour to Burton fresh water, being upwards of a mile. Many ancient coins have been picked up, among them one quarter guinea found by Mr. James Bartlett; the fossils and shells are of numerous descriptions. Many hundreds, both from the town and country, have been to see these phenomena, and all think them well worthy of admiration.

#### LANCASHIRE.

Mr. Moore, of Liverpool, who has invented a plan for supplying Liverpool with water to extinguish fires, has made a calculation, from which it appears that from the end of 1831 to the beginning of the present year, the ascertained loss of property by fire in Liverpool amounts to near 400,000*l*. This is only the ascertained loss. Much has been destroyed of which no account can be obtained and no exact estimate formed.

#### NORTHUMBERLAND.

*Discovery of an Ancient Burying-Place.*—A short time ago the labourers employed in clearing away the earth for the extensive street improvements now going on at Newcastle-on-Tyne, discovered an ancient burial ground immediately behind Anderson-place. Two lead coffins, a stone coffin, and several fragments of wooden coffins, human bones, &c., have been dug up. The places which have held many others are

distinctly marked, though the bones and coffins have themselves, by the lapse of time, decayed and disappeared. This was no doubt the burial-place of the nunnery of Newcastle. David, King of Scotland, who resided at that town about 1135, is reported by some historians to have been the founder of the nunnery, while others assign the honour to King Henry I.

#### IRELAND.

*Curious Relic.*—A curious sword was lately found by J. M'Grogan, of Nockavrinion, parish of Loughgeel, in the county of Antrim. He discovered it in repairing a bank of the river Bush, covered by three flags of black stone; on these a great many characters are inscribed. The sword measures 5 feet, 4½ inches in length, and 3½ inches in breadth, tapering to a point, much after the fashion of a dagger. It is entirely brass, with a huge handle, and a great many characters are inscribed on it like those on the stone under which it lay. It has a very sharp edge, and is remarkably hard; and it seems, from several deep indentations both on the back and edge, that it has been well tried. From its length and weight, it must have been a powerful arm that could wield it. Its weight, and that of two large brass buckles found with it, is 16lb. 5oz.

*Clerical Magistrates in Ireland.*—A return has been printed of the number of clergymen in the commission of the peace in Ireland. The whole number is 275, of which not one is a Catholic. The officer who made up the return says he cannot make out how many are Dissenters. The only county in which the return is "none" is Carlow, which we believe is a mistake: there is a Rev Mr. Roberts in the commission of that county, and there are probably others. Dublin has only one, the Rev. Henry M'Lean; and Wicklow only one, the Rev. Moore Morgan. Monaghan has only two; and Longford, Louth, and Waterford, three each. Cork has the greatest number—43. The counties with the next greatest numbers are Donegal and Tyrone—20 each; Kerry, 14; Cavan, 11; and Clare, Galway, Kilkenny, and Londonderry, which have 10 each.

# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## THE TRADE OF THE COUNTRY.

READER, be not appalled at this ominous title! You are not about to be irritated or *composed* by a tedious disquisition upon the decrease or increase of exports and imports,—upon the superiority of a free or a protected commerce,—upon the comparative growth or decline in cotton and woollen manufactures,—upon processes shortened by machinery to the destruction of hand-labour, and the propriety of multiplying the difficulties of production in order to employ a population running fast towards the destruction of property by a too facile power of raising and preparing all sorts of necessities and luxuries;—of all these high topics you will find very little; and what little you do find will rather be intended for your amusement than your instruction. For our essay, like the arrangements and articles of the trade we are about to speak of, will be light and ornamental, made quite as much for delight as for profit. We have thought it right to premise thus much for both our sakes, lest you should lose the entertainment we hope to afford you, and we the chance of being permitted to entertain you.

But, nevertheless, the trade of England is a great matter, and when we see women and children employed in directing almost invisible threads which inanimate wood and iron set into a motion almost as rapid as the passage of light by a subtle mist, and when we reflect that by this is created an almost equally incalculable number of millions per annum, that nations are clothed by these processes, and so vast a portion of the people maintained,—when, taking this for the most important example, we glance through all the employments of labour, and think that wealth, in some shape or other, is created to the amount of hundreds of millions: observe, reader,—the hands of man and the minutes of time employed to this intent accumulate hundreds of millions of pounds, which by circulation give the means of life and luxury to millions of our fellow-creatures,—it is a curious speculation to gather up, as it were, these atoms intellectually till we obtain something like a Pisgah sight of that vast aggregation of men and moveables which we call society,—the civilized society of our empire, which has been thus raised and continues to be sustained and enlarged by the same means. Truly it is a marvellous fabric!

In 1812, Dr. Colquhoun estimated the existing property accumulated by the labours of the population of the British empire, and with a probable approximation to the truth, at no less an amount than 2,736,640,000*l.*, the annual income of the country at 430,521,372*l.* It is curious to compare these computations with those of former dates, and made by the most accurate calculators. In 1664, the national property was computed at 250,000,000*l.* In 1688, the national annual income at no more than 43,491,800*l.* What the increase since 1812

has been, both of property and income, we are unable to state, but both must have been enormous. For, although the money price is greatly reduced, the value of the commodities as such, as ministering to the wants and pleasures of life, is the same. The increase of the numbers of the people was, from 1811 to 1831—3, 746,570. And as the increase of production must have some, though it is impossible to ascertain what, exact relation to the increase of numbers, it must yet be prodigious. Take a single instance:—The number of houses in England and Wales were—

	Inhabited.	Uninhabited.
In 1801 . . . . .	1,467,870	53,965
In 1811 . . . . .	1,678,106	47,925
In 1821 . . . . .	1,951,973	66,055
In 1831 . . . . .	2,326,022	113,385

Of the occupations of the people a much clearer knowledge than heretofore has been obtained by returns to Parliament, and the following summary is as nearly accurate as possible,—they are even divided into the three kingdoms, but we need not follow this more minute classification. Thus it stands:—

Occupiers employing labourers . . . . .	187,075
Occupiers not employing labourers . . . . .	168,815
Agricultural labourers . . . . .	887,167
Manufacturers, or makers of machines . . . . .	404,317
In retail trade as masters . . . . .	1,159,867
Capitalists, professional, and other educated persons . . . . .	214,390
Labourers not agricultural . . . . .	608,712
Other trades . . . . .	285,499
Male servants . . . . .	113,224
Female servants . . . . .	670,491

The counties of Yorkshire and Lancashire are distinguished by the greatest numbers employed in manufactures, but the county of Warwick seems to entertain by far the greatest diversity, Birmingham being the seat of the production of a countless variety of articles in paper, wood, and hardware. The technical enumeration is indeed singularly curious.

If we simply take the smallest possible amount indispensable to support the existence of all these people, it will rise to at least one hundred millions: the real sum of their earnings is probably much larger.

But these calculations are not the objects of our essay. It is the manner, the method of trade more than the total with which we would amuse the reader, and especially of retail trade, for it forms an era, a point in the national progression.

*The principle* is the accumulated capital (or credit acting the part of capital), which concentrates power so astonishingly. In the production of commodities it shows itself through the vast aggregation of tools, which all machines are to be esteemed. A cotton-mill which enables the proprietor to employ two thousand persons carries with it also this peculiarity,—that half the profit upon the labour of each of the two thousand will give him just as great an income as double the same amount per head will give to the employer of one thousand. Thus it appears that the cheapness of articles arises from this power, and price assumes a middle place between the extent of demand and the nature of supply,—that is, whether the greatest factories can furnish enough, or whether the least must also be called in aid. When the competition lies only between the former, the article sinks to the lowest possible rate

of production; when the latter must assist, the great are disposed to take advantage of an insufficient supply, and ask a higher rate of profit than they could obtain if pushed by traders of their own degree. But the ultimate tendency is to swallow all little men. The price of the very article we now write upon—paper—has thus been reduced. It is not only that the invention of the machine has broken up the conspiracies of the men, which for some years perpetually went on to increase the price of the commodity,—it is not alone that the superior facility has made it cheaper,—but it is that power can be concentrated in one hand. There are manufactories in England, the property of single firms, that produce quadruple, quintuple, sextuple, what the largest establishments by hand used to prepare. The consequences are those which apply to all such concentrations of men, money, and machinery. Capital beats down mere labour, and drives the small maker from the field. But machinery has also had another effect in this branch: it draws the trade around and near to the metropolis. As thus,—when the air alone was employed to dry the goods, the average of time necessary to bring a ream of paper from the rag to the string, as the technical phrase goes,—that is, from the raw material to the perfect article in a marketable state,—was from two to three months. Now, it is dried by steam upon the machine, and a week will execute a large order. How does this affect the distant mill? Why thus:—The London stationer, the middle man, no longer holds the large stock he used to do. If a bookseller applies to him for one hundred reams of a certain paper, he knows where he can to a certainty have it made and delivered in six or eight days on an emergency. When the distant manufacturer comes into the market, the stationer is willing to purchase on speculation only at a very low price. He is therefore driven to a country trade in his own vicinity. The same facts apply to the material of the staff of life,—to flour. The moment there is a rise in the market, the steam miller in the immediate neighbourhood of Mark-lane sets on all his power and fills the market. The country manufacturer is ousted by mere propinquity. While his commodity is on the water, the dealer near London has reaped the advantage, and he leaves the depressed market to the countryman. An immense depreciation of the value of distant mill-property, no less than an almost total decline of that branch of commerce, has followed this improvement, if such it may be esteemed, in the conduct of mills.

Our illustration of the paper-trade introduces another, and perhaps the most remarkable, *possibility* attending mechanical processes. Every body has heard of the bet laid and won some years ago by a gentleman of Yorkshire, that he would dine in a coat made of wool which should have been growing on the sheep's back in the morning of the same day. He did so. The sheep was shorn, the wool combed, spun, and woven, the cloth was dressed, and the coat made before six o'clock. He wore it, but it was wet, and having achieved his promise and won his wager, he begged to be permitted to escape the chance of dying by a cold caught from sitting in his damp garment. He took off his coat, and finished an hilarious evening in his capacity of president of a large agricultural meeting. This was considered to be one of the greatest triumphs of accelerated manufacturing processes. But our proposition goes to this:—*It is possible to produce a printed book which one single minute only before was one of the vilest of all substances—rag—and*



*without being touched by human hands.* This we may say is the most wonderful of all the wonders of machinery: but it may be done. It must be admitted that the terms of the problem are stretched to the utmost, but if the printing-machine were placed for the purpose at the end of the paper-machine, both set to work, and the paper conducted from the last named to the first, the second impression would be thus produced without the human touch. The word *rag* must also be taken to mean the rag reduced to pulp, or paper stuff, by the previous processes of washing and trituration. Still, however the filaments are rag, and nothing but rag, and the transformation is performed with the rapidity, beauty, and effect of crystallization.

It is to the force of the stimulus, which the power of capital applies to the ingenuity of man, that these vast accumulations of labour and its substitute machinery are attributable. But of what is this capital composed? "The capital of the country," says Mr. Macculloch, "may be defined to be that portion of the produce of the industry existing in it, which can be made *directly* available, either to the support of human existence or to the facilitating of production." This definition, which enlarges that of Dr. Adam Smith, is, in itself, capable of extension. For capital, as the commerce of England is now conducted, is composed not only of the properties themselves, but of the representation of those properties, multiplied, too, by a system we shall presently describe, to an extent incalculable. Some of the laughing philosophers of old would have found inexhaustible food for their mirth in the endless discussions upon paper and gold, all of which are so curiously and upon the whole so happily contradicted by facts. "Credit," says the great authority we have quoted above, "is the term used to express the trust or confidence placed by one individual in another, when he assigns his property in loan, or without stipulating for the immediate payment of its price." And again, "This is most commonly represented as a very effective agent in the production of wealth; and though its influence has been in this respect a good deal exaggerated, it is, notwithstanding, of very considerable importance. Now it is in the effects resulting from this transference of capital from those who are willing to lend to those who are desirous to borrow, that we must seek for the advantages derivable from credit. The immediate and direct effect of all the operations carried on by its agency, how extensive and complicated soever they may appear, *is merely to occasion a change in the actual holders or employers of stock.* Nothing, indeed, is more common than to hear it stated that commodities are produced, and the most expensive operations carried on, by means of credit or confidence, *but this is an obvious mistake, wealth cannot be produced,* nor can any sort of industrious undertaking be entered upon or completed without the aid of labour or capital; and all that credit does or can do, is by facilitating the transfer of capital from one individual to another, to bring it into the possession of those who, it is most probable, will employ it to the greatest advantage.

It is plain, that to whatever extent the power of the borrower of a quantity of produce, or a sum of money to extend his business may be increased, *that of the lender must be equally diminished.* The same portion of capital cannot be employed by two individuals at the same time. If A. transfers his capital to B., he necessarily, by so doing, deprives himself of a power or capacity of production which B. acquires.

It is most probable, indeed, that this capital will be more productively employed in the hands of B. than of A.; for the fact of A. having lent it, shows that he either had no means of employing it advantageously, or was disinclined to take the trouble; while the fact of B. having borrowed it shows that he conceives he can advantageously employ it, or that he can invest it so as to make it yield an interest to the lender and a profit to himself. It is obvious, however, that except in so far as credit has the effect of thus bringing capital into the possession of those who, it may be fairly presumed, will employ it most beneficially, it can contribute nothing to the increase of wealth." Thus pronounces Mr. Macculloch. But if credit will enable a man to set another man at work to build a house, or a ship, or a mill, or to call into being by labour any other commodity not previously existing, does not credit create wealth in the sense that any final cause is the origin of its consequence? And again, is not capital itself created by the use of credit? We are not anxious about words; our concern is with facts. This is one subject for the living Democritus. Another is in the maxim that a bill, to be valid, should always represent real property, because then its foundation is secure. Now mark you? We will take Mr. Macculloch's own instance—that of a bill drawn by a paper-maker. Let us go through the whole process. First, the rag-merchant sells one hundred pounds worth of rags to the paper-maker;—the paper-maker sells a part of these rags manufactured into paper to the stationer;—the stationer sells to the bookseller;—the bookseller sends the paper to the printer, the printer completes the work, and the bookseller sells the book to various other booksellers. Here there are six stages of the transaction, for which it is probable as many bills are drawn—but certainly four:—

Rag-merchant on Paper-maker for	•	.	100
Paper-maker on Stationer	.	.	100
Stationer on Bookseller	.	.	115
Bookseller on Bookseller	.	.	140

£455

The representation of one hundred pounds worth of rags is thus multiplied into 455l.; for what the paper-maker charges for his manufacture is compensated by his using only a portion of his rags. The stationer adds his profit for time and interest; the bookseller the same; but the existing commodity is no more than the rag. Thus the representation exceeds the commodity in value, by the fact of passing through many hands to the amount of four times and a half; yet these are all real transactions, as they are called, in business. The commodity can only be produced once—the bills are four. And what becomes of Mr. Macculloch's statement about the transfer of capital? We shall soon see, if we investigate the whole of the transaction. A. (the paper-maker) gets his bill—what does he do with it?—places it in his banker's or discounteer's hands, and gets more pieces of paper. What becomes of these?—he pays them to his workmen and others. What do they do with them?—pay them to other traders for food, beer, clothes, &c. Where do they then go?—they circulate until they again find their way to the banker, who notes the amount in somebody's account; and here end these multiplied transactions as they begin—in credit;—yet this

credit has performed all the operations which the property these pieces of paper are taken to represent, and much more would have performed. They have *created* the paper and the book, whatever its real value, and with no other transfer of property (for the bill is property), replaces rag, and paper, and book, to the transferrer. The same process obtains, in regard to the other three bills, which all perform the same office and the same round.

Laugh again, Democritus! "Gold! gold!" says Mr. Cobbett; "none of your filthy rags!" Gold! gold! said the bullionists. Gold! gold! said the opposition! Gold! gold! said the minister in 1822, and accordingly the bank was made to "resume cash payments." All is now secure! exultingly exclaimed your bullion men.

In 1812 Mr. Roscoe circulated a pamphlet amongst his friends, in which he proved, by the stamp duties, that the average bill currency—the currency, *par eminence*, of the country—was TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE MILLIONS every day in the week. It is not now probably decreased but enlarged. Where is the gold, the bullion, to answer this demand? Why the bank holds sometimes six and sometimes ten millions of gold, and the total of the precious metals in the country has been estimated at from thirty-three to forty-three millions!! Laugh louder still, ~~and~~ Philosopher!—forty millions to secure 250. But though you laugh at our nonsense, we will, nevertheless, rejoice at its results. For it is the foundation of our entire commercial power. By this means every man can coin his property and even his very name into its full value and more than its value. Nor will we cavil about it with our economists. Credit shall either be the transfer or the creation of capital as they shall see fit to demonstrate. If one piece of paper gives rise to another piece of paper in an indefinite succession, and those pieces of paper ensure the employment of the millions engaged in manufacture (such being the naked fact), it matters not how many of these pieces of paper are issued before the transaction closes in the entry of certain figures in a book which makes A. debtor and B. creditor; for this, in the nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of the thousand, is the be-all and the end-all of the transaction, *quoad*, these pieces of paper named bills of exchange. Falstaff, when called to a reckoning on a sudden, desires Bartholomew "to coin his nose." Our merchant coins his countenance under similar exigencies.

How many times has the country been ruined in the apprehension of politicians and economists! It was said at one period that if ever the national debt reached one hundred millions, England would be *ruined*. When Pitt took the helm the nation *was* ruined. When the Bank restriction took place we were again *ruined*. The national debt is now eight hundred millions; and long before and ever since the conclusion of the war we have been pronounced to be *ruined*. When the bank note fell to a discount, or in other words, when gold rose to a premium, we were once more *ruined*; and ever since the bank has been made to pay in cash, the country, so say Mr. Attwood and the landlords and the farmers, has been *ruined*. My father used to preach that the surest way to ruin the nation was to persuade every body to drink water; and now we have temperance societies lending their endeavours to effect this very purpose. Nothing is so likely to do it; and as it bears upon our subject—trade—let us just look at its consequences if successful.

All the land now under cultivation for barley thrown out of tillage, and all the husbandmen employed in ploughing, sowing, harrowing, harvesting, and threshing the barley, thrown out of employment.

All the hop lands in the same condition; all the maltsters annihilated; all the distilleries shut up, the capital sunk, and the people turned off.

All the ships engaged in the importation and exportation of wine, brandies, rum, porter, &c., useless, and all their seamen idle. All the capital and people employed in the manufactures exchanged for these commodities, and all those engaged in growing, procuring, or transmitting them reduced to vacant idleness.

All the public-houses closed, and the inmates turned adrift. All the merchants' clerks, warehouses, cellars, &c., in the same state. All the coopers out of demand; all the officers of excise, and all the revenue gone.

All the rents circulated and employment arising from the consumption of fermented liquors, not specially enumerated above, at an end!

Could all these things be accomplished forthwith the nation might probably be ruined. Who would imagine that the simple act of confining our beverage to water would strike off at least one-fourth of the commerce and employment of the whole kingdom! Yet such would be the effect of the abstinence inculcated by the societies in the name of temperance.

But let us return to the uses of capital and credit. We have seen what the last can do in the way of substitution for the former; let us now look at what the former is doing to displace the latter.

One of the main principles of trade in days of yore is now, it is to be feared, much avoided, if not absolutely abandoned. Once upon a time, an article to be considered cheap must also be known to be good; *now*, an article in order to be esteemed good, must, as the first of requisites, be cheap. Well, then, how has this affected the fabric of our manufactures, and indeed commodities in general? The essence of the morning and evening exhortation of the old Presbyterian dealer, "Boy, when you have watered the currants and sanded the sugar, come in to prayers!" will be found to have made its way into more shops than the grocers'. An article of any sort obtains distinction. Silk, cloth, linen, ribbon, paper, no matter which. What happens? The rival tradesmen instantly dispatch samples to some manufacturer with whom they are in correspondence, and ask whether he can produce anything *like* it at a reduced price? The manufacturer sets his wits to work, and by some evasion, some almost imperceptible deterioration—less material, or less labour, he "meets the market," as the phrase is. By this mode of deception, the cheap substitute is eagerly bought, till its defects are discovered; it is derided almost as instantly as it was exalted into celebrity, and the commodity, nay, even the place whence it comes, falls into decline. This was some years ago the case with one of the best and most generally worn fabrics of female costume ever invented. An ingenious rogue so constructed his goods that the first and last few yards of the piece were excellent, all the middle greatly inferior. It was some time before the trick was found out; but, the moment it became known, not only the thing itself, but the town where this fraud was practised, was degraded, and a great and valuable portion of its commerce was destroyed by this one man's artifice.\* Yet to the same

\* Mr. Babbage has cited other instances of fraud in lace, stockings, watches, &c., which have ruined the manufactories where they were practised.

desire of cheapness the world is indebted for some of the most useful substitutions. Writing paper was formerly confined to thick and thin post. Paper is sold by the maker to the stationer by weight at per lb. Thick post had its standard weight, and thin also. Accident or design produced an intermediate article, which was probably at first sold by the stationer to the retail consumer as thick. But what was in the first beginnings casual and private, soon became public and common; and now there is writing post of all prices, from a few pence to shillings per quire. The same facts apply to papers of all descriptions, and it is not a little curious, that taking all sorts, sizes, qualities, and weights, from tissue to ordnance cartridge, from a ream containing 472 sheets, and weighing from 6 to more than 250 lbs., there are not less than from two to three hundred different fabrics, constructed of the simple and vile elements—old ruses and rags—with the beauty, rapidity, and cohesion of natural crystallization.\*

But we have again wandered from the operation of capital against credit. How does it so act? Why thus:—wholesale houses are now opened which deal in many, perhaps most articles of general wear, but only for ready money. They buy for money, and they sell for money. Their transactions are immense, because they command the market both ways, both in buying and selling, both by payment and quantity. Go into the manufacturing districts, from Glasgow to Norwich, and you will find the firms of two metropolitan houses more rife than all the rest put together. Why? They buy more and pay prompt; they know the necessitous manufacturer, and they press upon him. The prosperous maker rejoices not less in such a customer. They sell as they buy, and the consequence is, they silence and beat down all competition: each of these houses is said to return from 10,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* a day, in cash or bank notes. It is no wonder that a small per centage enriches them. This is the verification of the old trading maxim—"a small profit and a quick return," (adding, however, a larger one also) carried to its perfection. Such vast concerns almost realize the old rider's boast of the firm he travelled for saving 1000*l.* a year in ink, by not making dots to the *i* and strokes to the *t* in their letters. The bill stamps are certainly a great object, the discounts a far greater. *Hæ nunc in seria ducunt*—BONA!—In plain English, little savings become large profits.

Nor is this plan confined to the metropolis, it is widely adopted in the great provincial cities and towns. Houses of this description, in all branches, send out offsets from London in this manner:—they take a youth with a large premium, say 1000*l.*, upon these conditions; if he turn out clever and trustworthy, they hire a house and shop in some country place, Liverpool or Brighton for example, and send him down to try his fortune. If, at the end of two or more years, as the case may be, he thinks well enough of the business, it becomes his own upon the condition of paying for the outfit by instalments, and a further covenant to purchase all his goods for a given number of years of the parent firm. This system is imitated in the lesser circles of the country towns, and the instances are not a few, where the traders of the provincial metropolis thus colonize their young people to the advantage of both, and the diffusion of goods at the cheapest possible rate. Shops of this descrip-

\* A rope of paper, it is averred, will lift more weight than an iron wire of the same diameter. Certain it is that cylinders are made of paper stuff for the purposes of extreme pressure.

tion become general bazaars. Some could be named where woollen cloths, linens of every description, laces, silks, haberdashery, hats, shoes, gloves, perfumery, trinkets, and even plate are offered for sale at not more than from two to five per cent., according to circumstances, above the manufacturers' prices. Nor is it confined to these trades. The secret is capital, that is, money paid and received—not an hour's credit, not an hour's interest upon accounts—no book-keeping, bill-making, or collecting, and no bad debts. The good is the propagation of the cheapest possible mode of doing business—the evil, the absorption in one house of all that used to constitute the employments and profits of many. It is the perfection of a commercial system, but it is also a centralization which gives wealth to the few to the ruin probably of numbers. But it is the natural tendency and inevitable result of accumulated capital, while the economical principle, that cheapness increases consumption and general employment, obtains in the end.

"One half of the world does not know how the other half lives," is a maxim even more true than trite. There are traders, and to no small extent, who have neither capital nor goods—their stock is knowledge; not indeed in the modern sense—not the knowledge of penny magazines, newspapers, or diffusion society tractates—but a knowledge of the articles of the price current, and where and how they are to be most cheaply had. A trader of this sort will sell you anything; that is, he will take an order for anything, and execute it very often as well as the first houses. How does he manage this? Simply because he deals on commission for or with those very houses, and thus a knowledge of the best method of trading is brought to the very counting-house of the countryman, whose whole life, passed in the study of his own concerns, would not have afforded him a like opportunity or advantage.

Some forty years or more ago, a gardener, a fellow of as much vulgarity and ignorance as you could meet on a summer's day, took it into his noddle, (for it had no pretensions to be called a head, if in heads brains form a necessary ingredient,) that a Bible published in numbers at a very cheap rate in themselves, though not on the whole, would be a most saleable commodity; and he thought that by soliciting at every door in the country an immense circulation might be commanded. He imparted his project to several small country printers in the district where he lived, but so unpromising was his manner and appearance, and he had not a shilling in the world, that no one could be found to join in the speculation. At last he ferretted out a country schoolmaster, who was as clever, steady, and respectable, as his coadjutor seemed the contrary. He saw the whole force of the design; he bought a few types, and by the aid of his daughter, he got ready a number, with which the gardener set forth. The scheme succeeded; and the modern system of *canvassing*, alias of soliciting from door to door, by foot hawkers, was permanently established. It began in bibles, was extended to popular books in general, and is now carried into a variety of departments of business;—stationery, hardware, china and earthenware, tea, linen, haberdashery, shoes, umbrellas, ropes, baskets, mats, &c. &c., to the infinite advantage of the peasantry.

An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,  
Through dusty ways, in storm, from door to door,  
A vagrant merchant bent beneath his load!

Yet do such travellers find their own delight;  
 And their hard service, deemed debasing now,  
 Gained merited respect in simpler times;  
 • When squire and priest, and they who round them dwelt  
 In rustic sequestration, all dependant  
 Upon the PEDLAR's toil, supplied their wants,  
 Or pleased their fancies with the wares he brought.

WORDSWORTH'S EXCURSION.

Formerly, "riders" were what "commercial travellers" are; now almost every trade has its canvassers. In vending many of the lighter wares, as well as in those which are the express work of females, women are very much engaged. Scarcely a day passes without our observing a traveller of this sex, with her large trunk-like basket lined with oil-silk, seeking custom from door to door, and displaying her little stock of finery, caps, habit-shirts, collars, and even worked dresses, to the cottagers and to the servants of the middle classes.\* Religion itself has its itinerant apostles, and is hawked from town to town by male and female preachers at per week.

The competition, not less than the desire, for cheapness has originated the system so universal in the shops of London, and in most great towns also, of exposing all sorts of goods with tickets of the prices attached. The plan is certainly efficacious, for who has not been allured to buy articles of which, perhaps, he does not actually stand in need, by the prodigiously small prices? And even admitting that the purchaser is not sufficiently wary to insist upon having the identical article exposed at the window, but can be brought to believe the goods within the shop to be equally excellent with the show pattern, and to accept a similar for the same, these commodities are, notwithstanding, marvellously cheap. The remark especially applies to all sorts of apparel. How they are constructed at all for the money must not be inquired. Like Peter Pindar's razors, many are made, not to shave but to sell. But there is one most lamentable consequence of this severe competition,—multitudes of young women are driven to prostitution or to death by the unendurable curse and privation of passing the best part of the twenty-four hours in the vain labour of endeavouring to earn enough to sustain existence by the needle. There is reason to believe the waste of human life in these half-paid employments† is only exceeded by the destruction of the grinders in Sheffield.

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\* A female servant can be well clothed from head to foot, agreeably to her situation, including every article of her apparel to her pocket handkerchief, for thirty-eight shillings—a young female of the middle class for about four guineas.

† This applies also but too frequently to the houses of first-rate dress-makers, nor can we better illustrate this branch of business than by a quotation from No. XCIV. of the "*Quarterly Review*:"—"Many is the Milliner's apprentice whom every London season sends to her grave, because the dresses of fine ladies must be completed with a degree of celerity which nothing but night labour can accomplish. To the question—'When must it be done?' 'Immediately,' is the readiest answer, though it is an answer which would perhaps be less inconsiderately and indiscriminately given, if it were known how many young creatures have come to premature death in consequence of it, and how many hearts have been hardened by the oppression which it necessitates: nor does the evil stop there. The dress-maker's apprentices in a great city have another alternative; and it is quite as much to escape from the intolerable labours which are imposed upon them in the London season, as from any sexual frailty, that such multitudes of them adopt a vocation which

There is another species of attraction, but practised chiefly in the country, namely, to allure by one article to the purchase of others. We have known fine calico sold during the first opening of a new linen warehouse, for a given number of days, at a penny a yard; pocket handkerchiefs, at a penny apiece; and an advertisement now lies before us offering to give to the purchaser of a six-shilling hat a cap into the bargain. The price of sugars has been greatly reduced to all purchasers of a certain weight of tea. One trader, not long ago, put up a notice to sell a pair of breeches with two shillings in the pockets! Whatever degree of delusion may be thus practised, the difference in price between the ticket-shop and the steady dealer is however hardly to be compensated by any conceivable difference of quality not instantly and strongly perceptible to the purchaser; and in many instances it is fairly to be accounted for by quantities made and sold. Shoes are one example. But of all things, the most striking, because the most familiar and im-

affords some immediate relief, whilst it ensures a doubly fatal termination of their career. The temptations by which these girls are beset might be deemed all-sufficient without the compulsion by which they are thus, as it were, driven out into the street. Upon them 'the fatal gift of beauty' has been more lavishly bestowed than upon any other class—perhaps not excepting even the aristocracy. They are many of them, probably, the spurious offspring of aristocratical fathers, and inherit beauty for the same reason as the legitimate daughters of aristocrats, because the wealth of these persons enables them to select the most beautiful women either for wives or concubines. Nor are they wanting in the grace and simplicity of manner which distinguish the aristocracy, while constant manual occupation produces in them more vacuity of mind than even that which dissipation causes in their sisters of the superior class. They are thus possessed of exterior attractions which will at any moment place them in a condition of comparative affluence, and keep them in it so long as those attractions last—a period beyond which their portion of thought and foresight can scarcely be expected to extend—whilst, on the other hand, they have before them a most bitter and arduous servitude, constant confinement, probably a severe task-mistress, (whose mind is harassed and exacerbated by the exigent and thoughtless demands of her employers,) and a destruction of health and bloom which the alternative course of life can scarcely make more certain or more speedy. Goethe was well aware how much light he threw upon the seduction of Margaret when he made her let fall a hint of discontent at domestic hardships.

"Our humble household is but small,  
And I, alas! must look to all.  
We have no maid, and I may scarce avail  
To wake so early and to sleep so late;  
And then my mother is in each detail  
So accurate!"

If people of fashion knew at what cost some of their imaginary wants are gratified, it is possible that they might be disposed to forego the gratification; it is possible also that they might not. On the one hand, they are not wanting in benevolence to the young and beautiful, the juster charge against them being, that their benevolence extends no farther; on the other hand, unless there be a visual perception of the youth and beauty which is to suffer, or in some way a distinct image of it presented, dissipation will not allow them a moment for the feelings which reflection might suggest.

"Than vanity there's nothing harder-hearted;  
For thoughtless of all sufferings unseen,  
Of all save those whose touch upon the round  
Of the day's palpable doings, the vain man,  
And oftener still the volatile woman vain,  
Is busiest at heart with restless cares,  
Poor pains, and paltry joys, that make within  
Petty yet turbulent vicissitude."



portant, yet perhaps the least attended to, is the depression of the staff of life—wheat and flour. In 1812, the average price of wheat was 140s.; it now does not probably exceed 43s. If a trader in any department were asked what would be the consequence to his circumstances of a decline of 200 per cent. *upon the profit* of his trade, he would answer, total ruin; but here we have a fall of not less than 200 per cent. upon the entire price of the commodity; yet farming continues to be a trade by which multitudes are at least maintained! Flour was, in 1800, 7s. 6d. per stone; it is now 1s. 5d. retail.

Were we to course through the whole price list of consumable articles since that date (1812), we should find an astonishing reduction, amounting probably to far more than fifty per cent. upon every article of necessity or luxury, taking the average. To this must be added the facility to the purchasers at second-hand of comparatively imperishable commodities—houses, furniture, mirrors, pictures, carriages, musical instruments, &c., occasioned by the supply exceeding the demand, by changes of habitation, failures and death, by continually improved methods of manufacture, and lastly by the fastidious caprices of fashion, which throw out of use such vast stores of scarcely-damaged moveables. These are to be purchased at auctions and repositories for not the tithe of their original cost. Since 1816, the taxation of the country has been reduced nearly to the same amount. Yet complaint is more general than ever. Cheapness then, it should seem, is not prosperity. We are governed, lodged, furnished, apparelled, and fed at an infinitely lower rate; and yet we grumble as much as ever. The truth is, every man's income follows low price but that of one class; and which is that? the class of fixed annuitants.

Thus, "the competitive system" is in full force and operation. All who can pay down upon the nail, as the saying is, seek for the cheapest purchase; and even the nobility of the land, so all-pervading is the genuine spirit of commerce in this *nation boutiquiere*, have no hesitation in purchasing quantities of goods from the manufacturer, or from wholesale houses, at wholesale prices, if they can hunt out these sources. Women of rank, who pique themselves on their talent for management, will demand a discount for prompt payment with all the acuteness of a trader and all the pride of aristocracy.

The use of the phrase "competitive system" brings to our recollection its antagonist, "the co-operative," of which so much and so little has been heard within the last few years. Nothing can be more plausible than its theory—nothing more delusive in its practice. The theory is this, "Employment and a fair compensation for labour is all that the artizan requires. As he is the framer of all the articles of use and of luxury which sustain and adorn the world, it is only necessary for this class to establish among themselves fair barter, to enable them to enjoy in their own persons all that they create for others. To this end, and in this view, time and labour are the only articles of value: for example, if it take a shoemaker four hours to make a pair of shoes, and a tailor eight to make a coat, there must exist some term of value common to the time of both, and according to this term, let the exchange of their productions be fixed. Every man would thus enjoy the full worth of his time and labour, and the do-nothings of the world be left to shift for themselves." So says the theory, and this they call co-operation.

But this leaves out of sight a vast number of rather important parti-

culars—capital, credit, and all the combinations of manufacturing ingenuity aggregated by these concomitants, and still more the relations of demand and supply. The competitive system, on the contrary, gives full scope and play to all these natural and necessary agents and their inevitable results, and in its practical consequences sets the exact value upon every man's labour: the bank-note then becomes a far better standard than the labour-note—the public a far more equitable judge than the valutors at the repository in Gray's Inn-lane; society at large a more general, a better, and a more certain customer than the co-operatives themselves. For these reasons, the scheme has not, and it may safely be predicated will not, make its way. It has only been successful where it has been limited to a number of joint-stock proprietors determining to deal at their own shop, which is in fact a contrivance to sell at a small profit upon the prime cost, and to divide that profit afterwards amongst the company, who not being able individually to purchase at the best hand, by this system arrive at the means of so doing, and save the profits of the retail trader. This is but another of the competitions of capital against credit: it has, however, been done with effect in many of the provinces; and if it also embrace the employment of the proprietors in their several branches, its benefits may be still further extended. To enjoy the most extensive advantages of which it is capable, it should be founded on an agricultural basis—that is, land should be bought or hired, and cultivated for the company, and its produce form the first element of the exchange; for in this, as in the building of society by Nature herself, food is the first object of human labour. A few, providing a superfluity of subsistence, may barter that superfluity for any other commodity—apparel next, and so on to luxuries in succession. It is however curious, that no one co-operative society has to our knowledge commenced their progression in this natural and necessary manner. And this brings us to another contrivance peculiar to this our age—the *bazaar*,—a contrivance to give to a combination of small capitals the advantage of a great one. Here, in one vast theatre of minor commerce, are assembled an infinite diversity of articles and a multitude of little traders, whose whole property probably is displayed in the goods upon the few feet of counter thus hired for a trifle. These are renewed day by day, as they are exhausted by custom. The variety of all is the attraction for each; and, indeed, every one of these tiny shopkeepers enjoys a protection, a privilege, and perhaps a patronage, they could by no other means obtain, and which far richer and better-furnished depôts, in their several departments, can rarely reach. The resort to some of these marts is astonishing; and while the inventor of the first—the Soho Bazaar—has reared to himself at once a fine annuity, he has given birth to a system, now spread all over the great towns of England, which affords a new mode of employment to the industry of a class, females especially, who could probably have obtained an independent livelihood by no other means. There is no other instance, perhaps, in which a very small sum may be so beneficially employed for its possessor.

A paper on the subject we have chosen ought not to conclude without some allusion to the doctrine of free trade, which merely means a permission to sell and buy where you can sell and buy cheapest. England is clearly approaching that point. The two greatest monopolies in the country are extinguished by the terms in which the Bank Charter has

been renewed, and the China trade opened. But nature and art working together are silently yet certainly advancing to the accomplishment of this grand purpose by a very simple means—the increase of the growth of corn. The barrier of more force than all the rest to external free trade (internal free trade we already nearly possess) has been the Corn Laws. These have been for the last two years at least all but a dead letter, owing to the supply equalling, if not exceeding, the demand. Rents have fallen—tithes have fallen—labour has fallen—taxation has fallen—thus levelling the elements of English prime cost with those of the foreigner. The farmer begins to see the fallacy of protection—the landlord to find how little it advantages himself. Thus nature and skill have superinduced a change of opinion which reason failed to effect. The practical inefficiency of protecting duties is daily made more apparent, while the restrictions they lay on manufacture, thus reacting upon landlords in restricting our competition in foreign markets—narrowing the space of employment at home—originating pauperism and increasing the charges—and, by lessening the demand for agricultural produce, depressing its price—all these things, we say, are gradually working the conviction which will soon end in the abolition of the Corn Laws, and all laws which cramp the exertions of industry.

And when we examine the claims to superiority which the fabrics of England put forth, a consideration that may and will give to their excellence the widest power of diffusion is unquestionably devoutly to be wished. In hardware we exceed the world; in silk we all but, if not quite, equal the best of France, and have superseded the East Indian and Chinese in their own dominions; in muslins and in calicos, indeed, we so far outgo the East, both in quality and in price, that we import the raw material, and can afford to export and offer the manufactured article at a cheaper rate than it can be produced in the far-distant country of its growth. In porcelain we equal France and China, if we do not excel them; in woollen cloths we can successfully contend with the French; with Germany in linens. What then is wanting to carry this almost universal supremacy to its pitch, and to its due reward? what but that free communication which the natural extinction of the Corn Laws, so to speak, is rapidly educing. The evil of the country is its pauperism; make our paupers productive labourers, and consequently consumers, in lieu of deducting eight millions of the earnings of others for keeping them to the minimum of subsistence\*. Teach them—nay,

\* There is a very ingenious and well-written article in the last "Quarterly Review," wherein this *reductio ad minimum* is insisted upon as the basis of correcting the temptation to pauperism. This is quite just when pauperism is the voluntary consequence of determined idleness; but the grand cause of pauperism is want of employment and low wages—the result of the too severe competition arising out of numbers increasing beyond the area of employment. To avoid this *reductio ad minimum*, how many will be given to crime? To bring the benefit of the Poor-Law Amendment Act to a test, it will be necessary to ascertain the increase of crime and the attendant sacrifice of property. It is much to be apprehended that the firmest spirits amongst the unemployed will not submit to this scheme of pauper-privation, but turn to plunder when honest endeavours to earn a livelihood fail. There can be no objection to punish the voluntary pauper by diminished fare; but when a man has no alternative, thus to punish him is unjust. The want of the bill is a provision for employment, which, however, it is hardly in the province of such an act of legislation to give; more might nevertheless have been done to this intent, and must yet be done, unless the country is to be covered with pauper-prisons under the name of workhouses.

allow them—for they are ready enough to earn almost one-third of the present actual national income, which from their numbers it may fairly be computed they would earn, and distress would rapidly disappear. No! say our committees of lawgivers, no, let the nation be taxed to locate them in the Canadas and Australia. Nature indeed says (and so says true political economy) let them produce, and exchange their surplus for the production of other climes. “O dear no,” says the lecturer, “indeed you are wrong; the preventive check and *coloniam deducere!* We are an old country.” It might be replied, “You are a parcel of old fools! You have soil, capital, and labour all in superabundance; you have nothing to do but to combine them.”

Of such a nature are a few of the arrangements into which the minor details of the vast commerce of England—the retail accommodations—have adjusted themselves. But there can be no doubt, far as our national genius for the inventions and enterprises of trade is advanced—enormous as are the accumulations of property—and beneficial as is the exaltation of confidence and credit—all these relations must be considered to be in comparative infancy. The materials of nature are only just expanding themselves to the search of science. If, in whatever light we examine the triumphs of our species “over the creation submitted to its power, we explore new sources of wonder,” there is a fund for speculation and experiment incalculably more vast before us. Nor can we better exalt, while we conclude, the very important portion of the subject we have here treated, than by quoting the words of a philosopher, who, in the midst of his large and comprehensive inquiry into the principles and progress of science, thus eloquently discloses and describes the expanse before us. “When we reflect,” says Mr. Babbage, “on the very small number of species of plants, compared with the multitude that are known to exist, which have hitherto been cultivated and rendered useful to man, and when we apply the same observation to the animal world, and even to the mineral kingdom, the field that natural science opens to our view seems to be indeed unlimited. These productions of nature, numerous and varied as they are, may each in some future day become the basis of extensive manufactures, and give life, employment, and wealth to millions of human beings. But the crude treasures perpetually exposed before our eyes contain within them other and more valuable principles; all these, in their innumerable combinations, which ages of labour and research can never exhaust, may be destined to furnish in perpetual succession new sources of our wealth and of our happiness. Science and knowledge are subject, in their extension and increase, to laws quite opposite to those which regulate the material world; unlike the forces of molecular attraction, which cease at sensible distances, or that of gravity, which decreases rapidly with the increasing distance from the point of its origin, the farther we advance from the origin of our knowledge the larger it becomes, and the greater power it bestows upon its cultivators to add new fields to its dominions. Yet does this continually and rapidly increasing power, instead of giving us any reason to anticipate the exhaustion of so fertile a field, place us at each advance on some higher eminence, from which the mind contemplates the past, and feels irresistibly convinced that the whole already gained bears a constantly diminishing ratio to that which is contained within the still more rapidly expanding horizon of our knowledge.”

## MARIA'S MEDITATION

*Over the unclosed Coffin of George Barnwell.*

BY MRS. MARDYN, LATE OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

LIFE's coil is o'er;—man's cage of clay is broken,  
 And the enfranchised spirit springs afar;  
 To hint its course that spirit leaves no token,—  
 Swift, strange, and trackless as a shooting star!

That broken cage of clay! Ah! ponder o'er it,—  
 A wreck more rueful ne'er claim'd Pity's sigh;—  
 Yet might a breath to Life's lost glow restore it,  
 No fairer fabric could delight the eye.

Yea! I have known that ruin'd form—those features,  
 When health and happiest thoughts were dwellers there;  
 'Twas in life's dawn—when God's unblemish'd creatures,  
 Fresh from their Maker, start, and smile at care.

Those eyes, which veiling lids, like night, have shaded,  
 Were stars that danced in heaven's own clearest blue:  
 That cheek! discolour'd now, and wan, and faded,  
 Once shamed the blush of daybreak with its hue.

Oh! I remember well that hour of brightness,  
 When first I knew and loved the ruin'd youth:  
 Peace round his presence waved her wings of lightness;  
 His look—his voice—were innocence and truth.

Such as the lost-one *was*, no eye that view'd him  
 But deem'd him favourite of the happy stars,—  
 That Fortune led—that outstripp'd joy pursued him,  
 A charter'd being—freed from worldly jars.

Such goodly frame enshrined a heart o'erflowing  
 With kindest thoughts to all on earth who move,—  
 Fraught with fine sympathies, with honour glowing,  
 The seat of Friendship, and the home of Love!

Oh! he was gentle, generous, mild, forgiving,—  
 Claim'd in the stranger's grief a brother's share;  
 For other's needs, for other's welfare living,  
 Scarce would he yield to self his slightest care.

Stern moralists! ye frown and murmur "fiction!"  
 Yet pause, nor God's mix'd work too nicely scan;  
 If things that are seem plann'd in contradiction,  
 Life's but a riddle, its close secret—Man.

If *once* he sinn'd—'twas but that fine of evil  
 Man's earliest sire upon his race entail'd,—  
 Adam's descended curse, e'er since the Devil  
 Stole first on Eden, and with Eve prevail'd.

I knew and well may vouch his guileless spirit:  
 Ah! then, redeem him from the lists of crime,—  
 Wipe one dark blot from a bright scroll of merit,  
 And pass it, stainless, to recording Time!

My Barnwell! tears gush fast but e'en to name thee,—  
 Dark, bitter drops from sorrow's deepest well;  
 A veiled world, and mystic Future claim thee,—  
 Earth hath to earth return'd—farewell! farewell!

## GILBERT GURNEY.

## CHAPTER IX.

WHEN I awoke in the morning—or I should say afternoon, since it was considerably past twelve before I opened my eyes—all the proceedings at Wolverhampton-house appeared like a dream. The audacity of Daly—the mischief he had committed upon a kind and confiding friend who apparently did all she could to make him welcome and happy, seemed too gross and glaring to be real; and it was not until I saw on the table by my bed-side, a rose which had graced the bosom of the charming Mrs. Fletcher Green, that I was assured that I had really seen a bull on a staircase, and heard of the Pædean minstrels eating the Prince's supper in the Pavilion. I had carefully placed the half-faded flower in a glass of water, and greatly rejoiced to see it look refreshed by my delicate attention.

I admit, however, that a reproachful feeling diffused itself over my mind, when I recollected under what very peculiar circumstances I had half taken and half received this precious bud from my charming new acquaintance. I had treasured the gift—if gift it had been—and placed it at my bed-side on the very morning that my kind and active friend had undertaken to work my eternal happiness by a marriage with my dear unsophisticated Emma Haines. But what then? Mrs. Fletcher Green was only an acquaintance,—a very delightful one,—much Emma's senior. I thought her indeed rather advanced in life,—I being just one-and-twenty; and she, as I afterwards had occasion to know, three years under thirty. But so completely are our judgments and opinions, especially in that particular, regulated by comparison, that I felt a kind of respect for her age mingled with my admiration of her accomplishments.

Mrs. Fletcher Green was evidently pleased with *me*, and *that*, as everybody must admit, was a very powerful reason for my being charmed with *her*. I was determined to call upon her, and improve the acquaintance; and, strange to say, I almost hoped that Daly had not got so far the start of me in rising as to be on his way to Tenby to open the negotiations with the Haineses. It was not that Mrs. Fletcher Green had entirely superseded Emma in so short a time, or that she had carried my heart by a *coup de main*, but she was so graceful, so polished, so agreeable, knew everybody and everything about everybody; and was so exquisitely good-tempered, and had such eyes! I believe a heart just of age was never proverbial for constancy; yet there was a striking difference between my feelings to the fair widow and those which bound me to my first love; I cannot conveniently describe the dissimilitude, but I was conscious of it, and yet equally conscious that I ought not to be so much interested about one lady when on the very point of concluding a negotiation, if possible, with another.

When I called at Daly's lodgings, I found the bird flown. He had indeed afforded me a new and remarkable proof of the activity of his friendship. He had started, as his servant told me, before eight, after little more than an hour's sleep. He had left a note, in which he desired me to confide in his judgment and discretion, and informed me that he would write to report progress the moment any progress had

been made. His servant appeared particularly solicitous to know when I expected his master back; and his anxiety seemed to me scarcely equal to that of a half gentlemanly-looking man whom I found at the door, in conversation with Redmond, who held a longish slip of paper in his hand, which, after my sincere declaration that I had no notion how long he would remain out of town, he returned to a long black book which he had previously carried under his arm, and which, now that the paper was replaced within its folds, he deposited in a pocket made in the inside of one of the lapels of his coat.

I had become so accustomed to the society and conversation of my volatile friend, that when I turned from his lodgings I felt as if I had lost a part of myself now that I was left alone. I strolled along the streets as far as Wolverhampton House, where I left my ticket, and afterwards sauntered down what was then imagined to be *the* promenade of London, Bond-street, the utter destruction of which as a fashionable lounge by the splendid creation of Regent-street, or any other possible cause, none of the beaux of those days even remotely anticipated. Still I felt dull and *distract*; and when, after having descended the hill of St. James's-street, and passed half way along Pall-mall, I recognized a friend of my theatrical Mæcenas coming out of an auction-room, where an extensive book sale was going on, I was quite delighted! I scarcely expected, as I had abandoned dramatic literature, and absented myself from the Thespian votaries, that he would recognize me! On the contrary, his plump rosy cheeks purpled with warmth and kindness, as he held out his hand to take mine, and protested that I was the very man he wanted most particularly to see.

Hull—for so was my warm-hearted friend called—was a very extraordinary person. He knew the business of everybody in London better than themselves. He “happened to know” everything that was going forward in all circles—mercantile, political, fashionable, literary, or theatrical; in addition to all matters connected with military and naval affairs, agriculture, finance, art, and science. Everything came alike to him; to *his* inquiring eye no mystery continued undiscovered,—from *his* attentive ear no secret remained concealed. He was plump, short, with an intelligent countenance, and near-sighted, and with a constitution and complexion fresh enough to look forty, at a time when I believed him to be at least four times that age. We had a joke against him, in those days, as to his antiquity, in which he heartily and good-naturedly joined, until at last we got him to admit—and I almost think, believe—that he had sold gunpowder to King Charles the Second, and dined more than once with the witty Lord Rochester.

“Wanted to see me?” said I. “As how?”

“Wanted you to come and meet a few friends at my cottage at Mitcham,” said Hull. “All plain and simple,—good wine, I promise you,—and pleasant company; but you are such a fellow, my dear friend. Pooh, pooh! don’t tell me; there’s no catching *you*—ch, I say. I have heard all about the cakes, the cow and the Countess, the Pandicans in the Pavilion, and the dead dace in the drawing-room.”

“What do you mean?” said I, not imagining it possible that events which had so recently occurred, should have already obtained such publicity.

“O you dog!” said Hull. “I happen to know, my dear Gurney;

it's no use trying to hoax me, I say. Daly did it;—he, he! You know it, eh?"

"Not I, upon my honour," said I; which was true. "Do you know Daly?"

"Know him!" exclaimed my friend: "know Daly! Why, my dear Sir, I have known him these forty years!"

"Daly!" said I; "why he is not thirty years old!"

"Perhaps not forty," said Hull: "but I knew his father more than forty years ago;—lived in St. Mary Axe,—in the sugar line,—dead now. Daly, your friend, is a deuce of a fellow: you dined with him yesterday at his lodgings?"

"I did," said I, staring. "But how did you find *that* out?"

"Find it out, my dear friend!" replied Hull. "I do nothing in the world but find out. I saw the boiled leg of lamb and spinach which you had for dinner, eh;—wasn't it so?"

I knew that unless he had been in three places at once, he could not have seen all our legs of lamb; so I contented myself with admitting what I had no desire to deny.

"Splendid fellow, Daly," said Hull: "capital hock."

"Do you dine with him frequently?" said I.

"Never, my dear friend; never dined with him in my life," said Hull: "but I know where he gets his hock; six guineas and a half the dozen. Come down to Mitcham, you shall taste some of the very same batch. Great creature, Daly,—magnificent style, I'm told;—splendid service of plate, and all that."

"Plate!" said I.

"Superb," said Hull. "I happen to know the fact."

"My dear Sir," said I, "I should say, a dozen spoons and forks were the extent of his service, as you call it."

"Well," said Hull, "what does he want with more? Too bad—the cakes—eh—and the cow—all over town. However, now to business, as I have done work for to-day—when will you come to Mitcham?—name your time."

"I shall be very happy," said I; "but what do you mean by having done work?"

"Here," said he, drawing from one of his pockets a very small dirty black-letter book, "this is all I shall do to-day—*my* pursuit, you know—eh—old books—rare books—I don't care what I give, so as I can secure them—this a tract of 1486—seventeen pages originally—five only wanting—two damaged—got it for seventy-two pounds ten shillings—Caxton—only one other copy extant—that in the British Museum."

"Seventy-two pounds for *that*?" said I.

"To be sure," replied Hull; "why, my dear Sir, it is not worth *my* while to come out of the city unless I spend seventy or eighty pounds in the morning—I cannot afford the time for less."

"And what is it about?" said I, innocently.

"Why, I do not happen to know *that*," said Hull; "it is an essay, I believe, to prove that Edward the Fourth never had the tooth-ache; but it is, as you see, in Latin, and I don't read Latin."

"Then why buy it?" said I.

"Buy!" exclaimed he, looking at me through his glass with an expression of astonishment. "I buy thousands of books!—*pooh!*



pooh!—millions, my dear Sir, in the course of a year, but I never think of reading them—my dear friend, I have no time to read.”

I confess I did not exactly comprehend the character of the bibliomania which appeared to engross my friend, nor the particular gratification which the purchase of unreadable works seemed to afford him. But he only curled up his mouth, as much as to say that I was a dunce, and that there was a sort of delight—felt in common with magpies, I presume—of picking up objects and hiding them away in dark holes and corners. As for his hospitable invitation, I resolved to accept it, and fix an early day,—it would kill some of the time I was destined to pass in suspense until I heard from Teuby, and give me an opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of one who, with certain little peculiarities, evidently possessed a sound judgment, a cheerful and liberal disposition, and, above all, a kind heart.

“Mine is but a box,” said Hull: “all humble and lowly; there will be a bed at the inn for you to sleep in, and a garden full of gooseberries and currants to stroll about in.”

“And pleasant pastime, too,” said I. “I, for one, think the despised fruits of our country are amongst the most delicious.”

“Despised!” said Hull; “pooh! pooh! nobody can despise gooseberries and currants like mine—I have thousands of them! pooh! pooh! currants as big as marbles! and gooseberries larger than hens’ eggs!”

“I’ll try them, depend upon it,” said I; “what say you to to-morrow?”

“My dear Sir, the very day I was going to fix,” said Hull; “I knew your friend Daly was gone—went out of town by eight this morning—eh—come down to Mitcham—you’ll meet one of your Haymarket friends—”

“Ah,” said I, “Mr. Hull, that’s a sore point—that infernal farce of mine—I shall never get over it.”

“Infernal!” said Hull; “what d’ye mean by infernal? I wish we had more people who could write such farces—infernal indeed!”

“Yet,” said I, “it was condemned.”

“Umph,” said Hull, lowering his voice, and whispering in my ear, “I could tell you something about *that*—I happen to know—and so do you—”

“Indeed I don’t,” said I.

“Don’t you know something about the ‘Wag in the Windmill,’” said Hull, “coming out the week after next?”

“Not I.”

“Pooh! pooh! don’t tell me,” said Hull; “I happen to know the author.”

“Do you?” said I, “I don’t.”

“Come, come, you dog, that won’t do,” said he; “what does the ‘Chronicle’ mean the day before yesterday—did you see the allusion?”

“No,” said I, “I never see the ‘Chronicle.’”

“Never see the ‘Chronicle!’” exclaimed Hull; “that won’t do—don’t tell me—you see all the papers. My dear friend, the allusion to *you* is plain as a pike-staff.”

“I give you my word,” said I, “that I have written not one line since my failure, nor ever will I write again.”

“How could they have got hold of it, I wonder?” said Hull, archly. “I’ll find out before I go into the city. However, to-morrow you come

to me—dine punctually at five—early folks in the country—none of your supper-time dinners there—remember, a bed for yourself—capital stable for your horses at the inn—civil people—very attentive to all my guests—know it would not do if they were not—hundreds of people go there in the course of the summer from my cottage. Good day—good day—you won't come any farther with me, I know you won't—city work don't suit you—God bless you—pooh ! pooh !—remember five !”

And away he went, leaving me amazed at the activity of his mind and the universality of his information. I was vexed to find that I was coupled with a new authorship, and turned into the first coffee-house I came near, in order to read the paragraph of which, according to Hull's declaration, I was the object. In doing this, I had a double purpose—first, to see how I was pointed out to the public ; and secondly, if the identification were very complete, to write a letter to the “Morning Chronicle,” contradicting the statement ; being at that period of my life perfectly ignorant of the utter carelessness of society about such affairs in general, and about me or any of my concerns more particularly ; and also then unconvinced that a reply to a newspaper attack resembles very much the attempt of Hercules to crop the Hydra, without the slightest chance of his ultimate success ; or to descend rapidly from the sublime, like the task of the tinker, who, in trying to stop one hole, invariably makes two.

I accordingly turned to the paper, and found that the paragraph was one of those “we understands,” which so frequently crowd the columns of the daily journals, and hinting, more ambiguously than even I had expected, that the author of the forthcoming “Wag in the Windmill,” although unsuccessful in his first attempt, had every chance of making ample amends for his early defeat in his new production. It was evidently meant good-naturedly, and I laid down the “Chronicle,” wondering who in the world could have taken the trouble to vindicate my presumed effort ; little suspecting that my omniscient friend Hull was himself the author of the paragraph, which he had no doubt believed would greatly please me, and contribute to heal the wounds which a public verdict had inflicted upon my personal vanity. As my acquaintance with Hull increased in age, I had many opportunities of convincing myself of the inherent kindness of his disposition, and his readiness to do what he imagined to be a service to his friends whenever it lay in his power.

I confess I was very glad I had met, and made an engagement to visit him ; for my mind was distracted, and my heart almost ached with anxiety as to the result of Daly's expedition ; and those who have felt as I then did, will readily admit that new scenes and new acquaintances are, of all things in the world, most desirable under circumstances where there exists a wish or even a hope of distancing thoughts and reflections which are inevitably associated with persons whom we have known and places which we have visited, while in the society of the loved and lamented one, absent only from the sight, but present always to the imagination.

Strange to say, almost immediately after quitting Hull, I encountered my con-disciple of Lincoln's Inn on his return homewards from plodding, to which it appeared he had become infinitely more reconciled since he had lost his sympathetic friend—myself.

• To a man really mixing in the world, in the habit of constant inter-

course with the principal actors on the stage—not of the theatre—but of real life; men who by their position in society, their personal rank, or official importance, are in fact the objects of daily contemplation and discussion to the eyes of those not so circumstanced, nothing in the world can be so dull and ridiculous as the speculative conversations of the respectable portion of society who, blending with personal importance in their own sphere great acuteness of mind, pertinacity of opinion, and inquisitiveness of research, discuss the reported movements and probable intentions of people whom they know only by hearsay—call it fame if you will—and of whose actual proceedings they have no idea but what they glean from the misinformed collectors of fashionable intelligence for the newspapers, and of whose real characters or domestic pursuits they understand infinitely less than they do of the cabinet secrets of the King of Ava, or the proceedings of the Privy Council at Tooramoorotawangy.

If I have since felt lassitude and weariness at the common-place suppositions of these white-waistcoated wiseacres, relieved only by a sort of indignation at the doltish stupidity of their fancies and calculations. I doubt very much whether I was ever so much worried in after life by their elaborated nonsense as I was by Tom Hicks's conversation on the day to which I now refer. It was now some time since I had emerged from the cellars of Stone Buildings, led as it were up the Glacis, by his suggestions and at his invitation. It was to him I owed my introduction to the actors, and to his genius and addiction to theatrical pursuits was I indebted for having forsaken the study to which he now appeared devoted. He had however subsided into the jog-trot routine which at his instigation I had abandoned, and in consequence of the start a-head which I had taken, (rendered more effective, perhaps, by his retrograde movement,) I felt myself, as the people call it, "bored to death" by his platitudes—his suppositions—his inquiries—in short, his nonsense.

Thus it is—what delights, enchants, and enchains us at one period of life, becomes, by comparison with other things, when we return to it, flat, stale, and unprofitable. I remember when I was at school—days to which, as I have already said, I never recur with any superabundant pleasure—I had established in my mind that a certain Mrs. Burgoyne—we called her Mother Burgoyne—had a character for making apple tarts, which stood high in my estimation, and in that of all my school-fellows; she had, moreover, the reputation of being a witch, but that, whether it were true or not, did not in any important degree interfere with her management of the pies, and *certainly*, never did the finest *patisserie* of the unrivalled Jenkins of Burlington House celebrity in those times, delight me more than the *Tourte à la Bourgeoise* of my early days.

Passing through the town in which I had received—no education—but where my exemplary mother had deposited sundry quarterly payments of cash as the *quid pro quo* for my instruction (baffled by my own idleness and stupidity), and having a friend with me, who had accompanied me in a visit to the school-house, play-ground, and all the rest of it, I desired the waiter at the inn to be sure to have some of Mrs. Burgoyne's tarts in the second course of our inn dinner. The man stared—I concluded that my fair sorceress was defunct—no—she was alive and

merry; but to my surprise, the man, who knew the "fascinating creature" by name, declared that, however unjustifiable the imputation of witchery might be, her tarts were things not eatable. Still I insisted, and the tarts were produced—and any things more detestably filthy never were seen. I taxed the waiter, who seemed to enjoy the joke against me excessively, with a falling off in the manufacture, perhaps attributable to the increased age of the manufacturer—but, no—he assured me that the tarts were the same as ever, and it was only I that was changed. I believe in the sequel I was obliged to admit the wisdom of his decision; and, in the course of my after life, I have had a thousand occasions to justify it. Return to a place which you have fancied a paradise, after some ten or fifteen years' ramble over the world; it remains the same, but the ideas have expanded—the eye has rested upon flood and field, upon lake and mountain, and upon sea and torrent; when you reach the desired haven, after your voyage, although hearts may beat as kindly, and eyes beam as brightly as ever, still the *locale* invariably disappoints you. A man born in Lincoln, or in Norwich, or in Nottingham, comes to London, and passes some ten or twelve years of his life—he left his birth-place at fifteen or sixteen—rely upon it, although he may admire St. Paul's, and be pleased with Guildhall, or even admit the length of the metropolitan streets, the recollection of High-street, or the Market-place, or the Castle Hill, or something peculiar to his own native town, is permanently fixed in his imagination as infinitely superior to them all; nor is it till he returns to his favourite spot that he finds how entirely first impressions have possessed him, and how egregiously mistaken he has been in the institution of his comparisons.

My friend Tom Hickson was *my* Castle Hill, *my* Market-place—*my* High-street—I thought I never heard any man say such silly things—he seemed to me to talk "Morning Post"—all his observations were copied nearly *verbatim* from that fashionable paper, whence it was clear to me he had learned to string a parcel of names together, and attribute to the specified individuals, proceedings of which they were themselves entirely ignorant. He announced to me the arrival in London of some man, of whose departure from town three days before I was perfectly aware; hinted at a marriage in high life as likely to take place during the following week, which I knew had gone off altogether, a fortnight before, and gave me a confidential account of a *faux pas* between Lord L—— and Lady M——, in which there was not one word of truth, the whole history of which, as Daly had told it me, I, like my friend Hull, "happened to know" was furnished to the newspapers by the aforesaid Lord, under the impression that the object of his pursuit would, by the paragraph, be either frightened or induced into the very peccadillo which he announced to the public by anticipation.

Hickson too continued his addiction to the theatre—talked of scarcely anything else—to be sure, *he* had not written a farce and failed—to *me* the subject was odious, and I declare I rejoiced excessively when he apologised for leaving me so early, inasmuch as he was engaged to dine at some extremely convivial club of which he was an honorary member, in order to initiate two novices into the arcana of the society, by blinding their eyes, daubing their faces with mustard, and then making them smoke a pipe, into the bowl of which, gunpowder had been previously

introduced sufficient to blow the said pipe to atoms: a joke which, although some preceding dunce had suffered the loss of an eye by the explosion, was still considered extremely good, and to which all the aspirants for admission into the very comical community were obliged to submit.

Many things, I admit, combined to excite this distaste to my early acquaintance—I knew him best when I knew Emma Haines first—that was an association, and one which I wished especially to avoid—I could not hear from Daly for some days. I dreaded to think the time which must necessarily elapse. Then *that* Mrs. Fletcher Green worried me—what to do I did not know; dinner was to be eaten, or at least the ceremony to be gone through, and the evening to be disposed of afterwards! After some self-debating, I determined to go to the Opera—I knew Mrs. Fletcher Green had a box there—I would find it out, and even if I dared not approach it—for I really, where self was concerned, was very shy—I could at least watch her from afar, and judge, by what I saw, the general tenour of her conduct, and whether she seemed to be as agreeable to everybody else as she most assuredly had been to me.

This scheme I put into execution. In those days ladies wore fans, upon which the plot of the whole house was developed—each circle, each box, with its owner's name, was printed and published; but in these later and more degenerate days, so many great ladies only hire other people's boxes for the night, and so many great gentlemen let theirs the same way, that such directions would be of no more use than the Court Guide is, in giving us the addresses of people who take ready-furnished houses from people who are ready to part with them during their convenient absence in the country or on the Continent. From one of these, then useful directories, I gained the wished-for intelligence, and accordingly posted myself in the alley of the pit, where I could command a perfect view of the fascinating widow, who was on this special night accompanied by a fair creature, something younger than herself, and not quite so handsome. The difference of age is so well managed in large assemblies, that I was not quite prepared to decide whether the junior lady might not be daughter of the senior one—I hardly thought it probable, even if it were possible, and Daly, in all he had said about Mrs. Fletcher Green, and her agreeable house, and her agreeable parties, and her agreeable fortune, had never once mentioned that there was such a thing as a Miss F. G. in existence.

I watched her very attentively during the evening—her vivacity seemed continuous and unweariable. A rapid succession of young men, middle-aged men, and old men, appeared in her box; and I could hear the joyous tones of her voice frequently louder than the moanings of a wretched captive, in green crape, with tin fetters, who was growling out his grief on the stage; indeed, although she had professed herself to me the most devoted admirer of Italian music, it did not appear to me that she took the slightest notice, or paid the smallest attention to the business of the stage. Still I saw she was the “admired of all,” and I fancied I was the “admired of her”—*laudari à laudatâ*. Ten times at least I resolved to go boldly to the box, and share her favours with her other visitors; but ten times my heart sank within me. Whenever I felt a want of confidence in myself, my thoughts reverted to Emma Haines, and I asked myself if I should like to see *her* going on so gaily, and

noisily, and happily, and carelessly, as Mrs. Fletcher Green was? But then the case was different—she was a widow, and had no husband to control her, no partner of domestic happiness to share her pleasures and (if she ever could have any) her sorrows. However, I thought, perhaps, it was better matters should remain as they were; what possible good could I do by increasing my intimacy with this gay woman of fortune, when, if Daly's kind and zealous exertions brought about the other affair, she might not, after all, be the sort of person I should choose as the intimate friend of Emma, and if I judged Emma aright, not the sort of person Emma would choose for herself?

For that night I contented myself with watching the evanishment of my bright star from the sphere which she adorned and illumined. I felt afraid of encountering her. I went to the fire-place in the hall, although the "fire was fled," and half-fearful of being seen, beheld her tripping like a sylph down the little stair-case from the pit tier in which her box was situated. I heard loud calls for "Mrs. Fletcher Green's carriage"—I saw her looking all round and round—at length her eye caught mine; she instantly dragged a huge grenadier-looking fellow, upon whose arm she was leaning, across the lobby, in order to shake hands with me, and scold me for not having called in the morning. I made a sort of stammering apology, and felt wonderfully relieved when I heard one of the Stentors of the outer lobby proclaiming that "Mrs. Fletcher Green's carriage stopped the way." The man who was with her was particularly odious to me—he had curly black hair and a high white forehead, great sparkling eyes, and a row of teeth like ivory, which he incessantly exhibited by a sort of perpetual grin over the heads of all the surrounding crowd. The attendant sylph was escorted by a more reasonable person, of the middle age of life, from whom she appeared to divert all her attention in order to look at me, while Mrs. Green was talking to me; and the moment the carriage was announced, and they passed on, I saw her pull my fair widow back to inquire who I was, and then I saw the odious grenadier laugh.

"Ah," thought I, as the groupe vanished among the cocked hats of the footmen and the torches of the link boys, "it won't do." Nevertheless, I resolved upon calling the next day, before I took my departure for Hull's house, at Mitcham.

The morning came, and I put my scheme into execution, and proceeded to her residence, which was near Park-lane, and while going, I could not entirely divest myself of a consciousness that, admitting the feeling which the widow's smiles and conversation had excited, I was behaving ill—shamefully ill—to somebody; either to Mrs. Fletcher Green or to Miss Emma Haines—and yet—recollect—I was young, and ardent, and thoughtless. I knocked at the door—the fair tenant of the mansion was out—at least she was not "at home." But I was perfectly convinced, from the manner of her porter, that I was denied the privilege of the *entrée*, only because my person was not known, and my name had not yet been inscribed in her visiting list. I left my card and strolled into the park, meaning to return in time to mount my gig and drive down to the Tusculum of my hospitable friend.

When I reached my lodgings I found a dear delicate three-cornered note, written in the most delightfully unintelligible hand, by dear Mrs. Fletcher Green herself, confirming my suspicion as to the cause of my

non-admission when I called, and begging me to come, *sans façon*, to meet Lady Wolverhampton at dinner—a very small party, and very agreeable people. I was engaged, and could therefore do nothing but send an apology. I confess I regretted it, and I believe, for a moment, entertained a thought of throwing over my Mitchamites, and accepting the invitation to the widow's; but if such an idea did flash into my mind, it was only to be rejected with disdain—Hull's kindness and hospitality did not merit such a slur. So I wrote my answer, despatched it, jumped into my carriage, and drove off for the country.

In those days men drove "gigs," as they since have driven stanhopes, tilburies, dennets, and cabriolets, and I rather piqued myself upon my "turn out;" my chestnut horse was a fast trotter, and in little more than three-quarters of an hour, from Westminster Bridge, I reached mine host's retreat, the locality of which was specially distinguished by its facing the common, and looking infinitely neater and more rural than the neighbouring houses, whose London-loving owners had decorated their hermitages, villas, cots, and cottages with knockers, lamps, and brass-plates, one of which specially indicated not only that the red-brick edifice before me was "Belle-vue Lodge," but that its respectable owner's name was "Mr. Blutch."

When I drove up to the gate of Hull's house, I saw his good-natured face peering over the hedge which separated his garden from the road, like "a rose in June," flowering on its native stem; in a moment he was at his gate, and in another, I had set my foot in his domain, a little bijou of neatness, niceness, prettiness, and sweetness. I saw company in the garden—heard laughter in the bowers—and casting my eyes through two French windows which opened on the lawn, beheld a table covered for eight. The roses, the mignonette, the heliotropes, all combined their fragrance to refresh the air, and although from its proximity to the highway, Hull's servant had to brush his plants as he did his coat, every morning, to get rid of the dust, it was what the most fastidious critic must have pronounced a delightful little place.

Some of the assembled party were unknown to me, although none of them were unknown to fame; an enthusiastic poet, a witty and agreeable barrister, the editor of a weekly newspaper, a fashionable preacher, and an opulent city-merchant, then one of the sheriffs of London, added to one of the popular actors with whom I was previously acquainted, formed a society which, from its miscellaneous character, promised a great treat to one who, like myself, at that time of my life, professed to be only a listener. The sequel, however, was a disappointment. Every one of the guests was celebrated for something, and each one was jealous of his neighbour. Hull, who pooh poohed them about in his best style, endeavoured to draw them out, and force every man to say or do something to contribute to the general amusement; but it was evidently an effort; the poet had a sovereign contempt for the barrister, and whenever he fired a pun, preserved the most imperturbable gravity. The barrister, who was moreover a critic, irritated the actor, who hated the newspaper editor, for the tone he had adopted in his theatrical reviews. The clergyman kept aloof from any controversy with the Thespian; and the Sheriff, who was worth a couple of hundred thousand pounds, despised the whole party, and set them down as a parcel of paupers who were obliged to get their bread by the exercise of their talents.

"Any mackerel, Mr. Sheriff?" said the barrister (who was acting *cronprier*) to the citizen placed at Hull's right hand.

"Pooh, Dubs!" exclaimed mine host, "why do you ask such a question? eat mackerel! I don't suppose Mr. Bucklesbury ever tasted a mackerel in his life. Here's turbot, Mr. Bucklesbury—fresh from Billingsgate this morning—Sunday makes no difference with me—I happen to know the most eminent salesman in the market—bless your soul, he wouldn't mind sending a boat express to Torbay for a turbot for me."

"Very fine fish indeed," said, or rather snorted, Bucklesbury.

"Fine!" exclaimed Hull; "nothing at all, my dear Sir, to what you have at home—eh—I happen to know—there's no man so particular about his fish as *you*."

"I like it good when I has it," said Bucklesbury; "is there any lobster sauce?"

"Any!" cried Hull; "my dear friend, there are loads of lobsters—thousands; here, you stupid dog, bring some of those sauce tureens to the Sheriff."

The conversation at dinner consisted of little more than a repetition of pressings and refusings, and of challenges to drink wine, and observations upon the wine itself. A very fine haunch of venison made its appearance, which somewhat varied the letter but not the spirit of the discussion; and to hear Mr. Bucklesbury's lecture upon fat and lean, the alderman's walk, and currant jelly (of which, Hull told us, he had millions of pots, and which Bucklesbury was good enough to inform us went remarkably well with venison), illustrated as it was with plates, was enough to make any human being as sick as I certainly thought he must himself have been long before the close of the entertainment.

It was evident, however, that good digestion waited upon appetite, for after his display of activity as regarded the first course, he performed upon a couple of young ducks in a manner which astonished one-half of the company and disgusted the other. "S'bud!" said the barrister, "a joke's a joke, but this is too much for friendship—an Eton man—eh—civic—what, eh," all of which running commentary upon the exhibition of the overgrown citizen, kept Hull, who worshipped the Josh, in a state of fever, by no means rendered intermittent, by the imitative powers of my friend the actor, who contrived to swell himself like the frog in the fable, and make himself, thin as he was, the very *fac-simile* of the mountainous *millionaire*.

The dessert, after Hull's description of his fruit, was rather a disappointment: the currants had been gathered, the gooseberries stolen, but there were still "*bushels*" of apples; and the cellar afforded the juice of the grape in its best possible state; "hundreds" of bottles graced the board, and every disposition to do ample justice to the profusion of our Amphytrion was manifested by his much-delighted guests.

The conversation, so long as "reason maintained her seat," was not much more cordial or vivacious than it had been earlier in the day. Bucklesbury, the *fetéd* of our host, was marked by his visitors as the general butt for their shafts, and the wags were most assuredly united, if in nothing else, in the determination to make him ridiculous. To say truth, he gave them but little trouble; but as the wine mounted, the feelings and passions of the party began to develop themselves; the



claret acted as varnish to the picture, and brought out all the lights and shadows of their minds; and what struck me particularly, who drank less, or at least less rapidly than my companions, was that, exactly in proportion as their animosity towards each other became more evident, they affected an additional degree of candour, prefacing the bitterest and most sarcastic observations, with declarations such as "Not that *I* think so, it is only what I hear!"—"Of course I don't allude to any particular person!"—"I hope nobody will think!" and so on, until from "gentle converse and communing sweet," the dinner-room assumed the tone and character of a miniature Babel, a fact of which the neighbourhood appeared to be pretty well aware, since groups of Mitchamites were seen looking and listening over the neat trimmed hedge, which, in the earnestness of argument, every body had forgotten was all that separated us from the public road. As the clergyman had left the party some time before it had arrived at its acmé, we had few scruples about our audience, and Hull, who was quite a triton amongst the minnows of Mitcham, "liked it."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear friend, let them hear—they may go a long way before they hear so many clever people talking again. My dear Sir, Mr. Bucklesbury, it is not worth *my* while to have dull people here—I value wit—I appreciate it—I have lived all my life with wits——"

"From Rochester downwards," said the Barrister.

"Thank my stars," said Bucklesbury, "I know very little about wits."

"Yet," said Duberly, "you seem always to have your wits about you."

"Dubs, Dubs," said Hull, checking the vivacity of the lawyer—perfectly aware that his opulent and corpulent friend had as faint a notion of taking as of making a joke.

"Yes, Sir," said the citizen, "the man must get up very early who hopes to master me. I've raised myself to my present high station—(Duberly's mouth curled, and the actor made a face)—by plain, plodding industry,—many a little makes a mickle, and you may rely upon it there are more fortunes saved than gained."

"But how the deuce," said Duberly, "is a man to begin saving, who has nothing to begin with?"

"Industry will always furnish the means, and economy will do the rest," said Bucklesbury. "Sir, I walked my way up to London with half-a-crown in my pocket, and I am now worth a couple of hundred thousand pounds, and no man can say black's the white of my eye. I had a friend who left our native town the same day as I did—he travelled by the waggon——"

"Like the Thespians," said Duberly.

"Be quiet, Dub," said Hull, giving the barrister a wink, by way of caution not to irritate the actor.

"And what became of *him*?" said Duberly.

"Him!" exclaimed Hull; "pooh, pooh, Dubs, you know him very well—so do you, Tim—I think we all happen to know him—an excellent man—and an alderman—hey—Mr. Sheriff—eh—I'm right—eh, you dog?"

"You are quite right," said the Sheriff.

"Oh!" said Duberly, "our friend Firkins?"

"To be sure," said Hull.

"Yes; but he's pretty well to do, as a body may say," said the barrister.

"Say!" exclaimed Hull; "what do you mean by 'a body may say?' he is a beggar—that's the consequence of his extravagance."

"A beggar!" said Duberly, "why, he is an alderman."

"What has that to do with it?" said Hull.

"I can't exactly say as he is a beggar," said the Sheriff; "he has made his hundred thousand snug, I'll be sworn."

"Well, but my dear friend," said Hull, "that's being a beggar compared to *you*. My dear Sir, I don't mean to say he begs about the streets, I mean to say he has not much more than a hundred thousand pounds."

"Riches, like everything else," said the poet, who was somewhat tired of the subject, and rather anxious to talk, "are comparative; I confess that the value of wealth appears to me to be exactly proportioned to the extent of benefits it enables one to confer——"

"Whose benefit is fixed?" said the actor, who hated sentimentality, stretching his head and hand forward, after the fashion of Sylvester Daggerwood.

"I don't mean theatrical benefits, Sir," said the poet; "I mean those solid benefits which exalted benevolence confers on suffering genius—there *are* Mæcenases even in these days."

"That there is," said the Sheriff, "asses of all sorts, I can be sworn, but none much greater than what are called geniuses."

"Or Jenny asses," interrupted Duberly.

"Dubs, Dubs," said Hull, "pray don't interrupt the Sheriff."

"I never knew but one genius in my life," said Bucklesbury; "and a queer genius he was: he belonged to the town I came from; he used to write verses, and play the fiddle, and sing the drollest songs I ever heard: he *was* a genius and a poet—and he was hanged for sheep-stealing."

"Clever fellow that," said Hull; "I happened to know him—Jem Fulcher—pooh! pooh!—I've got some of his poetry in my library now—extraordinary character—Tim knew him—eh—did not you?"

"Knew him! to be sure I did!" said the actor; "I gave an imitation of him after his death; very effective,—capital hit——"

"You came in second," said Duberly; "the hangman had taken him off first."

"I have often," said the newspaper editor, who had hitherto said nothing, "considered rendering the crime of sheep-stealing a capital offence, somewhat a stretch of severity."

"Good!" interrupted Duberly, "a very serious stretch, too——"

"I am not jesting, Sir," said the editor; "a person in my station, appointed—I perhaps ought to say, self-appointed—censor of public morals, and arbiter of public opinion, feels himself bound to consider maturely and gravely every subject by which the great mass of the people are likely to be more or less affected."

"S'bud," said the barrister, "but the great mass of the people are not likely to turn sheep-stealers; so perhaps you might spare yourself the pain of undertaking so grave a task upon this particular subject."

"I have had a great respect for sheep-stealers, dead or alive," said the poet,—the sheriff here drew his chair at least three feet from the inspired bard, who was evidently beginning an oration,—“ever since the days of Jason; the——”

“Well,” said Bucklesbury, “I cannot agree with you there, Sir.”

“I speak of the Argonauts,” continued the poet.

“Ah, Sir,” said Bucklesbury, “I don’t mean to say a word against the family of the Arbuthnots. But I lived in the country as a boy, and I cannot justify to myself sheep-stealing in any shape whatsoever.”

The expression of despair which the countenance of the poet exhibited was admirably imitated by his opposite neighbour of the “sock and buskin;” and Duberly, who could no longer maintain his equivocal gravity, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

“Sir,” continued the poet, who was very drunk, and getting rather angry, “trace the career of Jason from the moment he left the dragon——”

“Oh, Sir!” interrupted the Sheriff, “if your friend goes to the Dragon, I don’t say anything about it; I always use the Swan.”

“Pray, Sir,” said the actor, with a look of imperturbable gravity, “how do you use a swan?”

“Like a goose,” said Duberly, “I suppose.”

“Mr. Hull,” said the Sheriff, who did not understand the turn of the conversation; and did not know whether to be angry or pleased, “have you got any coffee for us?”

“Coffee!” said Hull, blushing blue with exultation up to the roots of his hair; “my dear friend, I have three thousand weight of coffee in the house—to be sure there is coffee—and, hey—something after—*chasse*—I happen to know—splendid dogs you in the city—but I think I have some Maraschino that never was equalled.”

“Have him out,” said the barrister.

“Pooh! pooh!—my dear Dubs,” said Hull; “you have had him out, as you call it, often enough—you and Tim there have drank enough to know its quality.”

“How, Sir,” said the newspaper editor, “is the importation of these liqueurs managed? Isn’t there something like a case to be made out against the government for permitting the introduction of foreign spirits?”

“Yes,” said Duberly, “a liqueur-case.”

“I am not joking, Mr. Duberly,” said the editor, with a gravity more than proportioned to the occasion; “I speak, Sir, for information—I act not for myself but the world at large; men who devote themselves to the service of their country, as I do, do so because they hope it will be profitable——”

“To themselves,” interrupted Duberly.

“Dubs, Dubs,” said Hull, raising his glass to his eye, and frowning as severely as the kind, good-natured expression of his countenance would permit him, “you let nobody speak but yourself.”

“I beg your pardon,” said Dubs, sipping his wine with a provoking coolness, which seemed to indicate a determination to go on for some time, “everybody speaks, except myself, I only observe.”

“I remain firm,” said the editor, “to my question.”

“I can’t answer it,” said the Sheriff, “for I am not in that line; I know nothing of the spirit business: but I’ll be hanged, as far as taste

goes, if I don't think good cherry-bounce flogs all the foreign trash in the world."

"You are joking, Mr. Bucklesbury," said Hull, who, whenever anybody candidly spoke in approbation of something of a secondary nature, according to price, fancied he was quizzing him, for Hull, with all his good nature, was tenderly susceptible of being made ridiculous.

"Not I," said the Sheriff; "I have often said to Mrs. B., when we have been dining out,—and when in course one always eats and drinks a considerable sight more than one does at home,—that I, for one, prefer rum-shrub or cherry-brandy to all the garuses, and mallyskinsos, and curasores in the world. However, here, I suppose, you are too fine to have such a thing as cherry-bounce?"

"Bounce!" exclaimed Hull, "cherry-bounce, my dear friend!—there's Dubs can tell you—I have gallons of it—make it by hogsheds—I have seven hundred pints of it in the next room."

Upon saying which, he rang the bell, and ordered the servant—first giving him a key and a caution—to bring forth sundry bottles of the boasted beverage; for, let it always be remembered, that Hull's cases of what might be thought bounce, were all as genuine as this of the cherry-bounce,—he *had* all the things he talked of, but his magnificence in the way of provision was what one certainly was not prepared for; and therefore until a certain number of cherry-brandy bottles had been produced by way of ratification, it seemed almost impossible to believe the extent of his preparations for conviviality.

Just as we were going to coffee, Hull gave a sort of supplicatory, hinting look to the actor, indicating a desire that he would sing a song, which, since it grew very near to Monday, and the clergyman had long before departed, seemed not very sinful. Of course, he had a headach and a cold, and "never did," and so on: however, at last he complied, and gave us one of the most entertaining descriptions of a fair, or a fight, or a race—I now forget which—I ever heard in my life, interspersed with sundry imitations of men, women, and children, not to speak of animals, ornithological and mammalian, the effect of which was wound up to a screaming power of laughter, by his introducing the most perfect imitation of the Sheriff himself, who about two minutes after the exhibition began to be beyond measure comical, had dropped his dewlap on his frill, and fallen fast asleep.

Duberly was very much inclined to blacken the Sheriff's face with burnt cork, after the fashion of my friend Daly at Richmond: but Hull, who was the very pink, I might say the crimson, of propriety, would not hear of such a thing; and accordingly we waited until the actor, less scrupulous than Dubs, prepared, *secundum artem*, a pellet of bread, which, well and properly directed against the left eye of Mr. Bucklesbury, caused him to awake from his slumbers, which he did, grunting out, as he raised his head from his waistcoat, clapping his hand at the same time on the table, "Bravo!—very good! Thank you; very good, indeed!"

Up-stairs we went—the Sheriff, of course, taking precedence; and there we had our coffee, our *chasse*, and a little tranquillity; and during this pause, the Sheriff, next whom I was placed, began to talk to me. He had heard that I was neither poet, dramatist, editor, painter, nor player—in short, that I had no intellectual qualities by which I could

possibly earn a shilling; but that, on the contrary, I had an income derivable from property which became hereditarily mine: he therefore felt a becoming respect for me. Besides, I had never attempted a joke—indeed, scarcely had spoken; and I therefore imagine I came up to what, in his fat mind, he considered a “quiet, gentlemanly man.” He patronized—he fostered me, and I was grateful; and, after having looked at me with his fishy eyes for a minute or two, he asked me, with an earnestness which appeared ill-suited to the question, “whether I had ever eaten marrow-pudding?”

I was somewhat astounded, but I was quite sure it meant something kind, and would lead to something else; so I answered, as, indeed, I could not fail to do, if truth were to be my guide, that I had not, nor could imagine how such a composition could be prepared.

“Dine with me to-morrow at the Old Bailey,” said the Sheriff.

I said I was very much obliged, but—

“But me no buts,” said the Sheriff, “except a butt of Sherry. I say, that’s a joke, isn’t it? Don’t say nothing to them as is here; but you come to the Sessions’ House to-morrow about four. It’s the last day. We shall dine at six—Common Sergeant dines at three—Recorder goes down to try—and I shall be glad of your company. Sentences, and all that—fine sight—shows what I call humane natur—eh? Come—ask for Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury; the devil himself can’t prevent you walking in. You understand—mum—not a word. I don’t half like these chaps,—that editor, and the poet, I don’t understand ’em—and the actor is a deuced sight too funny for me; but—you’ll excuse me—I like *you*, and I says so;—I never makes two words of a straw. So come, hear the sentences, and eat marrow-pudding; and don’t say a word about it to nobody.”

The combination was curious,—“to hear sentences and eat marrow-pudding:” to me it was indeed a treat. I had an anxious time to pass until I could hear from Daly, and was justified, as I felt, in diverting my thoughts from the one object, thinking of which could do me no good. I felt flattered, too, that this great civic authority should have selected me for his particular notice and civility; and, besides, I had never seen a criminal court; my experience had been limited to occasional visits on the bench at Bow-street to my worthy friend, whose advice I had slighted, and whose tutelage I had spurned; and altogether it was new, it was something to excite; and to those who recollect what a man of twenty-one is, when he is in love, it must be quite clear that excitement, *outré* the one subject, is indeed rarely to be produced. I therefore agreed to accept the invitation of Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury, who squeezed my hand, in confirmation of the engagement, in a manner which I have never forgotten. If it were possible to imagine a pair of walnut-crackers made to the same size as that of his worship’s thumb and fingers, I am quite sure their pressure would be a trifle compared to the grip which I received from my new and extensive friend. I was certain it was done in kindness; but at least a week elapsed before I recovered from the effects of it.

Our *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the facetious Duberly, who believing that the Sheriff was a saint, asked him whether he had any objection to a rubber. Before his answer was given, Hull, who watched his worship with an almost Koo-too-ing kindness, came up, and drawing off

the barrister, said to him, "Dubs, Dubs, don't be childish—no cards here on a Sunday."

"No," said Duberly, "I am sure we *shall* have none—for you have none in the house."

"None!" exclaimed Hull, as usual—"no cards! Come, come, Tim, you know better than that. I have two hundred and fifty packs in this very room!"

A sort of doubtful murmur ran through the party, and the poet said something of "speaking by the card," when Hull, getting rather angry at being doubted, proceeded to unlock a closet in the room, and the moment the door was opened, at least twenty packs of entirely new cards tumbled out upon the floor; the astonishment was general.

"My dear friend," said Hull, "you ought to know me better—I never say what isn't true—I bought these cards two years ago—best cards you ever played with—I never buy inferior articles—got them in a lump—two hundred and fifty packs—told you so—you may count 'em, Dubs—I see you laughing, Tim—you may laugh—count 'em as you would benefit tickets—pooh, pooh, don't tell me."

Whether we did or did not play cards, I really do not now recollect—I remember laughing until I almost cried, at some delightful imitations of the actor. We had anchovy toasts, and broiled bones, and all the incentives to dissipation, in which we speedily engaged; punch, and all other destructive and delightful drinks, were introduced; the actor became more and more agreeable; the editor seemed pacified; Dubs was delightful; and the poet concluded the sports of the evening by pulling off his wig, and throwing it at the inimitable favourite of the evening. Then all became noise, confusion, mirth, and mystification; and when I opened my eyes in the morning, I found myself as thirsty as a crocodile, with a tremendous head-ache, and pains in all my joints, the sure result of excess committed in my early life.

When I woke, I could not for some time recollect where I was, or where I had dined. I could by no means remember how I got to the bed in which I found myself; it was the scene of St. James's-street acted over again, only there had been no gambling, and there were no visible results. I began to consider whether I had said or done anything either particularly ridiculous or offensive; but vain were my efforts at reflection, until the chambermaid coming into the room, at once, by an association not to be questioned, convinced me that when I came to the inn from Hull's, the night before, I had

"Fancied she was a goddess,  
And she thought me a fool."

And oh, how abashed and dissatisfied does a fellow feel, when he awakes, in his sober senses, to a faint recollection of the absurdities he has committed while degraded and debased by wine, or what the very genteel may think even worse, punch; and I, too, the devoted to Emma. I never shall forget the feverish, heated, mawkish, wretched state in which I was: however, it seemed an understood thing that I must appear at breakfast, and as I recollected my engagement, must subsequently dine at the Old Bailey to eat marrow puddings, by invitation from one of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

There is no meal so odious as breakfast, in company. I had been excellent friends with all the mad devils of the preceding night, but

when I came, sick and uncomfortable, into the breakfast-room, I had to begin it all again, to re-commence my acquaintance, and to hear, by way of comfort, innumerable allusions to what I had said and done, in the latter part of the preceding evening, of which I myself was perfectly unconscious; and then the wretched effort at eating; the tasteless tea, the dreadful egg—I was near dying of it, and sorely repented that I had so far invaded Hull's most unquestionable hospitality as to remain for the night at Mitcham.

Hull, however, was off to business early; his gig and horse were at the door by ten, and he and Duberly dashed away, the one to the City, the other to the Temple; the poet lodged near at hand, and the editor walked off to town, intending, as he said, to loiter about the neighbourhood of Lower Tooting, for the purpose of collecting some information upon the actual state of the population in the agricultural districts. The actor was not up, and did not come down to breakfast; he saw no fun in early hours, and therefore him I did not meet, but else by eleven o'clock we were all on the wing; and I left the cottage impressed with the kindness and hospitality of my new old friend Hull, who had completely vindicated himself from what I really did, before I had witnessed the proofs of his veracity, think was a little in the line of our venerable friend the Baron Munchausen. Having taken my departure, I drove to town, in order by some means, if possible, to refresh and re-invigorate myself sufficiently to appear before the Judge and Jury, at the hour mentioned by my worshipful friend, Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury.

It may seem singular, even extraordinary, having in my earlier days, as I have already said, frequently visited my worthy friend the magistrate at Bow Street; and later in my career attended the Courts in Westminster Hall, that I had never been in a court of criminal justice; and, as I have also said—perhaps superfluously—there is something extremely embarrassing in the anticipation of entering upon an entirely new scene of action in society. My directions from my new and important friend the Sheriff, were, however, plain and explicit; and accordingly, at a little before three, I presented myself at a door under the colonnade, at the back of the Sessions House, and was speedily ushered on to the Bench, where I had no sooner taken my seat, than with a feeling hardly explicable, but which I positively declare originated in diffidence, I fancied myself the object of general attention; the fact being, that no human being in the Court (which was crowded to excess) was conscious whether I had come into it or not.

My friend Bucklesbury, who was seated in full costume at the left hand of the semicircular tribune, in a box of his own, his wand of office erect at his side, and a bouquet upon the desk before him, beckoned me in a kind and condescending manner to approximate; and I accordingly shifted my position so as to come more immediately under his wing, or rather directly over his head, in which position I much rejoiced, as he was kind enough to enlighten me upon many points with respect to proceedings in criminal law with which I was before by no means familiar.

As I entered the Court, a case of some importance had just terminated, and the Judge just concluded his summing up, when the Clerk of the Arraignment put the customary question to the jury, "How say ye, gentlemen—is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" Upon which the jurymen laid their heads together, and I heard something in a

whisper from their foreman, who immediately pronounced the agreeable verdict, "not guilty." The prisoner bowed gracefully—he was a pick-pocket—and retired.

The prompt decision of the jury convinced me that it must have been a clear case; and I rejoiced at the departure of the now exonerated sufferer.

"That's a reg'lar rascal," said the Sheriff to me in a whisper; "never was such a case heard on, to be sure—seventeen watches, thirty-two pocket handkerchiefs, four pair of spectacles, and five snuff-boxes, were all found upon his person!"

"Yet," said I, "the evidence could not have been very strong against him—the jury acquitted him after a minute's consultation."

"Evidence, Mr. Gurney!" said the Sheriff, "how little you do know of the Old Bailey!—why, if these London juries were to wait to consider evidence, we never should get through the business—the way we do here, is to make a zig-zag of it."

I did not exactly comprehend the term as it was now applied, although Daly had often used it in my society with reference to a pin and a card universally employed at the interesting game of *rouge et noir*; and I therefore made no scruple of expressing my ignorance.

"Don't you understand, Sir?" said the Sheriff; "why the next prisoner will be found guilty—the last was acquitted; the one after the next will be acquitted too—it comes alternate like; save half, convict half—that's what we call a zig-zag; and taking the haggregate, it comes to the same pint, and I think justice is done as fair here as in any Court in Christendom."

This explanation rendered the next prisoner who made his appearance, an object of considerable interest to me. He was a little dirty boy, who stood charged with having stolen a pound of bacon and a peg-top from a boy somewhat his junior. The young prosecutor produced a witness, who, as far as appearances went, might without any great injustice have taken the place of the prisoner, and who gave his evidence with considerable fluency and dippancy. His manner attracted the notice of one of the leading barristers of the Court, Mr. Flappertrap, who in cross-examining him, inquired whether he knew the nature of an oath?

"Yes, I does," said the boy.

"Explain it," said Flappertrap.

"You may be d——d," replied the lad, "that's a hoath, arn't it?"

"What does he say?" said the Judge; who, as I about this period discovered, was as deaf as a post.

He says, "You may be d——d, my Lord," said Flappertrap, who appeared particularly glad of an opportunity to borrow a phrase, which he might use for the occasion.

"What does he mean by that?" said the Judge.

"That is the way, my Lord, in which he exhibits his knowledge of the nature of an oath."

"Pah! pah!" said the Judge; "Boy, d'ye hear me?"

"Yes," said the boy, "I hears."

"Have you ever been to school?"

"Yes," said the boy, "in St. Giles's parish for three years."

"Do you know your catechism?"



The boy muttered something which was not audible to the Court generally, and was utterly lost upon the Judge personally.

"What does he say?" said his Lordship.

"Speak up, Sir," said Mr. Flappertrap.

The boy muttered again, looking down and seeming embarrassed.

"Speak louder, Sir," said another barrister, whose name I did not know, but who was remarkable for a most unequivocal obliquity of vision; "speak to his Lordship—look at him—look as I do, Sir."

"I can't," said the boy, "you squints!"

A laugh followed this bit of *naïveté*, which greatly abashed the counsellor, and somewhat puzzled the Judge.

"What does he say?" said his Lordship.

"He says he knows his catechism, my Lord."

"Oh! does not know his catechism; why then what——"

"Does know, my Lord," whispered the Lord Mayor, who was in the chair.

"Oh! ah! does know—I know—here, boy," said his Lordship; "you know your catechism, do you?"

"Yes;" replied he, sullenly.

"We'll see, then. What is your name?" said his Lordship.

"My name," said the intelligent lad; "what, in the catechism?"

"Yes; what is your name?"

"M or N, as the case may be," said the boy.

"Go down, go down," said the Judge, angrily, and down he went.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said his Lordship, "this case will require very little of your attention; the only evidence against the prisoner at the bar, which goes to fasten the crime upon him, is that which has been offered by the last witness, who evidently is ignorant of the nature and obligation of an oath. With respect to the pig's toes which the prisoner stands charged with stealing——"

"Peg-top, my Lord!" said Flappertrap, standing up, turning round, and speaking over the bench into the Judge's ear.

"Peg-top," said his Lordship; "oh! ah! I see—very bad pen—it looks in my notes like pig's toes. Well, peg-top; of the peg-top which it is alleged he took from the prosecutor, there has not been one syllable mentioned by the prosecutor himself; nor do I see that the charge of taking the bacon is by any means proved. There is no point for me to direct your attention to, and you will say whether the prisoner at the bar is guilty or not; and a very trumpery case it is altogether, that I must say."

His Lordship sat down, and the jury again laid their heads together; again the foreman gave the little "hem" of conscious readiness for decision; again did the Clerk of the Arraignment ask the important question, "How say ye, gentlemen, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty," said the Foreman to the Clerk of the Arraignment; and "I told you so," said the Sheriff to me.

The next case was a short one. The prisoner a woman; the evidence clear and straightforward; but no great interest was excited, because it was known that the case for the trial of which, in point of fact, the learned Judge had, for particular reasons, given his attendance, and which accounted for his Lordship's presence at the close of the sessions, was very speedily to come on. This extraordinary combination

of circumstances afforded me the most favourable opportunity of seeing all the sights of this half-awful, half-amusing scene, even to the discharge of the Grand Jury, who had been specially kept together for the purpose of finding or ignoring the bill preferred against the eminent culprit, who was evidently the great attraction of the day; having found which, they had but three more to decide upon.

It was in the middle of the defence of the female prisoner, now "*coram nobis*," and just as she was making a beautiful but useless appeal to the "gentlemen of the jury," that a bustle in the Court announced some coming event:

"I am," said the weeping prisoner, "an orphan; I lost my mother while I was yet a child; my father married again, and I was driven from what had been before a happy home—I have only to pray——"

Bang went a door—the scuffle of feet was heard—down went some benches—"Make way, make way!" cried some of the officers. "Stand back, Sir, stand back; the gentlemen of the Grand Jury are coming into Court." To what the moaning prisoner at the bar might have limited her supplications, I never had an opportunity of ascertaining, for the noise I have mentioned was succeeded by the appearance of eighteen or nineteen men, dressed up in something like the shabbiest dominos I had seen at Lady Wolverhampton's masquerade, trimmed with very dirty fur; the leader, or foreman, carrying in his hand three bits of parchment. As these gentlemen advanced to a space reserved for them in the centre of the Court, the Judge kept exchanging bows with them until they had all reached their destination. The Foreman then delivered to the Clerk the three bits of parchment, who, putting his glasses on his nose, read: James Hickson, larceny—not found; John Hogg, felony—true bill; Mary Ann Hodges, felony—not found. The Clerk of Arraigns then informed his Lordship, partly by words and partly by signs, the result of the deliberations of the Grand Jury, and the fact that there were no more bills to send before them. Having thus far proceeded, that officer inquired if the gentlemen of the Grand Jury had any presentment to make; whereupon the Foreman, one of the largest and dirtiest-looking persons imaginable, but whose countenance was indicative of love of power and command, and who appeared, at the moment he prepared himself, to unburden his great soul of a grievance, to feel as if the whole world were a foot-ball made for him to play with,

"My Lord," said he, drawing himself up into an attitude, "I am sure I need not, at this time of day, enter into any discussion with your Lordship on the vast importance of the rights and privileges of Englishmen—of the original establishment of the trial by Jury in this country. It would be worse than idle to occupy your valuable time and that of this Court, by dilating upon the merits of our constitution—the chiefest of which has, I may say—been always—and I will say—wisely, considerately and prudently held to be that peculiar mode of administering justice between man and man. But, my Lord, if in civil cases the deliberations and decisions of a Jury are considered adequate safeguards to the rights and property of the people, the law, still more careful of their lives and liberties, has interposed in criminal cases another and a higher tribunal in the nature of a Grand Jury."

Hereabouts the Judge having bowed his head most graciously, omitted to raise it again, having dropped into a sound slumber.

"That tribunal of mediation, in the first instance, is full of importance; and whatever subsequent proceedings may be taken in a case, I do say, for myself and my fellows, that a decision upon *ex-parte* evidence requires more circumspection, more care, and more consideration than a verdict delivered after a case has been argued, and after witnesses have been heard on both sides.

"If, my Lord, your Lordship concedes this point, I will merely say, generally, that when the mind is occupied by any important object, more especially in matters of jurisprudence, it is absolutely necessary that nothing, if possible, should occur to irritate or exacerbate the feelings—all should be calm and at rest."

Several people turned their eyes towards his Lordship, and some smiled.

"No incidental annoyance should be permitted to interpose itself; nothing which could divert the Judge from the point to which his intellectual faculties ought to be directed, and where, my Lord, under suitable circumstances, they would, as they should, naturally converge. But, my Lord, we are finite beings—creatures of habit—subject to all the weaknesses of our nature, and liable to be acted upon by impulses almost unaccountable to ourselves. For myself, and my fellows, I may, perhaps, hope for a favourable interpretation of our intentions, and for a lenient judgment of our conduct. We have, my Lord, struggled hard to do our duty, and I hope we have done it serviceably and effectually—conscientiously and faithfully, I am sure we have. But, my Lord, we do think it necessary to call your Lordship's most serious attention to a fact which is embodied in the presentment which I hold in my hand. It is one which occurs to us to be of paramount importance, as far as the tempering of justice with mercy is involved: we have suffered grievously from the existence of the evil to which we point; and although at this time of the year its effects are of course not so heavily felt as in the winter season, we have considered it a duty we owe to this Court, to our fellow-countrymen, and, we may say, to every man intimately or remotely connected with the administration of criminal justice, spread as they may be over the whole surface of the globe, to state that the chimney in the Grand Jury room smokes so much and so continually, that it is impossible to endure its effects calmly or patiently; and we therefore think it right to bring the matter thus formally before your Lordship, and to desire that measures may be taken to abate a nuisance which, by its effects, is calculated to thwart, impede, and even distort the course of justice, and produce evils, the magnitude of which it is scarcely possible to imagine, and certainly not to express."

A buzz of approbation from the gentlemen of the Grand Jury, who had been undergoing the process of smoke-drying for several days, created a stir in the Court, in the midst of which the learned Judge awoke; and the Lord Mayor having whispered into his Lordship's wig, his Lordship bowed, and the Clerk took the parchment.

"Mr. Foreman and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury," said his Lordship, "I am happy to say that your labours for the present are concluded, there are no more bills for your consideration; your presentment shall be attended to, and I have to acknowledge your great zeal and attention, and to give you thanks for your services. Gentlemen, you are now discharged."

The bows, and scuffings, and cries of "Make way there for the Gen-

lemen of the Grand Jury, who are coming out of Court," were resumed, and the orator and his peers retired, leaving the poor girl at the bar, wondering what had happened, and what could be the reason that the worshipful community with the cat-skin tippets should have intruded themselves in the middle of her pathetic defence, in order to discuss the irritating characteristics of a smoky chimney.

I admit that the pompous oratory of the foreman, the "*mons parturienti*"—a splendid exhibition—and the "*ridiculus mus*," which eventually presented itself, were to me treats of no common order, and I regretted that Daly was not with me to participate in devouring the grave absurdities which we should have had before us.

The trial of the girl was concluded; and I had no doubt as to her fate, now that I became acquainted with the principle—she was acquitted, and never shall I forget the effect which this result of her trial produced upon her manners and features. The moment my friend Zig-zag had pronounced the words "not guilty," the pathetic expression which had characterized her countenance turned into the most humorous, and having winked her eye at the learned Judge, who, poor man, had summed up decidedly against her, she proceeded to place her two hands, extended in a right line from the tip of her nose, in the direction of his Lordship's seat, after the fashion of what is called "taking a double sight," and then, making a noise which, if not indescribable by imitation, is certainly irreducible to writing, something between that which a hackney-coachman utters to encourage his tired horses, and that which a duck makes when it sees either a ditch or a drake in dry weather, she turned herself suddenly round with the least graceful pirouette I ever saw, leaving one of the hands which she had previously elevated for observation, the last part of her person visible.

A short case of pot-stealing followed—the prisoner was found guilty in ten minutes: and then came the case: it was a curious and intricate one, and I felt quite assured, when I saw the prisoner, a genteel-looking young man, take his place under the inverted mirror, contrived with an almost diabolical ingenuity, so as to refract and reflect the light upon his face from the huge window at his back; I said to myself, having got both hardened and hungry during my short probation in Court, "We shall not dine at six to-day."

It might, perhaps, injure the feelings of the individual himself, or, if he be dead, those of his friends and relations, to detail the particular case, the more especially as nothing could be clearer than that the crime laid to his charge was amply and satisfactorily—to everybody except himself—proved and substantiated.

Just as the last witness for the defence was under cross-examination, I saw one of the Lord Mayor's servants put his powdered head in at a little hole, and whisper something to the Ordinary of Newgate, a remarkably pious-looking man, in full canonicals, with a buz wig, which, to use Foote's phraseology, speaking of Dr. Simony, (by whom, as of course everybody knows, he meant the unfortunate Dr. Dodd,) "looked as white as a curd, and as close as a cauliflower." It struck me either that the pretty wanton who had just been acquitted, desired some serious conversation with the clergyman, or that the last convicted pot-stealer felt some quailings of conscience, and had sent for spiritual assistance; but no, my friend Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury relieved my mind from any such

apprehensions, by inviting me to a whisper, with an expression of countenance which convinced me that it was nothing of so serious a character which had suddenly summoned the reverend divine from the Court.

"Good news!" said the Sheriff; "land is in sight."

"What?" said I, not exactly "catching the idea."

"Dinner is not far distant," said the Sheriff, "the Ordinary has been sent for to dress the salad."

Well, thought I, that a man so dressed, and so addressed, as the reverend divine opposite, should quit the seat of justice tempered with mercy, to mix oil and vinegar in a salad bowl, does seem strange. It was evident to me, from the manner in which my friend spoke of the chaplain's secular vocations, that his respect for the table was infinitely greater than that which he entertained for the cloth, and never from that day have I seen painted over suburban inns, "An Ordinary on Sundays at two o'clock," without thinking of the reverend functionary so styled in the Old Bailey, and the probable duties he would be called upon to perform.

The evidence having terminated, and the clock pointing to fifteen minutes after six, his Lordship began summing up. I have already mentioned that his Lordship was deaf, and the strange blunders which I have noticed in his early charges will perhaps serve to inform the reader of these papers, whoever he may be, that his Lordship's hand-writing was utterly intelligible, even to himself; indeed so completely illegible were his notes, that the only resource his Lordship had, if ever they were called for, upon motions for new trials (which perhaps I need not here add was, in his Lordship's case, by no means an unfrequent occurrence) was to send them to be printed, printers being proverbially the best decipherers in the world.

His Lordship's charge—barring the inevitable blunders and hesitations rendered absolutely necessary by their almost hopeless illegibility—was exceedingly minute and elaborated. He recapitulated *verbatim* the evidence of the three first witnesses, and continued thus of the fourth:—

"Now, Gentlemen of the Jury, here is Amos Hardy—Handy—no, not Handy—Harding—Amos Harding tells you, that on Tuesday—no, not Tuesday, I see—Friday the 14th—that is, the 24th—he was going along Liverpool—no, Liqueurpond-street—near Guy's Island—Guy's—no, Gray's Inn-lane—yes, going along Liqueurpond-street, Gray's Inn-lane—at about eight o'clock in the morning—and saw the fire break out of Mr. Stephenson's windows. This, Gentlemen of the Jury, is a very remarkable fact, and, in connexion with some other circumstances to which we shall presently come, is quite worthy of your particular attention; you perceive that he swears to eight o'clock in the morning."

"Evening, my Lord," said Mr. Flappertrap, standing up and whispering his Lordship audibly.

"Evening, is it?" said his Lordship; "aye, so it is—evening—no matter—he swears to the time at which he saw the fire break out—and hence will naturally arise in your minds a chain of circumstances which it will be my duty to endeavour to unravel. In the first place—"

Hereabouts one of the servants of the Court put his head in at one of the doors at the back of the bench, and whispered the Lord Mayor much after the manner in which Mr. Flappertrap had just before whispered the Judge. His Lordship immediately pulled out his watch—then looked

at the clock—and then wrote a few words upon a slip of paper, and laid that slip of paper upon his Lordship's notes. The Judge took up the memorandum and tore it in pieces—as I thought indignantly.

"You know what that means?" said my friend the Sheriff.

"No," said I.

"Dinner's waiting," replied my friend—an announcement which startled me, as it seemed impossible but that it would be kept waiting for some considerable time. This little scene, however, was followed by the arrival of the Recorder, who, after bowing to the Lord Mayor, took his seat on the bench.

"I told you so," said the Sheriff, "Mr. Recorder is come to try the remaining cases——"

A cry of "Silence—pray, silence," indicated that Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury and I were speaking somewhat too loudly.

"The circumstances to which I allude," continued his Lordship, after he had torn up the note, "are in fact so clearly detailed in the evidence you have heard, that to men of intelligence and experience, like those I am now addressing, any attempt at explanation on my part would be superfluous. The case appears a very clear one—you have to decide upon the value of the evidence, and return your verdict accordingly, giving the prisoner the benefit of any doubts you may entertain on the question."

"Never was I more surprised than at finding the promised explanations and comparisons of facts and testimony so suddenly cut short, after the manner of 'the story of the bear and fiddle,' and I could not help, while the Clerk of the Arraignment was putting his accustomed question to the jury, noticing the circumstance to my worshipful friend.

"To be sure," said the Sheriff, "don't you see? the time is up—he smells the marrow puddings."

The Jury, emulating the expedition of the Judge, in one minute, according to the zig-zag system, acquitted the prisoner; whereupon, his Lordship rising to depart, addressed that individual in words to this effect:—

"Prisoner at the bar, you have been tried by an able, patient, and conscientious jury of your countrymen, who, convinced like myself of the enormity of your crime, and of the wicked intentions by which you were actuated in its commission, have returned the only verdict which they could justly and honestly return—they have well discharged their duty. And although it is not my province in this place to pronounce the awful sentence of the law upon you, I shall take care——"

Here Mr. Flappertrap whispered his Lordship that the jury had acquitted the prisoner.

"By and bye, Sir," said his Lordship, angry at being interrupted—"I shall take care, young man, that an example shall be made in your person, of the——"

The Lord Mayor here ventured to suggest that the "young man" was found *not* guilty.

"Very well, my Lord—presently, presently," said his Lordship—"even-handedness of justice; and that an enormous offender of your class may not be suffered to escape the just vengeance of the laws which he has outraged."

Here Mr. Flappertrap whipped a bit of paper over the desk of the bench, into the very place which the announcement of dinner had so recently occupied. His Lordship looked at it, and exclaimed unconsciously, "Oh! ah! umph!" and then continued—"It is true that upon the present occasion the mercy and forbearance of the jury have been exercised in a signal manner; and I trust their benevolence and indulgence will not be thrown away upon you. I maintain my own opinion still; yet they have decided, and I have only to receive that decision. You are discharged, Sir, and may go about your business; but I can tell you this, young man, you have had a very narrow escape indeed."

There was not a person in Court who did not tacitly admit the truth and justice of at least the concluding passage of his Lordship's address to the acquitted prisoner; nor was that individual himself the least astonished of his Lordship's auditors. The incident, however, was worthy of its place in the day's proceedings, as producing a climax to the judicial operations of the learned Lord, and leaving upon the minds of all his Majesty's liege subjects then and there present, a conviction that, however classical it may be to picture Justice blind, it is not, as a matter of convenience and utility, at all desirable that she should also be deaf.

The signal for our departure having been given, I proceeded with my friend the Sheriff to ascend the stairs which led to the dining-room. When we reached the apartment, which was at the top of the building, we found several persons already assembled, and in conversation with the Ordinary, who were come to partake of the dinner, but whose taste did not lead them to listen to the trials in Court. Four or five barristers soon joined the group; and in a few minutes we sat down to the repast, which was more plentiful than splendid, and in which the much-vaunted marrow-puddings displayed themselves conspicuously. The Lord Mayor took the head of the table, and the Chaplain placed himself at the foot of it. I sat between my friend and patron the Sheriff and Mr. Flappertrap, whose proceedings below stairs had attracted a very considerable share of my attention. I found him pleasant and full of anecdote—the Chaplain cut jokes innumerable—the Lord Mayor was absolutely droll—and the venerable Judge himself laughed at some anecdotes which were told him, till tears ran down his venerable cheeks.

Strange contrast!—Five minutes before, these people had been below, dispensing the law to the people, deciding the fates and fortunes of their fellow-men, rising or destroying the hopes of the doubting, trembling friends and relatives of those arraigned before them; and now—their spirits having risen progressively with themselves to the top of the same building—there they were, eating, drinking, and laughing, as if the dinner of which they were partaking was, in point of fact, the only cause or reason for their assembling.

The feast went on—some of the barristers departed for the Court—the Chaplain "passed the wine"—and the conversation became general as the party diminished; when one of the servants announced to his reverence that the "yeoman of the halter" had just arrived from Wales. The style and title of this officer was new to me; and when a stout, beetle-browed man entered the room, and made a low bow, I inquired of my friend the Sheriff what part in the play he performed?

"That's Scraggs," said the Sheriff.

"Yes," said I; "but what is yeoman of the halter?"

"A joke," said the Sheriff;—"what you and the unlearned call Jack Ketch!"

I felt a mingled sensation of surprise, and, I must admit, horror, at being in the same room with this most dreadful functionary. That feeling wore off when I found the Sheriff, the Under-Sheriffs, and even the Lord Mayor himself, recognize him. The Chaplain, who was always destined to participate with him in the performance of the last scene upon the scaffold, filled a glass of wine, and handed it to him.

"Well, Mr. Yeoman," said his reverence, "you have been out of town some time?"

"Five weeks altogether, Doctor," said Scraggs. "I vent down, you know, into Wales, for the first job; but there was a respite, which kept me back a fortnight."

"It is a curious fact," said the Chaplain, addressing himself to me; "but in the case to which the yeoman refers, he was obliged to go down to Carmarthen to hang a horse-stealer, because not a native of the principality could be found to perform that duty on a Welshman."

"Quite true, Sir," said Scraggs. "Howsomever, I had two executions besides that, durin' the time I was out—one at Hereford, and another at Gloucester: they both vent off uncommon vell. It has been beautiful weather the whole time; and I don't think I ever spent so pleasant a five weeks in all my life."

The yeoman having finished his wine, put his glass upon a side table, made a bow to the company, and retired; about which time arrived the Recorder, and two or three barristers. This seemed to be the signal for a general move; and I suggested to my friend the Sheriff a return to the Court. This, however, was a vain proposition; for it was almost immediately announced that the last trial was on, and that the Common Sergeant had relieved the learned Recorder, who was to arrange the various sentences of the prisoners, which yet remained undecided, after which ceremony we should all go into Court, and hear those sentences pronounced.

It was, as I have already said, by a peculiarly happy combination of circumstances that I was enabled to see all these features of civic justice combined. The Judge, however, as soon as the Recorder made his appearance, rose from table: we all did the same. They remained in conversation for some time, when his Lordship bowed to the company, and retired, accompanied by the Lord Mayor, and one or two of the guests. The Recorder then assumed the presidential chair, and we began the afternoon afresh. The Chaplain pushed round the wine—the butler placed glasses before the Recorder, together with pens and ink, and a long book-like paper, which I found to be the calendar. At his right hand sat one of the City Pleaders, and on his left the Clerk of Arraignment, who had joined our party at the same period with his Lordship.

The learned Judge having placed his spectacles on his nose, began to peruse the names and crimes which this book of fate contained, and to apportion to each culprit tried that day such quantum of punishment as he might seem to deserve.

"No. 174," read his Lordship. "Martha Hickman—stealing pew-



ter-pots. What shall we say, Mr. Drawley?—Gentlemen, I have the pleasure to drink all your very good healths.—Why, Mr. Butler——”

“My Lord.”

“What wine is this?”

“The same wine your Lordship always drinks,” said Mr. Butler; for every office in the City, which is not dignified with a lordly title, is designated at once by its name, to which is prefixed Mister—for instance, the Lord Mayor’s mace-bearer and sword-bearer are uniformly called, as, indeed, they call each other, Mr. Mace and Mr. Sword,—so—Mr. Butler.

“Not a bit of it, Sir,” said his Lordship; “this is sour, bad, wishy-washy stuff—not fit to be drunk.”

“I am very sorry, my Lord—

“Sorry!” said his Lordship; “what signifies being sorry, Sir? You should take care, in the first instance, to have proper wine put down.”

“I will change it, my Lord, I——”

“Change it!” said the Recorder; “to be sure, Sir, change it directly! It won’t do, Sir; this sort of thing has happened before. Get some other wine, Sir, directly!”

This command was delivered in a tone of thunder, preceded by a flash of lightning from the eye of the irritated Judge, who then fell to work upon the calendar.

“Martha Hickman, stealing three pewter-pots—seven years’ transportation.”

“Robert Hayes, stealing two fowls, one duck, and a doe-rabbit—fourteen years, I think; eh, Mr. Drawley? Yes—fourteen years. Have you marked him?”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“Harriet Richards, stealing four yards of linen. Richards?—was not that the woman with the cap and ribbons?”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“That was a hanging cap,” said his Lordship. “Hardened woman—two years’ imprisonment.”

“Walter Cutts, stealing two loaves—seven years for him, I think.—Did you ever taste such stuff as that wine, Mr. Ordinary?”

“My Lord?”

“You have not been drinking any of that bottle, have you?”

“No, my Lord,” said the Chaplain, “it is corked.”

“It never should have been uncorked here, Mr. Ordinary;” said the Judge; “it is an absolute insult.—Well,—Stephen Robinson, stealing two pewter-pots—upon my honour, it is enough to bring on a cholera morbus—Robinson, seven years’ transportation.—Vinegar would be just as palatable.—Rachel Marsh, fourteen years—abominable woman. Simon Warner, pair of boots—umph—oh, I recollect that case—transportation for life.—Well, Sir——”

“Will your Lordship please to try this?” said Mr. Butler, proffering a new bottle. His Lordship, still muttering indignation, filled his glass, and after smelling its *bouquet*, and looking at its brightness, swallowed the contents. “Ah,” said his Lordship, “this is something like wine. Why did not you give us this at first, Mr. Butler? Fill my glass again—hand it round—you’ll find that, Mr. Ordinary, quite another sort of

thing—excellent, excellent wine, indeed. Well, let us finish our business. Robert Holland, stealing fourteen gold watches, thirty-four gold chains, six time-keepers, and sundry loose diamonds—oh, in a dwelling-house—well, let's say three months for him—capital wine, isn't it, Mr. Clerk, capital. Roger Perkins, stealing three mares and a foal—six weeks' imprisonment. Anne Griffiths, administering poison to her mother, aunt, and two sisters—poor girl—case of mistake, eh?—pass that bottle, Mr. Ordinary—childish carelessness—what shall we say? one month. Simmons, cow—oh, fine one shilling and discharge. That's the last, I think.'

Never was I more convinced of a man's wisdom than I was at this moment, of that of the foreman of the Grand Jury, who had expatiated so elaborately on the effect of irritating circumstances, acting upon the mind while it is employed in the dispensation of justice. As a sequel to the decision of the Jury, it appeared to me that the apportionment of the punishments was incomparable; however, for the scene that was immediately to follow, I own I was not prepared:

Just as the Judge had concluded the "catalogue of crime," it was announced that the last trial was over, and that the Court was waiting for his Lordship to pronounce sentence upon the convicted prisoners. The company rose and followed his Lordship down stairs to the Court; I resumed my seat upon the bench, wholly unconscious of the nature of the spectacle which was so soon to absorb my attention.

The whole place had assumed a different aspect since I had left it; it was now night, and the lights were burning dimly in their sockets; a profound silence reigned, and every eye was directed towards the door by which the prisoners, classified before their arrival, were to enter the dock. After the lapse of some minutes of suspense, a motley crowd pressed forward towards the bar; sobs and groans were heard, and faint stifled cries, which evidently proceeded from those relations of the culprits, to whom, fallen and debased as they were, they were yet devoted in affection.

"Who are these?" said I to Bucklesbury.

"These are the capital convicts; you'll hear in a moment," was the reply.

And I did hear,—one of the most awful addresses ever made to guilty creatures, delivered by the Judge, who, but a few minutes before, had seemed to me to be of the world, worldly. It appeared as if he had become suddenly inspired with an almost unearthly dignity and power. His voice deep and impressive, his language forcible and eloquent; the purport of his dread appeal, and its termination, never will be effaced from my memory. And when, in conclusion, amidst their wailings and supplications, he passed the awful sentence of the law upon his fellow-creatures, and, in dooming them to die, prayed for mercy on their souls, I fell back in a state of insensibility, wholly overcome by my feelings, much, as I subsequently perceived, to the amusement of one of the under-sheriffs, (a small attorney,) who, at a later period of the evening, whether in order to enjoy a joke at my expense, or to affect the hospitable, I do not exactly know, told me that he supposed, as I had heard the sentences, I might like to witness the execution of those who were to die, in which case, he should be glad to see me whenever the day was fixed;

adding, with an expression of peculiar *bonhomie*, "we hang at eight, and breakfast at nine."

There can be no question that a constant familiarization with such scenes, blunts the feelings, if it does not harden the heart. The butcher's wife, who bribed her baby to take physio by promising it, if it were a good child, that it should stick a lamb the next morning, saw nothing revolting in the idea of killing that, by the death of which she lived. To shew to what an extent experience in horrors deprives them of their effect, I may mention the following fact, related to me many years after this period by a friend :—

When the traitor Thistlewood and his murderous gang of accomplices were to be executed before Newgate, my friend, whose taste lay that way, secured a window to witness the catastrophe. The sentence included decapitation after death ; and when the executioner commenced his work by cutting off the head of Thistlewood, and holding it up to the people as the head of a traitor, a shudder of horror thrilled through the crowd. The second similar operation upon the next culprit produced a similar effect, but in a slighter degree ; and so completely did that feeling wear off as the performance of his duty proceeded, that, when, in lifting the head of the seventh traitor, as the preceding six had been lifted to the public gaze, the executioner happened to let it fall, cries of " Ah, clumsy," " halloo," " butter fingers," were heard from various quarters of the assembly.

The awful denunciation of offended justice from the lips of the Judge certainly did not produce upon the *habitués* the effect it had upon me. To the passing of the minor sentences I listened with composure, and I confess that when I heard Robert Hayes sentenced to fourteen years' transportation for stealing two fowls, two ducks, and a doe rabbit, and Ann Griffiths saddled with a month's imprisonment for endeavouring to poison all her existing relatives, I could not help thinking of the butler's corked bottle, and the foreman's smoky chimney.

When the Court rose, I shook hands with my new friend the sheriff ; and having taken a glass of hot brandy and water with the Ordinary, which he recommended as a corrective for the indisposition produced by my sensibility, I quitted the Sessions-house, amazed and amused by what I had seen and heard ; and amazed most of all that I had actually existed eight hours without once thinking of my beloved Emma !

*Note.* It is but just to observe, that this picture of the Old Bailey, sketched by my late friend, and not intended for the public eye, although essentially correct, bears evident marks of caricature. Mr. Gurney was at the time a very young man, ready enough to catch the ludicrous, wherever it was to be found. Certainly at the present period, the Court in question presents a very different appearance, and possesses a very different character.—ED. OF "GILBERT GURNEY."

## FRANCIA, THE DICTATOR.\*

WHAT precedes shall suffice to illustrate the character, and principles of government, of the extraordinary man who has been the subject of this memoir. I shall now proceed to give a short account of the scenery and customs of the country of Paraguay.

It is next to impossible for those who have never left England, and even for those who have visited some of the more magnificent scenery which other parts of Europe present to the traveller, to form an adequate conception of the vastness, the grandeur, or the sublimity of some of the scenery of South America.

That of the Andes is of a huge, stupendous, and solemn character. It impresses the traveller, as he winds his apparently interminable way between masses of mountains which rear their cumbrous summits far into the clouds, or as he commences the long and laborious task of ascending the gradual acclivity, his ride to the termination of which is to constitute a day's journey, with feelings of the deepest awe and veneration.

It is such a display of the wonders of creation, as takes him utterly by surprise, because it exceeds in immensity all that his most extravagant imagination could ever grasp. It realises to him so irresistible a display of the unlimited power of the Creator, as brings home to him, with an intensity never before felt, the presence, by his works, of the Divinity who made them.

He must be a cold observer indeed, who can enter the deep and dark ravines, by which the first approach is made to those mountains, without sensations more than ordinarily solemn—impressive at once of the greatness of Him who framed the universe, and of the insignificance of the *atom man*, except considered as an immortal being, whose career is destined to be still new, when those mountains shall have "waxed old as a garment," and when, "as a vesture they shall have been folded up."

The scenery of the river Plate, though not of the same stupendous character as that of the Andes, would yet be noble and majestic, were there nothing but the river itself to constitute it. There is, however, much more than this, especially as you ascend toward the source of it, which is more than two thousand miles from its mouth. In the whole magnificence of its course it scarcely ever gets narrower than a mile, or a mile and a half; it is often three miles broad; and in many places it is studded with the most beautiful and extensive islands. The shore on either side is sometimes quite lost to the eye, and nothing meets it but waving forests of stately trees, alternating with large clumps of evergreen shrubs, that rise in groups "grotesque and wild," out of the "silver expanse of water by which they are surrounded."

After sailing occasionally for half a day through scenery like this, you come again to be obviously confined by the banks of the river, which are sometimes richly wooded on either side. Sometimes the water is hemmed in upon one side by high and precipitous banks, and

on the other overflows, like a sea, the marshy and extensive tract of land called the Great Chaco. In the whole course of this majestic stream, from the lake Xarayes, in which it has its source, to the mouth of the river Plate, a distance, we have seen, of more than two thousand miles, there is no obstruction whatever to the navigation of vessels drawing eight or nine feet of water. A ship of three hundred tons was once built at Assumption, of Paraguay timber, and floated down, without the smallest difficulty, fifteen hundred miles to the sea.

The stream of the river Plate is called the Paraguay, till it joins at the village of Corrientes, nine hundred miles below its source, a branch, larger at their confluence than the parent stream. The two streams, united here, flow down with an augmentation of their waters, which gives a character of greatly increased splendour and majesty to the river, now called the Paraná.

After winding from this point in a broad, placid, uninterrupted course, for more than a thousand miles, it pours its unsullied and salubrious waters into the river Plate, so first called, a little above Buenos Ayres. From hence the river deepens and widens, with occasional banks and shoals, till after a course of about two hundred miles more, it empties itself into the Atlantic, by an outlet nearly three hundred miles wide.

The flux and reflux of the tide are distinctly observable at Buenos Ayres; and the water of the river Plate, impregnated with that of the ocean, is salt at the distance of a hundred miles from this. The current of the Paraguay and Paraná runs at the rate of nearly three miles an hour toward the sea.

The manner of *navigating* the river, when the current begins to be strong, and the shores are much wooded, is curious. The Paraguayan sailors, stripping themselves, plunge into the water with a rope in their mouths. One makes his rope fast to a tree at some distance above the vessel, by which the sailors remaining on board heave or pull the little ship up against the current. By the time it gets to the tree to which the first sailor had fastened his rope, another has fastened one still higher up, by which the vessel, without delay, is again dragged along.

In the manner thus described, these Paragayan sailors, when there is little wind, or a point of headland to be got round, swim and work for hours together. In this slow and ponderous way, and by this immensely fatiguing process, day after day, little by little, they drag the vessel nearer to her destined port.

It commands at once our admiration, and excites our compassion, to see the patient and cheerful constancy with which those men endure fatigue. The vigour with which they work, and the small remuneration, and rude simple fare which they are content to receive in return, would not only excite astonishment, but breed contempt, in the mind of a London coal-heaver, whose work, without being half so laborious, is paid for at four times the rate of the Paraguay sailor's.

Though a vessel is often three months in getting up from Buenos Ayres, against the stream, to the capital of Paraguay, very few of the sailors receive more than two or three pounds for their labour during the passage; many of them work their passage up, for the mere consideration of food. This food consists in beef, cut into thin strips, and dried in the sun. They never have bread, and very often not salt

to it. They never, even incidentally, are allowed anything in the shape of spirits or wine.

And yet, to see these men seated around the fire which they have kindled on shore for the purpose of roasting their dry, hard, unsavoury fare, scanty as their garments are, and laborious as their exertions through the day have been, there is not a countenance among them but what is beaming with content. Often have I seen the cheerful blaze of their fire, on the bank of the river, shining upon a dozen swarthy physiognomies, and showing them to be lighted up into laughter, by the joke of one of their companions, or riveted in obvious delight by a story from some gifted speaker, about their native land. The pleasure, at length, of their frugal and even stale repast, but savoury conversation, being superseded by the calls of wearied nature for repose, they give themselves up to sleep. Stretched out around the embers of their fire, wrapped up in their ponchos, sheltered by trees, and covered by the sky, they find that rest which is so often denied to those who woo it by blandishments more courtly, and preparations far more cumbrous and artificial.

There is a great feeling of clanship, and love of country, among the natives of Paraguay.

When they meet in a foreign land (as Buenos Ayres is by them considered to be) they are not only inseparable, but indefatigable in their good offices one to another. You may hire them to work for much less than their natural wages, if you can give them work in company with *their own countrymen*; and few or none of them that can go back are ever known, permanently, to establish themselves *out* of Paraguay.

The country properly called Paraguay is quite distinct from the province of Buenos Ayres, which has sometimes, as a whole, been designated by that name.

Paraguay formed *part* of the vice-royalty of Buenos Ayres—the richest, most valuable and populous part of it. It was a bishop's see, and, as a government, esteemed next in importance to that of the Viceroy himself. It is the country in which the Jesuits first formed their most celebrated establishments, and of which I purpose hereafter to give a detailed account.

You are struck, upon your first entrance into it, by the fine clumps of trees through which you travel, emerging, ever and anon, into clear, fertile tracts of country, either laid out in cultivation or covered with the richest pasture. There is the finest possible variety of hill and dale. You see lakes spread out in silver beauty in the valley, and forests that never fade into the tints of autumn, but are covered with a foliage rich, varied, verdant throughout the year.

Springs pour their crystal waters, in all directions, down the gentle slopes of the hills, and irrigate the vale below. Cottages, lowly indeed within, but neat and numerous, peep forth from the most romantic situations, surrounded by rich and waving crops of the sugar-cane, and cotton-tree, mandioca, and tobacco; while groups of palm-trees tuft the hills, or stand out in splendid array upon the plain.

But to have a view of Paraguay scenery, in all its majesty and magnificence, it is necessary to get upon some of the hills, near the great stream which winds through the whole province, and thence to observe, for miles, the peaceful, broad, pellucid mass of water, gliding and undulating

through the country which it fertilizes, and wafting, at the same time, the commerce of it, in busy barks, with sails outspread, from one point of wooded beauty to another.

The male inhabitants of Paraguay are a very fine and hardy race of people. They *used* to be employed, before Francia's terrorism paralyzed the country, in the navigation of the river; in agriculture; in the preparation of the famous yerba, or tea; and, finally, in felling the forest-trees, in which the province abounds, and floating them in rafts to Buenos Ayres.

The lower classes of females are very industrious, and almost invariably pretty. Many of them are very ingenious at the loom. There are specimens of their manufacture of cotton cloth, resembling in its texture Indian crape, and also of lace richer than that of Brussels, which having been exhibited to some of the manufacturers of this country, they confess themselves unable to equal. These females, partly owing to the heat of the climate, and partly owing to a primitive simplicity, untruded upon or corrupted by foreign intercourse, are attired in a very simple cotton robe of their own pure white cloth. It falls down nearly to the ankle, and is girded round the waist with a band.

When they go abroad, there is suspended over the back part of their head, hanging down on either shoulder, and sometimes crossed under the chin, a scarf of the same material, edged or bordered with some pretty simple device. They go without shoes or stockings; but with their small ankles and beautiful feet washed scrupulously clean: and as the soil, where it is not of a moist sand, is covered with a fine green sward, and intersected in all directions with brooks, rivulets, and springs, the greatest cleanliness and freshness of person are a striking characteristic of the Paraguay female peasant. Every one of them, especially when filling her pitcher with the pure water which gurgles up from some chosen spring, or carrying it to her little home on her shoulder, looks like a Rebekah: and you might *almost* say of her: "The damsel is very fair to look upon, a virgin; and she goes down to the well, and fills her pitcher, and comes up and says, Drink, my lord, and hasteth and letteth down her pitcher upon her hand, and giveth him to drink."

The population of the country is estimated at 500,000 inhabitants. But this includes a great many wandering tribes of Indians, who living mostly on the Great Chaco, or western side of the river, only visit Assumption occasionally, and cannot be strictly said to be under *any* government, but that of their own respective petty chiefs.

The tribe of Indians, and that was a very large one, which was found by the original Spanish invaders, occupying the *east* side of the river Paraguay, was called the Guaraní tribe of Indians. These being subdued, were established principally by the exertions of the Jesuits, in many small townships over the whole province. Each village had its priest, or padre, appointed to teach the inhabitants the principles of the Roman Catholic faith. For the regulation and superintendence of their own municipal affairs, however, which were, it is true, of a very limited and passive kind, they were allowed to nominate one of their own body, with the title of Alcalde, or Justice of the Peace. Of this distinction they were not a little proud. The privilege of being put, in any one case, on a footing of equality with the Spaniards who had invaded them, has always been acknowledged by the Indians as a mark of condescension

from a superior to an inferior race of beings; and they have ever expressed their sense of it by words and actions, constituting, in fact, adoration.

The Paragúay Indians referred to, do very little for the benefit of the community. One part of the produce of their rural industry, after maintaining themselves, goes to purchase a flounce for the Virgin Mary, or a piece of brocade for some other favourite saint. The remaining part is snapt up by the padre, or in some more indirect way extorted for the use of the church. The Indians are passionately fond of the mummerly of processions and adoration of saints; and their idolatry is pretty equally divided among these, the priests themselves, and the persons holding any official situation under government. The Roman Catholic religion, in those remote regions, is to all intents and purposes one of strict idolatry.

This is one class, the Guarani Indians I mean, of the inhabitants of Paragúay. Next to them are the peasantry descended from the old Spaniards, and if not without a mixture of Indian blood, yet so attenuated by the lapse of time as to be now scarcely traceable. One class of this peasantry is occupied alternately as common day-labourers, collectors, and preparers of the yerba, wood-cutters, and navigators of the river. They are a fine athletic, hardy, and trustworthy race of men. The other class is an equally fine race. They are the possessors, generally, of small tracts of ground, which, with the cottage upon it, often repaired and sometimes wholly rebuilt, has been in possession of their forefathers for three or four generations.

The class next above these, in the scale of society, is the larger landed proprietor. His little estate yields him the sugar-cane, tobacco, mandioca, cotton, the sweet potato, and almost every other kind of vegetable, and every variety of tropical fruit. He has frequently, besides his little agricultural estate near town, his larger grazing or cattle-estate, at a considerable distance from it. He has, according to the country notions of comfort, a tolerably comfortable house, in the midst of a beautifully wooded country, finely watered, and every way fertile, and rich by nature. He lives in plainness and simplicity, but in great abundance; in very primitive ignorance, but in the exercise of much hospitality. He seldom meddles with things of the state; and is content to take rank under the better class of merchants. The classes enumerated, with the merchants, retail dealers, store-keepers, lawyers, priests, mechanics, and a large mixture of negro and mulatto population, make up the remaining mass of the inhabitants of Paragúay. There is little education, but a great deal of natural simplicity, and almost refinement of manner, among the better classes, particularly of the *females*, in South America; and the Englishmen who have cultivated their society, having any pretensions to be admitted to it (these pretensions, too, sometimes *very* slight), have never, I am sure, had reason to complain of the result.

The commerce of Paragúay, for a South-American state, was very great. Of the yerba it exported annually eight millions of pounds; of tobacco one million; innumerable rafts of wood were floated down the river; and considerable quantities of cotton, sugar, mandioca, earthenware, spirits, sweetmeats, and cigars, were also shipped. For these it took in return, chiefly flour (the climate being too warm for the growth of wheat), ponchos, which are a sort of coarse woollen mantle worn by the natives, and British manufactures.



The manner of procuring and preparing the yerba, or Paraguay tea, is curious. A man desiring to get a quantity of it, provides himself with a number of labourers, ten or twenty, or perhaps more. He furnishes them with ponchos for clothing, knives, axes, spirits, tobacco, and other necessities, and himself at their head, marches to the immense and almost impenetrable forests, where the yerba-tree (for it is a large forest-tree) grows. At the entrance of the forest he adds to his other preparations a number of live bulls, for food during the time to be occupied in collecting his intended quantity of yerba. These are the only animals hardy enough to penetrate into the forest and live there. The thorns of the underwood get into their flesh; gnats, mosquitos, and every other description of insect annoy and torment them day and night.

Having arrived at the part of the forest where the cutting is to commence, the yerba collector and his gang prepare a hut for themselves, of branches of trees plastered with mud, and slightly covered with thatch. From this hut, as from a common centre of their individual operations, the yerba cutters proceed to different points of the forest, generally two together, with their hatchets, knives, and ponchos.

They commence their operations by cutting such small branches of the tree as have most leaves and young shoots upon them. These being lopt off and put in their ponchos, or tied with thongs, are brought home and deposited at head-quarters twice a day, as the stragglers return, at their stated periods, to dinner and supper. They are warned to the former meal by the perpendicular rays of the mid-day sun; and to the latter by the coming shade of the night. For many weeks, and sometimes for months, are their operations, day after day, thus carried forward. When a sufficient mass of yerba branches and leaves is collected, and a sufficient number of bulls slain to admit of their converting their hides into bags for the tea, a high stage is erected, and overlaid with the branches of the tea-tree in such a manner as to admit the flame of a fire which is kindled beneath, rising up and scorching them. The ground under the stage is well beaten so as to be perfectly hard and consistent. The embers of the fire which had been lit are now swept away; the scorched boughs and leaves are brought down from the stage to the place which the fire had occupied; and being by the heat made brittle and easily pulverized, they are now reduced nearly to powder, by the simple process of well beating them with sticks. The hides of the bulls are now cut in two, soaked, and carefully sewed, so as to make a nearly square bag or bale. The mouth of this bag being left open, the tea is put into it, and so admirably packed and beaten down with large wooden mallets, that when the mouth is sewed up, and the hide become quite dry, the package has the hardness and consistency of a stone. Small as its compass is, it is made to contain from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds of the yerba. Of these bales of tea, forty thousand, annually, used to be exported from Paraguay. The price of it there was about three-pence per pound.

It is a most refreshing beverage, and was used by all classes of persons, at all hours of the day and night, in every part of Spanish South America.

When these yerba collectors issue from the woods, their first care is to provide themselves with a horse bridle, richly mounted with silver, and massive spurs and stirrups of the same metal. They then get a

large sleek horse, and having put upon him a saddle, overlaid and underlaid with many folds of fanciful finery, their pleasure is to parade about and see their friends, gamble the little money they have left, and then betake themselves once more to the yerba forest, to labour like slaves for six or eight months more.

It is very common to see a man in Paraguay, with horse furniture of the gorgeous kind I have described, without either shoe or stocking; and with a jacket, moreover, of such scanty dimensions, that one is led to suppose that the rider's system had been, from accumulated savings in broad-cloth, shoes, and stockings, to purchase a rich and massive caparison for his horse.

There is in South America (and is there not, though less obviously developed, in England?) much of this false and ostentatious parade. In its essential character, whatever it may be in its accidental features—whether it be mounted on horseback in Assumption, or rolling in gaudy state in London—it is one and the same sort of personage. Regardless of consistency, and ignorant of real comfort, it is ever ready to sacrifice to *show*, all the conveniences, and often the very necessities of life. When I hear of a devotee of fashionable display having first run himself out at the elbows, and then run off to the continent to retrench, I ever think of my Paraguay yerba-man setting out for the woods.

The paper which, under the title of "Doctor Francia," has preceded this, in the April Number of the "New Monthly Magazine," commences thus: "Such as *I have described* it, was the community of Paraguay, when the Spanish Governor Velasco, after the victory gained over the Buenos Ayres troops, was deposed."

I forgot, in the flurry of my thoughts on the subject, that I had taken the perilous resolution of appearing in *print*; and I wrote "*have described*," with reference to my manuscript, where the description of the Dictator's country preceded that of the Dictator *himself*.

You may now, reader, and if you have come thus far with me, most *courteous* reader, perceive, that in ushering so mighty a personage as the Dictator of Paraguay into your notice, there was a certain propriety and decorum in allowing *him* to take precedence of *his country*. In the natural order of things, I necessarily saw the country before I knew the Dictator: but we have *since* seen (for I *hope* in this we are agreed), that his country is only his footstool. You will have no difficulty, therefore, in concluding with me, that the two descriptions now stand in their proper relative places;—first, that of the Dictator,—next, that of the country. Please to read with me, then, the initiatory paragraph of my preceding paper, with the slight interlineation of a monosyllable, thus: "Such as I have" *now* "described it, was the community of Paraguay, when the Spanish Governor Velasco, after the victory gained over the Buenos Ayres troops, was deposed." That was in the year 1811. What, under the chilling sway of the Dictator, the community of Paraguay has become *since*, you are *also* informed, from personal observation, by

A TRAVELLER.

## BEGINNING LIFE AT FORTY.

## A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

"FIVE feet eight, broad shoulders, hazel eyes, florid complexion, good nose, white teeth, high forehead, curly dark brown hair." Had I been lost or mislaid at the age of nineteen, such a description my affectionate parents might have circulated, in the fond hope of recovering their youngest treasure. *Now alas!*—but I will not anticipate.

I had good health and good spirits, and thought myself good-looking, and that is sufficient to insure happiness at nineteen. I was, however, a younger son—the youngest, indeed, of five children,—and it was therefore my doom to dig out my own path through the world. My father had it not in his power to do more than give me a sum sufficient to buy me *the spade* with which I was to *dig it*;—in other words, to pay for my outfit. Away I went to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, in a climate where European brows are peculiarly addicted to the moisture which in genteel society is rarely named.

An uncle of mine had an estate in a West India island, and, it being considered prudent to send out somebody to look after it, I was offered an allowance, and at the same time a line of conduct was pointed out which could not fail, if diligently followed, to lead to competence, and indeed, to wealth, in the comparatively short period of twenty years.

I acceded to the proposal with delight. The climate was unhealthy; no matter, I relied confidently on the strength of my constitution, and talked of my return at the end of twenty years, with pockets full of money, as gaily as if I had been speaking of events which were expected to take place in a twelvemonth!

"How indefatigably will I toil," said I, "and how rapidly will the time pass! In twenty years I still shall be on *this* side forty, still in the very prime and vigour of life; young enough to enjoy wealth and all its advantages, and yet old enough to avoid the shoals and quicksands which would probably destroy me were I now *unfortunately* in possession of the expected treasure. How I long to be forty! would that I could overleap the intermediate years, and see myself reflected in yonder mirror, erect and robust, in the full maturity of good looks, forty years of age, with forty thousand pounds in the funds!"

I will not trouble the reader with the name of the island to which I was to be voluntarily transported, nor will point out the precise path in which I was to grub my way to independence. Whether my exertions were to be mercantile or legal,—whether I was perched for twenty years on a high stool before a higher desk,—or superintending slavery (for I am speaking of the *past*) in the open air, in a nankeen suit of *ditto*, with an immense straw hat, shall be matters left to the diligent research of the curious. I at once overleap the laborious interval, and come to the period when I found myself, as had been predicted, thirty-nine, and very rich. Be it most particularly remembered that my life during these twenty years had been one of *anticipation*. I left England for the purpose of enjoying life on my return. Enjoyment during my absence was not thought of. I had an object to gain, and every nerve was strained, every thought was devoted, to its attainment.

The boy who leaves the play ground to go into school and get through a hard task, when the job is finished rushes back to the scene of his sports precisely as spirited, as capable of exercise, and as alive to enjoyment as when he left them : and I thought myself the prototype of the boy ; I felt no change within me,—in the glass which had reflected me daily for twenty years, it was not probable that I should detect an alteration. No ; I would go and resume my old position *at home*, just as if I had never quitted it !

And home I went, with my bags of money and all my golden dreams of enjoyment !

I had left my family residing in a country town, but dignified with the name of a watering-place ; for some medical gentleman, most fortunately for the inhabitants, had discovered that the well in his garden produced water that tasted particularly nasty. Being, therefore, unavailable for culinary purposes, he declared it to be eminently medicinal, analyzed it, and clearly pointed out how much salt there was in it, and how much carbonate of soda, and other nasty things ; and the end of it was that people came there in crowds of anforning to make wry faces, swallow goblets of the physical stream, and listen to the necessary accompaniment of a band of wind instruments.

The only change that the lapse of twenty years had produced in my native town was a considerable increase of buildings. There my family still resided, all but my poor father : he was an invalid when I left home, and he had long since been numbered with the dead.

It is high time that I should announce the members of my family. My mother when I left home was fat, fair, and probably forty,—not that she owned to anything like that age. I have said that I was the youngest of five children : my three sisters were the first born, and my brother was one year older than myself.

How impatient was I during the voyage ! the night, too, that I was forced to sleep at the inn at Bristol ! and then the next day, what weather ! how it rained and blew ! No inside place in the coach ; but what cared I ? My heart was *in its teens*, and I never gave a thought to my constitution ; off I went, and arrived at my mother's house late in the evening.

Shall I ever forget our first meeting,—the happy meeting that I had so long anticipated ! No, never ! Was it happy ? how could it be otherwise ?

My mother received me as mothers ever receive a child,—all tears and affection. But, oh ! what a change ! The fatness and the fairness so entirely gone ;—the *old woman* sat by my side, looking up in my face through a pair of spectacles. And what was my first thought ? It was this,—that my dear mother was grown old and infirm, that her life was rapidly on the wane, and that during her best days, the enjoyments of which I might have shared and promoted, I had been far away in a distant land. I am aware that I must very imperfectly describe the feeling that chilled me ; I saw a change that I had not anticipated, and for which I was unprepared,—and I cried like an infant.

My brother had married the year after I quitted England, but he still resided in the same town, and, had he been aware of my arrival, would certainly have met me at my mother's, but I was sure to see my former playfellow the next morning. One of my sisters (the eldest) was a

widow, the other two still unmarried, and they now all resided with my mother.

"They will come to you immediately," said my mother; "but you were not expected so soon, and you know, George, that ladies of a certain age cannot bear to be caught *en dishabille*."

"A certain age!" said I. "Oh, yes: Matilda is five years older than I."

And presently down came Matilda, the widow, a lady of forty-five, who, by dint of overmuch rouge, overmuch black front, and eyebrows artificially arched and blackened, had contrived to make herself appear fifty at the very least. It was *not* the Matilda I had left twenty years before; there was not the slightest resemblance; face, figure, manner, voice, all utterly unlike my sister "*Matty*." I saw it,—I *felt* it. The meeting gave me not the slightest pleasure; on the contrary, it was more painful than I can describe, particularly when I perceived that she never would have recognized me.

But I have not done yet. Presently appeared the elder of the two old maids, aged forty-five; she had never been the least good looking, and had therefore, I suppose, relinquished all matrimonial views earlier than many women, and was now what my mother hinted at as "*rather serious*," and what the widow had openly declared to be "*very methodical*." She was as neat as possible, as mild as milk, and I thought as cold as an icicle. She was soon followed by the youngest spinster (of forty-three), who was always called by the other two "*child*." She had been pretty—very much so I thought, when I left home—and she now, I suppose, might be said to have "*traces*" of beauty; but not a glimpse of my own gay sister Mary! She wore what, to my mind, on a woman's head, is the greatest of abominations—a wig. A male wig is to my fancy a bad business; it never makes anybody look younger or better than he would look without it; it deceives nobody, and yet everybody who wears one flatters himself that not one in a hundred discovers his secret. When a man above forty is pointed out as good-looking, he is invariably the man *without* the wig; but a *female* wig is a hundred times worse! a wig with a long tail, which is twisted up to act youth! a wig with a flower stuck in it! It is like a garland on a tombstone, for a wig, after all, is but a memorial of departed youth! and such a wig was my sister Mary's, with a bit of lily of the valley hitched under one of the curls. I longed to snatch it off, and throw it into the fire, but thought *perhaps* that might not be taken in good part, and I desisted.

I felt miserably out of spirits, woefully disappointed, and I could not tell one of the family the cause of my depression. I felt relieved when it was time to take my candle and go to bed, and, after so long a journey in the open air, I soon fell fast asleep. The next morning I awoke by no means a giant refreshed; my wetting of the previous day had given me a lumbago and pains in all my limbs, and when I entered the breakfast-room, with my back bent, and one leg following the other with considerable difficulty, I saw clearly that my mother and sisters looked at me with compassion, and considered me a premature Methusalem.

There was, however, an old gentleman standing by the fire to keep me in countenance, and by his side a remarkably fine young man, who, on turning round at my entrance, displayed the very face of my dear elder brother, just as I had left him twenty years before. I shuffled up.

to the lad without an instant's hesitation, and, calling him by his name, caught him in my arms ; to my surprise the young man laughed good-humouredly, but as it appeared rather with a feeling of awkwardness, and, without by any means reciprocating my endearments, walked away to the window. The elderly gentleman, however, endeavoured to make amends ; he shook me most paternally by the hand, and apologized for my nephew's coldness. My nephew ! yes, he was born two years after I left England ! and there was my brother, who, having now been married near twenty years, and possessing moreover a numerous family, had left off being a young man, and might, as the phrase goes, be "*taken for any age*."

Some men leave off being young much earlier than others ; a great deal depends upon the constant habit of making up to go into society. By making up, I by no means infer the use of cosmetics, dyes, &c. ; but merely the very innocent endeavour to make oneself "*look one's best*." When once this habit is given up, whether from ill-health or the withdrawing from society, there's an end of the matter—there's no resuming it ; look in the glass, and the elderly gentleman stands before you !

Here was another disappointment, and a bitter one ; however, I made the best of it. I took a great fancy to my nephew, perhaps because I found in him the sole representative of the bloom which time had so ruthlessly wiped away from all the rest of the family. He seemed to take to me too, and my spirits began to rise ; but accidentally, as I left the room, I heard him say to my sister, " I say, aunt, what can we do to amuse the old gentleman ? " and that was a damper !

My disappointments were many, but to describe them in detail would be tedious. At balls I found that nobody expected me to dance, unless indeed there happened to be a lack of beaux, and then my "*good-nature*" in standing up was remarked, or some port girl said, " What ! you figuring away ! "

I was advised by all my family to marry, by all means the very thing I wished ; but I never dreamed of proposing for any woman that was not young and pretty ; I did propose for one that was decidedly both, and was rejected.

And had I spent the twenty best years of my life, incessantly toiling to obtain wealth, in order that I might return home to enjoy myself ? and had I returned at last only to discover that the season for enjoyment had passed away ? So it would appear ; but I had committed one great error, and these little confessions of an elderly gentleman may prove a warning to others who are similarly situated.

Let no one dream of "*beginning life at forty* ; " were I to start again at the age of nineteen, to play the same part, on the same stage, I should know that on that stage my scene of youth must be enacted, and there the heroine of my love-story must be wooed and won. If it be your lot to pass so many years in a foreign land, that land must be the scene of your hopes and fears—your joys and sorrows—your loves—your friendships—your associations. Toil and climate may thin the hair and tan the cheek, but the married man and the father is not expected to return unchanged—he has assumed a new character ; while one who, like myself, returns at the end of twenty years *en garçon*, to dance quadrilles and look for a wife, will find that, in his matrimonial researches, it behoves him not to be over particular.

## THE RED MAN.

A CERTAIN popular French tradition would lead us to believe that the palace of the Tuileries has been for centuries past the resort of a demon, familiarly known by the name of "*L'Homme Rouge*," or the Red Man; who is seen wandering in all parts of the Château whenever some great misfortune menaces its regal inhabitants; but who retreats at other periods to a small niche in the *Tour de l'Horloge*, the central tower built by Catherine de Medicis, and especially devoted to the use of her royal astrologers.

Béranger has described the royal Red Man as

“ Un diable habillé d'écarlate,  
Bossu, louche, et roux,  
Un serpent lui sort de cravate;  
Il a le nez crochu,—  
Il a le pied fourchu.”—

But, as it happens, other red men are to be met with in Paris besides the celebrated scarlet devil of the Tuileries; who, after all, is but a sort of metropolitan Zamiel, and little better than the *Feuergeist* of a high Dutch melodrama. Whoever, for instance, has chanced to visit the Quai Desaix with the intention of finding the *Marché aux Fleurs*, or Flower-Market, on any other day than the official Wednesdays and Saturdays when it presents so charming an aspect, may have been startled by the sight of half a hundred reddish men and women, the old iron-vendors who on ordinary occasions ply their unattractive trade beneath the dwarf acacia-trees of La Vallée. Even these, however, are the mere half-castes of the calling; but should some courteous reader be smitten, like ourselves, with a taste for the by-ways rather than the highways of a great city, let him dive into one of those tortuous, fetid, narrow, ten-storied streets of the ancient cité of Paris, where Notre Dame uplifts its Gothic towers, and the hospital of the Hôtel Dieu bathes its leprous feet in the polluted waters of the Seine, which ought to have been devoted to the exclusive purpose of dispensing salubrity and purification to the capital,—there, either in the Rue de la Boucherie or Rue de la Huchette,—it matters not to give the exact locality,—he will discover a retreat, something between the modern shop and ancient *échoppe*, the front open to the narrow street in order to display to view its rust-bitten contents,—viz., heaps, bunches, and trays full of old iron, of every form and mould,—old locks, old keys, old implements and instruments of every trade and calling,—exhibited to the admiration of the public with as dainty a spirit of arrangement as in the curiosity and *virtù* shops of the Quai Voltaire, and presided in proper person by the proprietor,—the identical and especial RED MAN.

Fifty years has Balthazar followed the business. Fifty years have done their work in imparting to his face that copper-coloured complexion,—to his hair, beard, whiskers, habitments, even down to his leathern apron, a hue of dingy red, which now appears to be engrained into his very nature. The walls, the floors, the ceiling of his dusky habitation, are red; nay, the very atmosphere he breathes is impregnated and coloured by the particles of rust thrown off from the ever-shifting materials of his trade. Between his buyings and sellings, the timeworn rods and

bars, hooks and nails, blades and staples, are in perpetual motion. He has always some worn-out pot or cauldron to examine,—some lock, or hinge, or bolt, or bar, to dislocate; some jack-chain or fetter to unrevet,—some trap or springe to pull to pieces. For Balthazar is an amateur, as well as a man of business. Custom has rendered his rusty occupation second nature to him. He can breathe no other than the ferruginated atmosphere of his shop; and the lilacs of the Bois de Romainville, or the thorns of the Près St. Gervais, stink, by comparison, in his nostrils. He would rather behold some piece of complicated machinery, oxidized here and there into the rusty hue, marking it out as likely to become his property, than cast his eyes on all the Raphaels of the Louvre,—all the Rubenses of the Luxembourg. He has not yet travelled northward from his shop so far as to view that chef-d'œuvre of modern architecture, the *Bourse*; nor westward, to behold the Corinthian portico of the *Madelaine* with its matchless frieze. Of the *Arc de l'Etoile* he has heard rumours, and the Suspension Bridge has been duly reported to him. But till their iron stanchions become rusty, they will acquire no interest in the sight of Balthazar; whose cares and enjoyments are alike bounded within the narrow sphere compassed between his den behind the *Hôtel Dieu*, and his sleeping room in the most ancient house of the most ancient *Rue St. Jacques*, where stand the *Sorbonne*, the *Val de Grace*, with other and numberless monuments of the olden time. He is unluckily too much a man of business, and finding his pleasure therein, to be much of a gossip; nevertheless, take the old man at the right moment, when he has achieved a lucky bargain, and is making the stifling red particles fly around him in clouds, while handling some worn-out piece of machinery before consigning it to his treasury, or appending it to a stall-hook of the *échoppe*, and you may cajole a world of information out of the RED MAN.

It was at some such auspicious conjunction of the planets, that it was in the first instance our fortune to accost him. We were returning with sickened soul and bewildered eyes, from the *Barrière St. Jacques*—a spot appointed (since the *Place de la Grève* underwent consecration by a libation of the blood of heroes) as the place of public execution; and whither, enclosed in a machine resembling a colossal baker's basket, condemned criminals are now trundled from the *Conciergerie* through the frequented streets of the *Pays Latin*, that the guillotine may do its hasty work under the awful auspices of "*Monsieur de Paris*," the celebrated *Samson* of the bloody hand.

The grand spectacle of the heavy day in question was the judicial assassination of the supposed murderer of *Madame Dupuytren's* cook, of whose innocence sufficient evidence has since been adduced. But innocent or guilty, we had seen blood—human blood—poured forth like water,—had looked upon the horror-struck aspect of a man before whom death stood face to face arrayed,—had witnessed the cunning artifices of the priest of a new sect, who sought to render the martyrdom of the victim an evidence of the sanctity of his own charlatanic professions. All this we had seen: the shuddering of the crowd; the deadly swoon of the inquisitive female whose spirit was intrepid, but whose flesh was weak; and the almost instantaneous relaxation of that intense feeling of excitement which, until the great moment, had suspended the very breath of the populace, as by a spell irresistible. For the throng was already



dispersed from the spot; the executioner and his two assistants, protected in their loathsome operations by a few municipal guards, had withdrawn the bolts and screws from the murderous framework; the headless trunk and gasping head were on their way to the dissecting room; and the blood-gorged spectators, consisting chiefly of artizans out of work, "ambitious students," and the lowest *gamins* of Paris, were off in various directions in search of breakfast; some wrangling, some singing, some preaching, some yawning; some declaring that the supposed assassin had died like a heathen,—others that he had died like a hero.

For ourselves, who had been witnessing for the first time the operation of the knife, we must plead guilty to a certain perturbation of the senses leaving every sensation indistinct; a whizzing in the ears,—a mistiness of vision,—a parchedness of tongue,—a throbbing of heart, rendering the very way before us hard to follow. We had a mind to visit Notre Dame for early mass. Our spirit hungered after the pealing of the organ and the music of those pure young voices which speak the promises of peace in heavenliest diapason. We had been present at the passing of a human soul, (guilty or guiltless, God alone could determine,) from time to eternity. We longed for the murmurs of a requiem; the tranquillity of a holy place; for the security of the sanctuary; for the groined roof, the echoing aisle, the word of God, the promises of salvation. In such a mood of mind, it was our destiny to stumble into the stall of the **RED MAN!**

For a moment, indeed, we fancied that our eyes deceived us; that the hue of the blood we had seen spilled had attached itself to the whole external creation. And probably the horror of the impression depicted itself in our countenance; for the old man, having gazed for a moment in silence, laid down the rusty chain he was shaking into form, and having humanely demanded if we were not indisposed, tendered the Evangelic offering of a glass of water; which was gratefully accepted and swallowed, before we became accurately cognizant of our whereabouts. Under all the circumstances, Balthazar's wooden chair seemed a luxurious refuge. We were glad to sit there, and pour into sympathizing ears the confession of our blood-hatred. The old man happened to have religious scruples of his own anent prison discipline and the penitentiary system; *he* too was an eschewer of the punishment of death; and as an inhabitant for sixty years of the Quartier St. Jacques, resented with much bitterness the indignity inflicted upon his parish by the transposition of the guillotine.

Our minds were mutually attuned for horrors; we could talk of nothing but killing,—nothing but death. Balthazar had witnessed the execution of the monomaniac Papavoine; and we, after tossing off another glass of *eau filtrée*, had our own anecdotes to relate of Tyburn, of Newgate, of Jack Ketch, of the condemning cap of the judge, the condemned sermon of the felon, the cart, the toll of the bell, the ordinary, the sheriff, the coffin,—even unto the seething of the strangled corpse, and the admonitory glass-case in Surgeons'-hall!

Balthazar was perhaps jealous of our adeptitude in these tales of terror; for, at the close of our narrative of the fearful tragedy of Gill's Hill and the fate of Thurtell, he suddenly disappeared towards the back of his *échoppe*, and having penetrated into one of the subterranean

recesses containing the choicer specimens of his trade, hobbled back to place in our hands a rusty complication of iron machinery, one portion of which seemed to be formed of pieces of bone or ivory. After turning it over and over without much enlightenment of our ignorance as to its nature and destination, we ventured to cast an upward glance of inquiry towards the old iron-dealer's face.

What a study for Rembrandt! The otter-skin cap of Balthazar, foxy as his own iron-dyed hair and whiskers, was pulled close upon one eye, while the other peered out, bleared and fiery from the excitement of its habitual atmosphere, with the leathern cheek around puckered into a peculiar expression of cunning and exultation. His thin lips were compressed, as if waiting the irrepressible interrogations of our curiosity; and while he stood leaning against a fascis of jarring rods, he rolled unconsciously within his red hands a corner of his rusty leathern apron, from which the ferruginous particles flew off in volleys.

"Well, Sir?" said he, at last, tired of our perversity of silence: and—

"Well, my good friend?" was all the question we chose to vouchsafe in reply.

"Why, what I have to say," was his somewhat more explicit rejoinder, "is, that the Armada-armoury of the Tower of London which you have been describing, contains no choicer instrument of torture than the one you regard so carelessly."

"Instrument of torture! Is this piece of rusty iron, then, a relique of the Inquisition?" was our involuntary exclamation.

"Not exactly. But you have not examined it. You have not observed the artist-like manner in which the springs close upon the bones—You do not perceive that it is one of the cleverest gins ever formed by the cunning of man—Try to extricate the skeleton hand! Try!"

"The skeleton hand?—the bones?"

"Ay! attempt to liberate them from the trap!"

And the effort, when made, was, as he had announced, unaccomplishable.

"But do you really mean," was our next inquiry, "that these pieces of bleached bone are, in truth, a portion of some human skeleton?"

"What else?" cried the old man, chuckling. "It needs no Cuvier to decide the point. Any student of anatomy between this and the Jardin des Plantes shall teach you as much."

The skeleton of a human hand, and inclosed in an intricate fetterlock of rusty iron!

"The bones are diminutive; the hand must surely have been that of a female?" was the fruit of our cogitations upon this ugly instrument of barbarity;—"of a female,—probably young,—perhaps beautiful;—one who must have lived, or rather died, a captive. But where? Not, surely, in France;—not in gallant, refined, chivalrous Paris? This curious specimen may have been imported from the East,—from Tunis, or Tripoli, or Fez?"

"No such thing!" interrupted Balthazar. "The ironwork does honour to a trusty workman, who must have served his time to a master-mechanic of the *cité*; the hand is that of a woman French-born,—Parisian-bred. The victim was, in short, one who lived and died almost within sight and sound of the very spot where we are standing."

"Centuries ago, of course. The times of the Frédegondes and Brunehauts have probably legends of domestic horror to match with the crimes of their historical archives."

"Bah; bah!" cried the old man petulantly. "Human nature is the same in all ages and countries. Every day—every city—produces some monstrous wickedness, secret or discovered, arising from the triumphs of ungoverned passion;—from hatred,—lust,—revenge,—or mere blood-thirstiness. The crime in which this piece of ruthless machinery had its rise, was done in my own lifetime, in a place which I weekly and calmly traverse. The perpetrator went down to the grave, I will not say unpunished, but undiscovered. No one pitied the victim,—no one cursed the assassin. The whole story is, and is better, buried in oblivion."

"Impossible, impossible!" we exclaimed, again carefully examining the whitened bones and their fiendish inclosure. "Since you profess yourself acquainted with the origin and destination of this mysterious instrument, you must not tantalize our curiosity."

"What avails it to rake up memoirs of the frailties of our fellow-creatures?" said the Red Man, dropping the corner of his leathern apron, replacing his cap horizontally over his brows, and turning towards a tray of screws and hinges, as if provokingly bent on devoting his attention to indifferent objects. "Let the dead bury their dead! To-morrow it were cruelty to speak of the last throes of the unhappy wretch whom this morning you saw precipitated into eternity. Yet his life was given for a life, according to the decree of the Almighty, according to the laws of the land."

"Nevertheless the lesson to be imparted by such examples were lost," we remonstrated. "were the deed hidden behind a curtain. It is for the good of mankind, not to gratify an individual craving for retribution, that the penalty is paid. No man has a right to connive in the concealment of crime."

"Unless when, as in the present instance, Time, the universal avenger, has swallowed up the offender and the offence," rejoined Balthazar. "All that could be done now in atonement were to curse with bell and book the place where the crime was perpetrated. And to what avail? You would affix an eternal stigma upon a spot of earth, the work of the Almighty's hands, fast by his holy house, and sanctified by the daily echoes of his holy word."

"The *Parvis de Notre Dame*!" we exclaimed, certain of having now attained the heart of the matter.

"The *Parvis de Notre Dame*!" reiterated the Red Man, in an affirmative tone. "And since you appear so obstinately interested in the subject, it may save my time and your own to enter at once into explanation. Know, then, that this relique came not into my hands in the way of traffic. At the epoch of the first revolution, when the very name of priest had become abomination in the ears of the people, and so many venerable servants of the church were arrested and sacrificed in every part of the kingdom, the greater number of the canons of Notre Dame were wise enough to seek safety in flight or in concealment. One, however, there was—an aged man, familiarly and favourably known to the poor of the island by the name of Père Anselme, who disdained to follow the example of the fashionable abbés or beneficed nobles; and

attached beyond all power of separation to the old towers and aisles of the cathedral, or, as some thought, to the little, gloomy, official habitation wherein, for thirty years, he had abided, refused to stir,—surrendered himself, as it were, to his destinies,—and was eventually numbered among the victims of the massacre at the prison of L'Abbaye. It was on the evening following his arrest that a decrepit mulatto serving-man, attired in shabby mournings, entered my *échoppe*, entreating my assistance in opening the springs of the fetterlock in question; one end of which was still attached to a chain and staple, which had evidently been wrenched by force from a stone wall. Vain, however, were the utmost endeavours of my skill; the cunning of the springs effectually defied my artifice; and having rendered it back to the old man to be re-enclosed in the cloth in which he had transported it to my dwelling, I could not forbear an inquisitive remark or two concerning the mysterious task he had sought to impose upon me, and the inexplicable nature of the instrument.

“He shook his head mournfully in reply; but at length admitted that the trap was connected with certain family secrets, which he was desirous of screening from the scrutiny of the National officers in a house to which, that morning, the seals of office had been affixed.

“‘It required some exertion of strength, as you may perceive,’ said the poor old mulatto, opening his shrivelled hands and displaying the mangled palms, ‘to wrench the staple from the wall. Thank Heaven, however, I succeeded: and all that now remains for me to accomplish is to unclose the springs,—consign these wretched bones to consecrated earth, and this wicked instrument to the furnace;—that so may finish all memory of one of the cruellest deeds darkening the history of human kind.’

“Smitten with an interest in the business, almost equal to that you now evince, I instantly proffered a renewal of my efforts in so pious a cause; and promised, if the lock could be left in my possession, to apply the whole of my leisure to the task. Christophe’s first impulse was a decided negative to this proposal; but, on consideration, he admitted that the trap would be safer from observation in my hands than in his own, and having extorted from me a promise of secrecy, he departed with the intention of returning in the course of a week. Many weeks elapsed, however, before I saw the mulatto again; and when he once more entered the shop, I could scarcely bring to remembrance my former visiter. He was so worn, so wasted, so tremulous, so fearful, that I had scarcely courage to refer to the painful secret by which we had been originally brought into collision. But Christophe was the first to recur to the fetter-lock; and after a vehement burst of almost childish tears, admitted that the great motive for secrecy was now at an end. ‘God has avenged all—God, in his own good time, has poured down retribution!’ was his reiterated exclamation. ‘My poor old master was butchered in the massacre of the 2nd of September. All is over!—I have nothing now to care for!—let those come and see who list! My own days are numbered:—to others lie the accomplishment of my task—to you, Sir, if it be the will of Heaven, the expiatory deed of opening this fatal springe, and consigning the bones of Lucile to hallowed ground!’

“Touched by the helplessness of his grief, no less than by the fidelity

of his attachment, I undertook to fulfil, as far as my powers might avail, the task proposed; and in the process of another week's acquaintance with old Christophe (the last week of his mortal existence), derived from his lips the particulars of a family history of unequalled interest and horror connected with the lock. You seem at leisure to listen;—hear, and moralize upon the tale.

“Anselme Lanoue, Sir, was the only son of respectable parents, occupying a small property in the neighbourhood of St. Etienne; destined from his infancy to follow in their footsteps as the unambitious cultivator of his paternal estate. Having, however, at a very early age, distinguished himself among his fellow-students at the Lycée of St. Etienne by a remarkable proficiency in mathematics, and, at his leisure hours, by a singular tendency to mechanical pursuits, the proprietor of one of the chief engine-foundries in the country, a distant kinsman of Madame Lanoue, persuaded his father and mother to bind the boy in apprenticeship to a calling for which he evinced so marked a vocation, and which afforded such auspicious prospects of future fortune. Anselme accordingly became an engineer, and soon confirmed the prognostications of his new master by striking out various improvements and inventions of high account. At three and twenty he had achieved the post of chief engineer in the establishment, and at eight and twenty was not only a partner but the affianced husband of his master's daughter. His parents did not survive to witness the consummation of his prosperity—both were already in the grave, and Anselme's patrimony disposed of to augment the capital of his thriving trade.

“Nothing now remained for him to desire. Lucile Moronval was a lovely girl of eighteen, whom he had fondly watched from childhood, with a gradually increasing hope of being enabled, at some future time, to aspire to her hand; and although it was whispered among the commercial coteries, that she had for some time testified considerable repugnance to the marriage arranged for her by her parents, on the grounds that Anselme, in spite of his enlightenment and high moral principles, was of a silent, stern, jealous, and even at times morose disposition, mistrustful in his temper and sullen in his deportment,—all was finally reconciled; and ere the bride had attained her nineteenth year, they were settled as man and wife in a pleasant house in the suburbs of St. Etienne, the dwelling attached to the foundry being supposed disadvantageously situated for the health of the young matron. Lanoue seemed indeed to derive double happiness when established in his cheerful home at the close of his labours of the day, from the circumstance of their temporary separation. Lucile had household cares to occupy her time during the interim, and at the close of the first year of their marriage, had a pretty little Lucile of her own to display to her husband and father on their return from the foundry.

“Still it was remarked by the same prying gossips who had been the first to notice her disinclination to become the wife of Anselme, that after the first few months of her motherly triumph, Madame Lanoue appeared to take little pleasure in her child. She grew dispirited, indifferent, negligent in her person and household; and the more her husband evinced his discontent at these changes in her deportment, the more her spirits were depressed. Some of her neighbours were prompt to attribute the mischief to the arrival of a young cousin, a certain

Clement Manoury, who had been the companion of Lucile's early years, and for some time past detained by the arrangement of his family affairs in the island of Martinique. It was even said that her kinsman had returned with the intention of claiming her hand; and that Lanoue, on discovering his abortive pretensions, had forbidden Clement the house, insisting on an absolute rupture of the family connexion.

"Certain it was that the door of Anselme was closed upon his supposed rival; and certain also it was said to be, that Lanoue, who had hitherto contented himself with returning home at the close of his day's labours to his evening meal, was now frequently seen traversing the town, from his foundry at the river-side to his cheerful habitation in the suburbs, with hurried step and gloomy countenance, at various unaccustomed periods of the day. Those who were busiest on the watch managed to ascertain that he had, at different times, broken in suddenly on the solitude of Lucile—but, happily, only to find it solitude. Nothing transpired to justify his suspicions, but nothing seemed to pacify the disturbance of his mind.

"For often does a husband or a wife possess confirmation strong of fickleness or infidelity, which less interested persons account as nothing—symptoms of coldness, of estrangement, of loathing in moments once devoted to endearment—tears where smiles should be, or smiles of scorn instead of the playful self-abandonment sanctioned by reciprocal tenderness. And Anselme had good reason to see that he was no longer beloved. Had he not, therefore, reason to suspect that another had already superseded him in the affections of his wife?

"He *did* at least suspect it, and the suspicion maddened him. He read it in the averted eye, the quivering lip, the hand withdrawn from his own; and when at length he gathered from his wife that he was about again to become a father, the admission, instead of filling his heart with the rapture which had preceded the birth of little Lucile, struck him with disgust. Perplexed in the extreme by the agonizing misgivings which had taken possession of his mind, he soon became brutal, wild, ungovernable in his exasperations against his unhappy victim. Yet strange enough it was that Lucile never resented his violence—never appealed to her neighbours' compassion or her father's protection. She suffered all in silence—too mild to murmur, too gentle to resist. It was even hinted that harsh words had been followed by hard blows; yet still the humbled creature uttered not a syllable of complaint!

"At length the time was accomplished, and Madame Lanoue brought forth a son. Her father eagerly desired that it might be named 'Anselme,' after her husband, and Lanoue stood eagerly waiting in the hope that Lucile would second the request. But amid all her exhaustion and debility, the young mother found strength to implore that her father, who was to be its Christian sponsor, would bestow his own name on the infant; and that name happened, unluckily, to be no other than 'Clement!' From that moment it was a fearful sight to watch the glances cast by Lanoue upon his unwelcome offspring.

"Not long, however, did Lucile find courage to encounter the concentrated wrath of the now desperate man; and exactly five weeks after her confinement, she disappeared from St. Etienne. One evening, on returning from the foundry, Anselme found his little home abandoned—the cradle empty—the nurse dismissed—while a few lines, in the hand-

writing of Lucile, acquainted him that he would see her face no more, and that his little daughter was deposited with her former nurse, at a village two leagues distance from Lyons ;—for *that* child, at least, was his own.

“ By this fatal announcement the miserable truth became manifest to all the world. Anselme was pardoned his former mistrust, his previous jealousy, when it was seen that Madame Lanoue had eloped with the object of her early attachment, and embarked for Martinique—that her father’s name and her husband’s roof were dishonoured—that Lucile was an adulteress !

“ Poor old Morouval !—he had not long to support his load of obloquy, or the consciousness that his daughter’s former declarations of attachment to another ought to have prevented him from interposing his parental authority to complete her union with Anselme Lanoue. He died repentant and self-accusing, driven to despair by the accusations of his indignant son-in-law. And thus, freed from all engagements, and bereft of almost every tie to life, Anselme grew weary of his former haunts, his former avocations, and resolved at once to dispose of the foundry, and seek happiness in some province where his name and misfortunes did not serve to point him out to public notice. It was expected that his child would bear him company, but having visited the little girl shortly after the disappearance of his wife, the unhappy man discerned or fancied he discerned some resemblance to her kinsman Manoury in the countenance of the infant Lucile, and thenceforward resolved to exclude it from his home. A liberal annuity was accordingly settled upon the nurse ;—it was arranged that Lucile should be reared as her own ;—and Lanoue became a Cain and a wanderer !

“ From that period all trace of the once thriving engineer was lost at St. Etienne. Rumours prevailed that he had entered into the ecclesiastical state, that he was even a member of the confraternity of La Trappe ; and one fellow-townsmen, who happened to have business in the West Indies, protested that he had seen Anselme Lanoue fulfilling the duties of a missionary in the island of Martinique. The lapse of a dozen years, however, tended to obliterate all curiosity respecting him or his movements—his very name came to be forgotten at St. Etienne ; and little Lucile, reared in all the simplicity of a Lyonnese farmer’s daughter, began to think of her unknown father as numbered with the dead.

“ Scarcely, however, had she attained her fifteenth year, when there arrived at the village a priest of severe but venerable aspect, who proceeded to exhibit to Manette and her husband the necessary proofs empowering him to claim the guardianship of Lucile Lanoue. For many hours was the stranger closetted with the afflicted couple ; who, at the close of the conference, announced him to their charge as her uncle and future protector, Lucile, who had been hitherto taught to consider her father an only son, and her mother an only daughter, could by no means reconcile herself to this unlooked-for tie of consanguinity. But Nanette soon satisfied her beloved nursing that so it was and was to be ;—that her only chance of happiness lay in unlimited submission to the will of her new uncle, with whom she was to reside in Paris, where he enjoyed a small benefice under the metropolitan see ; and who, although a stern man and reserved, regarded her with the tenderest affection. Nothing remained but to

submit; and Lucile, still bewildered by the sudden transition in her destinies, bade adieu to her native province, and accompanied her uncle to his gloomy abode in the *Parvis Notre Dame*.

"For many months the gay-hearted and bright-eyed girl found little in her new home to replace the simple occupations and affectionate tending of her childhood. Waited upon by a decrepit mulatto servant, who seemed to regard her as an intruder, immured from the sunshine and the free range of nature, she became weary of life, even unto the utmost heart-sickness of weariness. But in course of time, the studies to which her uncle began to claim her attention acquired interest in her eyes; she was taught new languages,—sciences hitherto undreamed of;—the page of history unrolled its wonders to her eyes,—the mysteries of nature unfolded their miracles to her comprehension. The gentle mind of Lucile became fascinated by her uncle's lessons of wisdom; she had long listened with reverence to his exhortations from the pulpit; she now began to admit the extent of his attractions as a companion, the value of his regard as a friend and monitor.

"There was but one point on which his lessons were distasteful. It struck her that the stern ascetic insisted too often and too strongly on the virtue of chastity, and the pure mind of Lucile revolted from the frequency of a charge she deemed superfluous. Père Anselme persisted in warning her against unclean thoughts, when her soul was spotless as that of a nun; and inveighed against the attraction of temptations, which to her were foul and offensive. He seemed, in fact, to invest the whole force of female excellence in a virtue which to Lucile appeared a necessary and spontaneous obligation; for the white rose in its first expansion of purity, was not more spotless than Lucile Lanoue!

"At length she revolted against these iterations of his daily sermon.—'You talk to me, dear uncle,' said she, 'of crimes that enter not into my apprehension. What pleasure can you suppose me to find in seeking after books, images, ideas, expressions of an immodest nature? What sense of enjoyment can possibly attach itself to things which bring a blush to the cheek, and confusion to the heart?'

"'Nevertheless, beware!' rejoined the stern pastor; 'circumstances may arise to invest with unknown charms these very accessories of evil. And remember, Lucile,—remember, my niece,—remember, my beloved child, that sooner than see thee yield to the backslidings by which so many of thy sex sink into the gulf of perdition, I would tear thee limb from limb,—behold thee perish inch by inch, and minute by minute. The soul of woman is the brightest emanation of the eternal fountain of light and life; but the smallest blemish upon its spotlessness, and corruption and utter darkness ensue. Either thou must be as the angels of Heaven, secure from the influence of every grosser passion, or fall under the domination of the worst, and become a thing for men to trample on and fiends to scoff at. \*Half the mischiefs, half the crimes of this world of woe, are produced by the levity of woman. And though I love thee, Lucile,—love thee with a yearning spirit of tenderness, greater than can be dreamed of by the imagining of thy young experience,—know, that should a day of contamination come, thou must look to find in me a ruthless judge,—a stone-hearted executioner. There would be no mercy in my soul for an offence of thine.'



"Harsh as were these denunciations, they sounded more like the ravings of fanaticism, than the remonstrances of a spiritual teacher, in the ears of Lucile. She had no power to attach them to a foregone conclusion, or to the shadowing forth of ideal evil. Even when, about a year after the first outpouring of the strenuous exhortations of Père Anselme, she became acquainted with the brilliant aide-de-camp of the King of France, who was charged to command a solemn service of *Te Deum* at the metropolitan cathedral, on occasion of the birth of a Dauphin, and the young and handsome Count de Valençay contrived shortly afterwards to entangle her in a secret correspondence and clandestine meetings, Lucile saw no occasion to connect the honourable expressions of attachment of her impassioned admirer with the prohibitions of her uncle! Valençay beheld in the bright cynosure of the Parvis *Nôtre Dame* the nominal niece of a hypocritical abbé, and far too fair a creature to be consigned to so ignoble and degrading a destiny; while Lucile beheld in Valençay her future husband, and the noblest and most captivating of mankind: They stood relatively in a false position. Mademoiselle Lanoue was too much afraid of the harsh interpretation of her uncle to infringe her lover's injunctions by acquainting the old man with the secret of their engagement. She dared not even involve in her confidence the old mulatto servant, Christophe, lest at any time he might be induced to betray them to the animadversions of Père Anselme.

"Time passed. It is needless, and would be painful to relate how often, during her uncle's discharge of his official duties, Lucile managed to escape from her gloomy home, and accompany her noble admirer on expeditions to the heights of Romainville, or the unfrequented banks of the Marne; to evening promenades in the Royal Gardens, to obscure spots and secret resorts, even *she* scarcely knew where. It was in vain she implored Valençay's permission to acquaint her legal guardian with their engagements, and at length with the union they had secretly contracted. The Count pleaded the opposition of his family—the resentment of the King;—and Lucile felt too happy in the homage, the tender affection of the man she deemed her husband, to examine with caution into his arguments, or investigate the motives of his evasions.

"It chanced that, while these mysteries were proceeding unsuspected in the quiet household of the canon of *Nôtre Dame*, Père Anselme was requested by one of the ministrants of the church of St. Sulpice to undertake for a few days the clerical charge for which he was incapacitated by sudden and severe indisposition. The active priest, rejoicing in an opportunity of augmenting the sum of those duties which he had adopted as a sort of expiation—a species of mysterious atonement—readily complied: and thus, for several days, Lucile was left more than ever at liberty to pursue her favourite avocations, and cement her rash connections, little apprehending the consequences of her uncle's unofficial occupation. Nay, little indeed did Père Anselme himself anticipate, when he entered the confessional of his unaccustomed church, to how painful an exercise of his priestly functions he was about to be submitted.

"For behold! there came to his judgment seat a young noble of the court of the Trianon, the associate of the Lauzuns and Polignacs, who, engaged in a duel of deadly provocation, had chosen to address himself

to a strange confessor for a remission of his mortal sins. Count Valençay admitted himself to be every way an offender;—intemperate, debauched, a gambler, a seducer of innocence; and among other crimes which he charged against himself, was a pretended marriage with a pretended niece of a canon of Nôtre Dame; for whom he admitted the utmost violence of a criminal attachment.—‘Lucile is about to become a mother,’ said he, in the unreservedness of confession; ‘and her child will become fatherless, and herself a castaway, should I fall to-morrow. Am I to be forgiven?’

“Père Anselme wrung his hands and sobbed aloud at this declaration; while Valençay, attributing the good man’s despair to the unction of his zeal, implored his intercessions with Heaven for the more than widow who was about to be left to the evil-dealing of a cruel world. He demanded also absolution, and Père Anselme trembled while he pronounced the words of grace; he had not, indeed, so trembled since the day when he first learned the elopement of his wife with Clement Manoury, of Martinique!

“That night, on his return home, Christophe the mulatto received orders from his master to light the fire of a small furnace erected at one end of the little garden attached to the Canon’s house, where, during the winter days, he was wont to amuse himself by the exercise of his skill in smithery, such as the manufacture of curious locks and safety-bolts, which he often caused to be sold for the benefit of the poor. During the summer, he usually devoted his leisure to other pursuits; and what might be the cause of his selecting a fine midsummer night for the renewal of his occupation no one could guess. Till morning, however, the bellows of the forge were heard in operation, and then, instead of retiring to rest after his unaccountable exertions, Père Anselme went forth to his daily duties, having charged his servants with certain household services to be performed during his absence, and taken with him the key of the house-door, in order to enforce the commands he had already issued, that none should pass the threshold during his absence. He desired also that the morning and evening meal of Lucile might be served to her as usual; nor did he return at night till his daughter had retired to rest. But there was nothing in all this to occasion surprise to Lucile; her thoughts indeed were otherwise engrossed, and had they been free for cogitation, she knew that the time of the Canon was just then doubly engaged with the duties of his brother Cure.

“She was wrapt in sleep when, at midnight, he re-entered the house, and a sleep so heavy, that she observed not an unusual sound in an uninhabited chamber on the opposite side of the corridor from her own, the walls of which abutted against those of a public hospital. Heavy, ay, heavy indeed must those slumbers have been, that heard not stones displaced and replaced—the blows of the heavy mallet—the smart strokes of the sledge hammer, which so strangely disturbed the rest of the old mulatto.

“On the morrow, at an early hour, a hired *berline* stood at the Canon’s door; and when the lovely but pale and wan Lucile made her appearance at the breakfast-table, the Canon bid her with a grim smile prepare for a holiday. Together they ascended the carriage, but her eager inquiries could obtain no clue to their destination. ‘Be satisfied,’

replied Anselme in a hoarse voice; 'you will discover anon. I have secured to you a day of pleasure.'

"At length she perceived that they had passed the barriers of the city, and were ascending the heights of Charonne. In another minute's space they were following a splendid funeral procession, that took its way towards the cemetery of Mont Louis. The hearse was covered with gorgeous escutcheons—the noblest armorial bearings of ancient France graced the long train of carriages following the dead—and as the cortège stopped at the gates of the cemetery, Lucile perceived that a sword and belt, a coronet and cushion, were placed upon the coffin.

"Involuntarily she gave vent to expressions of interest, as with a pale face she gazed upon the solemn scene—involuntarily evinced her curiosity as to the name of the hero about to be consigned to the dust. She addressed herself to her 'uncle,' but Père Anselme was reciting aloud his prayers for the dead, whom the priests, with their crosses and banners, had come forth to welcome to the grave. Their driver now prepared to let down the step, having received previous orders from the cation.

"'Whose obsequies are these?' inquired Lucile with faltering accents, as she prepared to place her foot on the step.

"'Tis the burial of the young Count Valençay, Aide-de-Camp to his Majesty, who fell yesterday in a duel at Montrouge,' replied the man in a careless tone; 'he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; yet 'tis said that he hazarded his life in a drunken quarrel, for a worthless actress.'

"But he spoke to unheeded ears; Lucile lay senseless at the bottom of the carriage, and when the miserable girl recovered her powers of recollection, she found herself in a strange room, chained by her right hand to a bare wall, a loaf of bread, a vessel of water, and a missal, lying by her side. Even then, she neither heard, nor saw, nor felt distinctly; strange words sounded in her ears—a figure which she deemed to be that of her uncle stalked before her, proclaiming himself her father, and addressing her in opprobrious terms and with fearful denunciations that fell meaningless upon her heart. Yet the accusations were full, too full of truth; and the invectives with which he accosted the dying girl were such as defile the ears of the lowest of her fallen sex.

"'True child of an abandoned mother,' cried he—'of a mother who deserted thy cradle for the arms of a paramour—of a mother whom I abandoned all ties of nature and country to punish as she deserved—thy doom is decreed! I forewarned *her*, yet she fell! I told her that so surely as she dared to outrage her vows of matron chastity, the hand of my vengeance should be heavy on her—that her blood should flow drop by drop in atonement for her sin; and so it did, and I beheld it, and was content. Then returned I to Europe, in the hope that the sorrows of my youth might be compensated by a tranquil old age, passed in the bosom of my child. And thou, too, Lucile, did I forewarn! I ventured not to assume over thee a father's authority, lest peradventure the babbling of those who surrounded thy childhood should have described him to thee as harsh and intemperate; but as a near kinsman—as a spiritual teacher—my voice was loud in thine ears, with exhortations against the evil promptings of the salt blood of thy mother flowing in thy veins; yet thou hast fallen, and the ruin of my house is accomplished—my last hope withered—my last joy defiled! Out on thee, castaway, out on

thee ! For thee, even for thee, shall there be no mercy—no ear of pity for thy bewailing—no heart of flesh for thine anguish. My own hand, a father's hand, forged the snares that hold thee fast ; and now will I feast mine eyes on the sufferings of thy penance. *Despair and die !*

"To all these outrages Lucile had no other reply than the name of him whom she believed to have been her husband. To die was all indeed that she desired ; but despair she could not, for she trusted that death would reunite her to the object of her soul's affections. Her mind was at times perturbed, at times lucid ; but of her peculiar jeopardy she knew and could comprehend nothing. It was all a miserable confusion of suffering—of terror—of darkness—of desperation !

"At length came the appointed hour—the hour of a mother's agony ; and all night the lonely creature writhed and struggled with her pain, her miserable right hand still fettered within the master-bolt ; but towards morning her moans grew fainter, and the feeble wail of a new-born child was added to the sound. Lucile was still alive when her father entered the room, and her dying eyes re-opened in fearful dilation only to witness the paroxysm of disgust with which he crushed into nothingness the tender frame of that offspring of shame. It was well perhaps the miserable babe should die, for already it was an orphan.

"That night, Anselme Lanoue watched beside the dead—the young mother with her little infant laid upon her arm, and a bloody cloth enveloping the right hand of the corpse ! When placed in her coffin, and the bier brought forth from that hateful chamber, the Canon of Notre Dame closed its door for ever, that no one might look upon the mangled hand still fixed within the manacle left hanging to the wall ; and it was Christophe the mulatto who, on the apprehension of the old priest, nearly twenty years after the fatal catastrophe, bethought him of the mysteries to be revealed in that deserted room, and found strength to wrench the staple from the stones.

"Look upon it again," said Balthazar, replacing the terrible relique in my hand at the close of his narrative, "and tell me, Sir, whether your country contains a more fearful testimonial of the ascendancy of ungovernable passion ?"

The gathering tears in our eyes prevented our discerning so clearly as we could wish the delicacy of those blanched and fragile bones ; but it was clear that the hand had been divided above the wrist by some sharp instrument ; it was clear that two fingers had been previously broken in a desperate struggle for self-extrication. That hand which the hand of love alone had pressed—which had been from infancy uplifted to Heaven in the fervent supplications of innocence—had been crushed and tortured by the vengeance of a father !

Our hearts revolted against the spectacle ; and right glad were we to behold the instrument of torture finally consigned to the dark and rusty treasury of—THE RED MAN.

## SIR MATTHEW MEDDLE.

## A SKETCH.

"Save me from my friends! I can protect myself against my enemies."

*Henri IV. (of France).*

"On ne donne rien si libéralement que ses conseils."

*La Rochefoucauld.*

SIR MATTHEW MEDDLE is the most obliging creature in the world; consequently—he has done an infinite deal of mischief in it. He *will* assist you; he *will* serve you: he *will* undertake to do for you that which you in vain assure him nobody *can* do satisfactorily but yourself. "I am an idle man," he will say: "I have neither business nor occupation of my own; *your* time is precious; now *do* leave that matter to my management; so far from a trouble, it will be an amusement to me." But, alas! he does not consider that (as in the fable of the frogs) it will be "death to us." And fortunate may you consider it, if you receive such timely notice of his intention to be (what *he* calls) serviceable; you may in that case prevent, or at least mitigate, the mischievous effects of his good-nature. But 'tis his "secret service," against which neither prudence nor human foresight can guard, that destroys you: 'tis when he "does good by stealth," that his pernicious kindness operates most powerfully to your injury.

I shall not stop to narrate the particulars of seven marriages of his concocting, the comfortable results of which were two elopements, three separate maintenances, and two divorces; nor of the numerous slight misunderstandings and trifling differences betwixt friends, which his attempts to explain, or to reconcile, have brought to the decision of a jury, the arbitrament of the pistol, or (more unhappily still!) aggravated into lasting hostility and enmity unappeasable; nor shall I——In a word, I will avoid his example of meddling with affairs which concern others, and shall state only a few of the cases in which I myself have been made the victim of his kind intentions.

How lavish soever of his services he may be to the rest of the world, yet Sir Matthew Meddle holding me, the only son of his favourite sister, in greater affection than any other of his kindred, or, as I sincerely believe, than any other existing creature, it is not to be wondered at that upon my unlucky self he should have perpetrated his most cruel acts of kindness, and inflicted his friendship with the most determined virulence. For as long as I can remember him, he has been destructively attentive to my interests, and has acted in my behalf with assiduity the most fatal: I may, indeed, date his interference concerning me at a period antecedent to my possession of the faculty of memory, for it commenced even before I had the honour of making my appearance in the world. The effect of this, his first service, has left an irremovable impression—not on my mind only, but on my left cheek!

One day when my mother was in that interesting situation which promised her husband the speedy enjoyment of the honours of paternity, my father and his brother-in-law Sir Matthew were dining with a large party at Long's. Amongst the company was Sir Pepper O'Popper, a gentleman whose temper was extremely irritable, and his sense of hear-

ing not very acute. Like persons in general who labour under the latter infirmity, he was prone to consider every remark which he did not distinctly hear as applied to himself; and would guess at its import from the gesture, or from the look of the speaker. The glass had circulated freely when my father, tasting of a fresh bottle, thrust it aside; and, with an expression of mingled anger and disgust on his countenance exclaimed, "Detestable! 'tis as fiery as pepper!"

"What's that you are saying about me, Sir? What's that you are saying?" fiercely cried Sir Pepper; who fancied he heard some uncivil observation coupled with his own name.

My father was about to offer a good-humoured explanation of the cause of Sir Pepper's misapprehension, when up started Sir Matthew.

"Now, Ned, be quiet, pray be quiet—you are so intemperate! let *me* settle this disagreeable affair. My dear Sir Pepper—indeed, now, my brother-in-law meant no offence—believe *me* he didn't; if he had—why, in such case, I should have been the first to say, 'throw a bottle at his head,' though he is my brother-in-law."

"I don't hear a word you say, Sir; speak louder, if you please," impatiently cried Sir Pepper.

"In such a case," bawled Sir Matthew, "I say I should have been the first to advise you to throw a bottle at his head."

Sir Pepper, who had heard nothing but the *conclusion* of Sir Matthew's speech, seized a decanter, which he hurled with desperate violence in the direction of my father's head. Had that promoter of conviviality fulfilled the intention of the director of its course, my father's must have terminated on the spot; for (though, fortunately, missing him by a hair's breadth) from the force with which it had been projected, not only was it itself dashed to atoms against the wall, but it put the latter in a plight which rendered the aid of the plasterer and the carpenter eminently necessary.

A scene of confusion ensued: but some mediator more adroit than Sir Matthew taking up the affair, Sir Pepper apologized for his intemperate conduct towards my father, and, offering him his hand, declared that "the misunderstanding was owing entirely to Sir Matthew Meddle's explanation."

"Ned," hurriedly whispered my uncle, "under the circumstances, it would not be well for you to quit the party suddenly, so do you remain where you are; but, considering the delicate situation of your wife, should any exaggerated account of this unpleasant *fracas* be conveyed to her—But leave that to my management. Remain here for an hour or so; I'll go home and excuse your absence to my sister."

Sir Matthew rushed down stairs, jumped into his carriage, and desired the coachman to drive full speed to his sister's. Arrived there, he knocked and rang as if he had found the house in a blaze.

"What is the matter, Sir?" inquired the servant who opened the door.

"Nothing. I hope your mistress has not yet retired for the night?"

"Not yet, I believe, Sir; my mistress is not very well, but as she has not rung for Mrs. Smith yet, I dare say you will find her in the drawing-room."

"That's fortunate!" Sir Matthew ran up stairs, and, rushing into the drawing-room, exclaimed, "Bessy, my love, don't be alarmed."

"Alarmed, Matthew! Good heavens! what has happened?"

"I tell you *not* to be alarmed. I came purposely to prepare you."

"Prepare me! For what? For heaven's sake——"

"'Tis nothing in the world—though it might have been! Poor Ned! When I was at Barbadoes I saw a man's head dreadfully fractured by a similar thing, but——Now, how ridiculous you are to be alarmed, when I came on purpose to prevent it. The affair is simply this, my dear sister:—Ned has just had a slight disagreement.—Now, why *will* you be alarmed? In fact, it was not a disagreement, but merely a slight misunderstanding with an Irish officer, who dashed a bottle of claret at him with such violence that it literally smashed the——"

At these words his dear sister fainted. In the course of that same night I was ushered into the world, although my appearance had not been calculated upon so soon by at least three weeks. A brilliant claret-stain on my left cheek, nearly as large as the palm of my hand, is the consequence of Sir Matthew Meddle's first kind interference in matters affecting me.

Though an only son, I was never, except in so far as the blemish I have just mentioned may afford me a claim to be considered as such, a spoiled child. By my father's death, which happened when I was only two years old, I was left entirely under the care and controul of my mother. A woman of strong sense, she was aware of the dangers to which the temper and all other qualities which go to the formation of character are exposed by the early and undue indulgence which is but too frequently extended to that interesting specimen of humankind,—a "sole pledge of affection." With a strong check upon her own feelings, therefore, which naturally inclined to humour me rather than displease, she never—at least so long as I can recollect—she never sacrificed the just to the expedient; or, in the more appropriate language of the nursery, she would never allow the dear child to have its own way in everything rather than hear it cry. "Children," she would truly say, "are much earlier and more readily to be taught to distinguish the right and the proper from their contraries, than thoughtless parents give them credit for: they will sometimes, indeed, cunningly *seem* to confound them in order to serve their own little purposes." This may appear to be a long introduction to so small a portion of a short story, but (to say nothing of the natural bias of my mind, which bears me unconsciously into the serious and the philosophical) it is not altogether unnecessary.

My fond uncle's notions on this subject differed altogether from my mother's. He was for humouring me in everything, lest opposition and restraint should spoil my temper. He thought my demands for sour apples and indigestible pound-cake were neither unreasonable nor too frequent; and that my *complaints*—though, heaven knows, I never complained at all—of the length of my lessons and the shortness of my play-time were not without foundation. He would therefore "advise" my mother to relinquish her own system and adopt his. But my mother, though she tenderly loved her brother, entertained not the slightest respect for his understanding; and (her mind wearied, her patience exhausted, and her temper ruffled by his uncalled-for and pertinacious counsel) the certain consequences, to me, of uncle Meddle's interference in my favour were tasks lengthened and indulgences abridged, with an occasional whipping for having "set on" uncle Meddle,—a notion

plausible, but by no means true, inasmuch as his unlucky interferences were always the spontaneous suggestions of his own benevolent heart.

In my ninth year I was placed under the care of the Reverend Job Whackall, at that extensive and celebrated market for the sale of education, Turnham Green. There I remained till my twelfth. Just before I quitted this school a prize-medal for the best English essay was offered by the master. For this I was one of three competitors.

"Brother," said my mother to Sir Matthew, "I am exceedingly anxious that Frederick should gain the medal; it will be such a spur to his exertions when he goes to Eton. Indeed I have great reason to believe he will, for Mr. Fagmore, the head-usher, has privately assured me that Frederick's exercise is all-to-nothing the best he has seen. To-morrow they are to be sent in to Mr. Whackall, and on the day after he will award the prize. I earnestly hope my dear boy may win it."

"He shall!" exclaimed Sir Matthew Meddle, and he instantly quitted the room; leaving my mother in raptures at the heartiness of his exclamation, which she considered as a sure prognostic of success.

Within an hour after this I was agreeably surprised by a visit from Uncle Matthew. Leave was asked and obtained that I should go and dine with him at Richmond. "And put your exercise into your pocket, Fred," whispered Sir Matthew. As we were stepping into the carriage the kind-hearted Fagmore, who had followed us out, patted me on the head and said to my uncle, "He'll beat the best of them, Sir, I'll answer for it."

We drove to the Castle at Richmond, where, by my uncle's particular desire, we were shown into one of their *quietest* rooms, overlooking the delightful lawn; and, having ordered a dinner of fried whittings, chicken-salad, and a muffin-pudding——

"Now, Fred," said my uncle, "whilst dinner is preparing let me see your exercise."

I handed it to him, and watched with some anxiety his countenance whilst he was engaged in the reading of it.

"Um—um—good—very good indeed, considering your age. Few boys could do better, and I have very little doubt but—and yet there is nothing like making sure of things; clinching the nail, eh, Fred?"

"Nothing in the world, Sir," replied I; yet not exactly comprehending the drift of his observation.

"You *must* gain the prize, and you shall, too. Can you keep a secret, Master Fred?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, then, I like your exercise upon the whole, vastly; but there are some objectionable points—some negligences, also, in it. Now, if I correct it for you, you won't tell any body?"

"Not for all the world, Sir."

"Then ring for pen, ink, and paper, and the thing is done."

After an hour's cutting, and slashing, and interlining, "There, you rogue!" cried Uncle Meddle; "There! the medal is as safe as if it were dangling from your button-hole. Now make a fair copy, with my alterations and improvements, and then to dinner. But not a word of my assistance, you dog."

My thoughts running more upon chicken-salad and muffin-pudding



than upon my obliging uncle's improvements, mechanically I copied what I saw before me. Dinner was served just when I had finished my labour; so thrusting my infallible exercise into my pocket, I attacked the good things before me with an appetite needlessly increased by joy at the certainty of my success.

The next morning early the exercises were sent up, and, on the morning following, in the presence of the assembled school, the competitors were summoned to hear the decree of our master and judge. For my own part I felt no misgivings: I rested securely on the assistance I had secretly received from my obliging uncle.

An awful frown clouded the brow of the Reverend Job Whackall as he took his seat.

"Little, if at all, satisfied am I," said he, in his usual cramp and formal phraseology, "with either of the three specimens of English composition now submitted to me. But since to the best did I unreservedly promise to deliver the reward of superiority, to the best (albeit, neither of the three be, good), to the best do I decree it. Would I could have awarded it as the reward of merit positive and unquestionable. As it is, I adjudge to Master Zachariah Dunder the prize."

He retired from the school-room to his private parlour, desiring Fagmore and me to follow him. Downcast by disappointment, I obeyed.

"Forasmuch as I expected better from this young gentleman, Mr. Fagmore, in so much is my displeasure increased; yet less is it directed against him, Sir, for his failure, than you, for allowing to be presented to me such a jumble of bombast and blunder! Listen to the passages to which my censure more particularly attaches"—and here he read almost every sentence which my uncle had kindly contributed. The phenomenon of the appearance there of what Fagmore candidly admitted to be *trash*, he was utterly unable to account for; certainly there was nothing of the kind when last he inspected my work: nor did I dare venture to enlighten him on the subject.

When, with tears in my eyes, I communicated to Sir Matthew Meddle the unhappy result of our joint labours, "Be comforted, my dear boy," said he; "the fault is altogether mine:—I ought to have rewritten the whole for you."

From Turnham Green I was sent to Eton. Here, by means of assiduous study and the no-assistance of my uncle, I obtained considerable distinction; and had the good fortune, moreover, to render myself the prime favourite of Doctor \* \* \* \*, the head-master. A few days previous to my quitting that venerable seminary to enter into active life, I saw near the statue of its pious founder, the Doctor in earnest conversation with Lord \* \* \* \*, (the then Secretary of State for the — Department), who had just come down to visit his son. It was evident to me that I was the subject upon which they were engaged. Presently the Doctor beckoned me towards him, and, on my approach, did me the honour of introducing me to his Lordship.

"Young gentleman," said Lord \* \* \* \*, "Doctor \* \* \* \* has mentioned you to me in a manner which does you honour. I understand you are about to return home. Have you decided upon any particular course of life?"

"No, my Lord," replied I; "but, if I might choose, I should prefer some official employment."

"Well, Sir," continued his Lordship, "it may be in my power to promote your views. Pray do me the favour of calling upon me as soon after your arrival in town as may be convenient to you."

On my return home I communicated to my mother, and to Sir Matthew Meddle, who was kindly in waiting to welcome me, the fortunate occurrence. My mother was overjoyed at the prospect of fortune, and of distinction also, thus unexpectedly opened to me. Sir Matthew saw me within three steps of becoming Prime Minister!

"Fred," exclaimed he, "your fortune is made, unless, indeed, you mar it by any indiscretion of your own. The great political leaders are on the look-out for talent wherever they are likely to find it. I know they are—they can't do without it. Now, take my advice; don't accept of any petty clerkship; no red-tape affair. Private Secretary to his Lordship—that's what he wants you for, I'm certain; so don't you be satisfied with anything less."

"But, surely, Sir, as a first step——"

"First step, indeed! Why be content with a foal in the stirrup when you may take your seat in the saddle?" Private Secretary—that's the high road to preferment:—'*aut Cæsar aut nullus*,' say I, Fred; and Private Secretary you must be."

The next morning I paid my visit to Lord \* \* \* \*, and was very graciously received.

"I am a man of business, Sir," said his Lordship, "so at once to the point. Doctor \*\*\*\* spoke of you in a way which has left no doubt upon my mind of your capabilities for any employment not necessarily requiring practice in office and experience in the world. I am satisfied, however, that when you shall have acquired these, it will not be by lack of ability that your progress will be impeded. Now, Sir, a place is vacant in my office, and immediately under my own eye. The salary attached to it is but 150*l.* a year; but the duties it involves, if well executed, are of a nature to lead to *much—higher—things*. If you will accept the place, it is at your service. But consider well my offer, consult your friends upon the subject, and, in three days from this, favour me with your decision. I have many applications for the post; but shall keep it open till I hear from you." Having concluded, he shook me cordially by the hand, and I withdrew.

So lucky a start in life falls to the lot of but few; neither my mother nor myself, therefore, entertained a moment's doubt upon the propriety of my instantly availing myself of it; so, without hesitation, we resolved that on the next day I should (as the French express it) "offer my adhesion." But my kind uncle thought differently: he had no notion of seeing his dear nephew an official drudge; he knew best, as he said, what was good for me and what I was capable of; and Private Secretary I should be before I was a week older.

"Pray, brother," said my mother, in the most imploring tone imaginable, "*pray* don't interfere in this matter. You *mean* well—I *know* you do—but there is a fatality in all your good intentions. Now, promise me that you will neither see Lord \*\*\*\*, nor speak to him, nor write to him upon this business."

"I promise," replied Sir Matthew; "but leave the matter to my management, and if Fred be not Private Secretary, never trust me again." Saying which, he departed.

"What can he intend to do?" exclaimed my mother in alarm. "His interference, which is always unfortunate, must be prevented. Do, my dear Frederick, go to Lord \*\*\*\* very early in the morning, and accept the place."

Having ascertained that his Lordship had left town, and that he would not return till ten o'clock the following morning, I left a note to acquaint him that I intended to do myself the honour of waiting upon him at half-past ten "concerning the affair in question." And now, thought I, I defy Sir Matthew and the very best of his good intentions!

The next morning, as the chimes sounded the half-hour, I was ushered into the presence of the Secretary of State for the — Department. He was writing, and received me with cold civility; and, scarcely raising his eyes from the paper upon which he was occupied, desired I would take a seat. Then—still not looking at me—he slowly shoved a newspaper a few inches across the table towards where I was sitting, and requested I would read a paragraph against which he had placed an ink mark. The paragraph was as follows:—

"We understand that Mr. Frederick G\*\*\*\*, who has just returned from Eton, loaded with the highest academical honours which that celebrated foundation can bestow, has been offered a *paltry place* in the office of Lord \*\*\*\*, Secretary for the — Department. We are unwilling to believe that such an offer can have emanated from his Lordship himself, whose discernment and liberality are well known. Our informant must mean the situation of *Private Secretary* to his Lordship, for which Mr. G. is eminently qualified, and which is at present filled by Sir W—— L——, who, we think, is utterly unqualified for it, although we entertain a very high respect for his talents, and which, we are of opinion, are well adapted to the duties of the place *said to be* offered to Mr. G. We would advise Mr. Frederick G\*\*\*\* to remonstrate with his *friend* Lord \*\*\*\* on the subject; and we doubt not the Right Honourable statesman (whose abilities, by-the-bye, though we think highly of them, are, we apprehend, misplaced in his present post, and ought to be transferred to the War Department) will instantly see the propriety of making the change we suggest."

The phrase most commonly used in describing situations of horror and dismay—situations, in short, of the nature of the present, is, "I wished that the earth would open and swallow me." Now I did not wish any such thing, simply because I was not in a frame of mind to form a wish of any kind whatever; but certain I am that had I been standing on the brink of a roaring volcano, I should have thrown myself into it head foremost. The paper dropt from my hands; huge cold drops of perspiration fell from my brow, whilst my lips and throat were parched with intolerable heat; I opened my mouth, or rather, I should say, my mouth opened itself to its fullest extent; my tongue felt as if held fast by a whip-cord. After several moments—*hours* they appeared to me—of utter annihilation of the power of speech, I at length contrived to wriggle my tongue into something like motion, and stammered forth—

"My—my Lord, I—your Lordship must—I am sure your Lordship cannot for a moment—I solemnly declare——"

Without deigning to desist from his occupation, or even to honour me with a look, Lord \*\*\*\* addressed me in these words:—

"I shall not trouble you for an explanation, Sir; but it may gratify you to know that I have so far profited by the kind advice bestowed upon me"—(and here he just pointed with the feather-end of his pen at the newspaper)—"that I have within this half-hour given the 'paltry place' to the son of a much-valued friend of my own. Good morning, Sir."

How I reached home I know not—by a kind of brute instinct which led me there, perhaps;—but on my arrival thither, I found Sir Matthew Meddle pacing up and down in front of the iron railing, with four newspapers in his hand.

"Ah, ha! Fred! I've done it for you. Have you seen the newspapers, my boy?"

"I have seen but one, Sir, and that one too many."

"Then you have not seen my paragraph about the private secretaryship?"

"Yours! and did you write that fatal paragraph?"

"Fatal paragraph! Here's gratitude for you! Here I have it in all the morning papers; I have been up half this night, to the loss of my blessed rest, making copies of it for all the evening papers and for all the Sunday papers, and——fatal paragraph, indeed!"

I explained to him that it was just so much good labour thrown away, for that one of them had done all the mischief which the utmost exercise of his obliging services could have accomplished.

Who was the cause of my lately losing an important lawsuit by kindly *volunteering* evidence which made against my case? who made me pay at an auction 900*l.* more than I should otherwise have paid for a certain property, by considerably bidding for it on my account (though not by my desire) in opposition to an agent whom I had secretly employed to purchase it? who was the cause that I am not married to the woman for whom I would have died? and that I am married to the woman who will be the death of me? Need I add—the everlasting, eternal, sempiternal Sir Matthew Meddle! Sir Matthew Meddle!! Sir Matthew Meddle!!!

Like a loyal subject and true, I would rather sing "God save the King" than any song sung by singing-men in this singing age; but heedless of statutes of treason, and of attorneys-general, I declare that I am inclined to shout forth "*Vive Henri Quatre!*" as often as I recollect that it is to that monarch we are indebted for the exclamation—"*Save me from my FRIENDS! I can protect myself against my enemies.*"

P.

## MARTIAL IN LONDON.

### *Hackney Coachmen.*

WHEN injury they suffer, what  
Opprobrium they inherit?  
Unconscionable call them not;  
Their conscience is their merit.  
'Twere well if they, at anger's beck,  
Who load them with detractions,  
Possess'd, like them, an inward check!  
Upon their outward actions.

## SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS.

## THE BOCHER OF RED-GAP LANE.\*

WHEN the "wise man" had closed the door after Ellen's unwilling departure, Alice Dizney lost a good deal of the fearlessness which fresh air and light never fail to inspire. She sunk upon a straw seat beneath the solitary window, and the white pigeon flew from her shoulder to a rafter and nestled close to its mate. Alice would have retained it if she could—for even a bird seeking protection in her bosom was something to make her feel that she was not "quite, quite alone" with the Bocher, whom she regarded, despite her superior education, as somewhat of a supernatural agent. He seated himself opposite his visitor; laying his crutch across his knee, and, folding his hands upon it, he looked long and earnestly into her face.

"Just in that spot sat your mother, come next Shrovetide will be twenty years," said the Bocher, after a long pause. "Under that little window she sat—her hair parted the very way of yours—her eye as blue, and as sorrowful looking—her lips a deal paler;—and I gave her advice, which if she had taken, you would not be here, nor would she, to my thinking, be in her grave!"—

Tears were fast gathering in the maiden's eyes; yet she raised them with an inquiring glance, as if she would fain know what that advice had been!

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "how like, how very like you are to her now—poor Alice Beale!—I will tell you what I said, and I need but look into your face, jewel, to know, that before her heart died in her breast it taught yours the same batings. Ah! people little know how like one woman's heart is to another's!—'tis the world, and the men, and, above all, the first loves they take up, that make the differ by the time their hair grows grey and their cheeks wrinkled. Well, God be good to us, and look down upon us, and tache us all the right way, ever more—Amin!" he murmured, crossing himself as he uttered the brief prayer. "And now, a lannan, I'll tell you what I said to your mother. 'Alice Beale,' said I, 'you're poor and penniless, and your father's as great a Bocher as myself, and your mother's forced many a day to eat her potatoes, *with no salt but the tears she sheds over four small children*. But never heed that; wait till he you know of comes home from the Ingees, and you'll have a long and happy life with him, and he'll make a good son and brother to all belonging to you, for the love he bears yourself. Any way, wait;—don't be first to break the vow you swore.'

"Ay," says she, "but in the mean time my mother and the young ones will die, and a breath from my lips could save them—could give them a farm and a house rent free."

"Ay," says I, in return, "give *them* a house and land, and after two or three, or may be twelve months, give you —"

"Give me," says she, taking the word out of my mouth like, and smiling the sort of smile I don't like to see on a living lip, "give me

house and land too, daddy; a wooden house and an asy grave; and then she put her hands fast over her eyes for as good as ten minutes, till, having made up her mind, she went on with a word I never heard so put before—"I should *enjoy* the grave, daddy!" said she.

"My poor mother!" sobbed Alice.

"'Alice Beale,' I made answer, after awhile, 'there is but one way to do so; to go down to it with an honest conscienc. And Alice, a your neen, how can you do that when your heart is with one man and your hand with another? Take my advice;--what God in his holy wisdom put together, don't you *divide*; he did'n't give one body to the heart and another body to the hand. Wait till both can go together, and don't parjure your soul, for it's what you have no right to do for any one, seeing that it's the spirit God put in you, you would bend and bow to the dirty ways of the world.'

"'I will try and do my duty, daddy; I will pray to do my duty; but if Sandy Holman should come back, and I should be Tom Dizney's wife, why don't let it go with him that I married for change or wealth, but only to keep my own flesh and blood from starving!'

"The next time I saw your mother she was Alice Dizney, and so changed! the quiet way she had was gone; she was like one afraid to trust herself alone with herself; she was so loud and gay in her talk, that every one said she was happy, but I *saw* she was not; her eyes grew wild and restless; her voice thin and shrill, like the scream of the curlew instead of the full music of the thrush; and one evening late, I remember it well, I was coming home through Honishown ould churchyard, and close under the spiked yew tree started up the figure of a woman in a blue cloak, and before I came up to her—a little daunted at first I was—I saw it was your mother.

"'Ah, daddy,' says she, 'I have been looking at what I tould you I should *enjoy*. Good night, daddy, and God so look on you, as you heed my last words. Make my husband let my grave be made there, just under where the lightning struck off the great branch of that ancient tree, so that the wind up from off the sea can come over the sods.'

"She passed away without another word, and that night you were born and motherless within one hour."

"And Sandy Holman," murmured Alice.

"Ay, Sandy Holman," repeated the Bocher, "poor Alice would have had a narrow grave either way—Sandy married in foreign parts—the love of gain came over him."

"You were mistaken in him, then," observed Alice, her opinion of the Bocher's infallibility wonderfully shaken by the discovery."

"I was mistaken, and I was not; he did what she did—he gave a hand without a heart—only she did the sin for the sake of her people, and he did it for a reason that's very much in the way of straight hand-some men (and the Bocher laughed and looked at his shrunken limbs with something like satisfaction); he did it for his own sake; and small comfort his lady-wife had with him, for he turned out a riving-roaming blade, a smuggler, and a pirate; and though Sandy Holman never came back to those parts, (the Bocher paused abruptly, pushed himself by the aid of his crutch nearer to his patient listener, and then, resuming his position, continued); but the RED BAT was off the coast many a time."

Alice started—her breath grew short and thick—involuntarily she

pressed her hands upon her bosom, while the colour came and faded—came and faded—on her cheek.

“ You know it now,” said the old man ; “ you see now that he, called the ‘ Red Bat,’ and Sandy Holman, were the same. You see that the bright handsome youth, called William Neale, is son to the bould smuggler ; and now you know *why* your father, stiff by name and stiff by nature, couldn’t abide the son of his ould rival, though brought up almost at his own door stone. It’s mighty quare how a man seldom forgives another man for doing what he does himself—loving the same woman.”

“ But William never told me this,” said the astonished Alice ; never hinted it even, that his father had known and loved my mother ; perhaps,” she added bitterly, “ perhaps his love may be of the same sort ; he may choose a lady-wife in the far countries he is gone to ; he may forget the promises, the oaths, the tokens ; he may cease to think of the poor Irish girl, who has suffered for more than a year to be bated, and worried, and threatened with worse than death a thousand and a thousand times for his sake, who at this minute believes him as innocent of the crime for which he was forced to fly the country as the babe unborn. Oh, if there was but a way to prove that *he* had no hand in the burning of Middleton farm ; if there were any who knew and would tell the truth about that one thing—any who would tell God’s holy truth about it—I know he’d be cleared. I’ve often thought that my own father misdoubted that he had to do with that sinful act, though he seemed so glad to catch at it for an excuse to—to—to—” and overpowered by the sudden and unusual energy which had enabled her to give utterance to her hitherto pent-up feelings and ideas, Alice Dizney burst into tears.

“ Take a sup of water, dear ; ’twill ease your heart,” exclaimed the Bocher, “ and don’t try to stop the tears ; they are God’s own rivers for carrying away trouble. Ah, darlint ! much sorrow floats away with them tears ;—the boy, poor fellow, did not know, so how could he tell you, how near his father was being married to your mother till I told him.”

“ You told him—when ? ” inquired Alice eagerly.

“ Before he went away—when the country riz about the burnin—he was here then for five or six days. Ah, you may look round and about you, dear, and wonder where he was hid ;—did you think so ould a fox as myself would be after having only one earth ? ”

“ But Ellen never told me this.”

“ Ellen !—why, thin, Miss Alice Dizney, I’d trouble ye to remember yourself, and myself ; and if you won’t give me credit for a little high sort of knowledge, believe I’ve got ever so small a taste of common sense ;—do ye think it’s to that prating hussey I’d tell a secret—a wench that could’nt talk more if she had two tongues as well as two ears—a romping, gadding, chattering, flirting devil—that’s *ready to skin every body’s paytee*—that would have pen husbands if she could, just that she might badger the life out of them for amusement ;—tell Ellen ?—tell the echo up yonder a secret ? No, no : Nell’s well enough in her way, but better out of the way, for all her buttered talk ;—she’d rather wandering Willy was where he is than here.”

“ Indeed you do my *fosterer* injustice,” interrupted the warm and

innocent-minded girl, "indeed you do; it was Ellen who urged me to come to you for advice, her heart is so good."

"Made you come to me, was it?" in his turn interrupted the Bocher; "so she might, because she little thought I knew what I did know. She would'nt ax you to come to me after the whisper I gave her awhile ago. Good hearted, is she?—ay, as good-hearted as a cuckoo, when it kicks out the sparrow's eggs and lays its own in their place. Augh! I hate your good-hearted people. Fools throw coals of fire upon fresh hackled flax, and all that's said is, that though the flax is burnt, they are mighty good-hearted! Good-heartedness! it's the knave's hood! and the mischief-maker tramps from cabin to cabin declaring he thought no harm!"

"Do you really think that Ellen would do me harm?" inquired the bewildered Alice.

"She's one, Miss Ally—and mind what I'm saying—that has but little strength either for good or for bad; and they're the very worst sort in the world for friends; for with all their *halthershun*, the coward thinks of himself first and last, and it's God help those who come in the middle."

"You are certain," said Alice, upon whom I fear the Bocher's philosophy was lost, "that William Neale had nothing to do with Middleton farm; you are certain he was innocent of that?"

"He had as much to do with it as the white pigeon that was awhile ago in your bosom."

"Then," replied Alice, rising from her seat, "come what come may, no power, no earthly power shall make me untrue to my promise. He may change—he may give others oaths—but I will keep mine—keep it to the very end—time may bring to light his innocence."

"But if it does not, Agra!" interrupted the Bocher; "if it does not; if one bad report should come upon the back of another; if one body should say one thing, and another body another thing, and all should help to blacken him the more—what then, Agra?"

"I would disbelieve it all, unless witnessed by my own eyes," replied Alice.

"Your own eyes, my darlint!" repeated the Bocher; "your own eyes!—Augh! woman's eyes grow mortal blind the minute anything comes before them they don't like to see. People talk about foresight, and all that; but I'll never believe but there's more instinct than reason in a proper marriage. Sure nobody would hear of a pigeon taking up with a jay for a husband; and yet your father would marry you, if he could, to the wild kite of the country—a hard, harsh Orangeman—that would heat an oven with Catholic bones, if he could get 'em."

Alice smiled at the old man's bitterness, and for a moment there was a pause. The Bocher had entered at once so freely and so boldly upon the subject nearest her heart, that Alice had not been able to collect her thoughts sufficiently to ask the question she intended, and which Ellen assured her he could answer—namely, where William Neale then was? Suddenly it occurred to her, and she put it with a lip quivering with anxiety.

"And you say that you'll keep your promise, Miss Alice,—that nothing earthly shall make you break it. It's mighty odd, knowing, as I'm sure you did, from William Neale, how often he was here; how



constant we war together—I like an ould owl, he like a young sparra' hawk! It's mighty quare, so it is, that *you* never came near me before."

"I have often heard William speak of you, as one having more true knowledge, I don't mean tossing cups, and star-reading, and lead-casting, and the like, but real wisdom; power to direct one, for one's good—but my father—now don't be angry, daddy—but my father wouldn't hear of the like of you, and often used to say, if a child of his consulted a fairy-man, or the like, he would never forgive her; he's a strong-minded man, that doesn't bould by such things."

"Whew!" whistled the Bocher, "a strong-minded man, is he? He doesn't bould by such things, doesn't he!—Oh, Stiff Tom! Stiff Tom!—The weary's on the world for lying!—How many a time have I gone, ay, tin times over a hand of cards to plaze you.—And never ease nor pace could I have with you, Stiff Tom! till I meandered to turn up just the cards you wanted.—And look sharp, I tell you, Alice Dizney, for I'm not far out, if that same father of yours, in his grey ould age, has not got an idea of a wife in his head—ay indeed, nothing under the sunbeams but a wife—and a young one! A man whin he's past sixty, never goes half way to make himself a fool; he does it bouldly, and openly, and goes about with a grin on his face, his wig pulled tight at the ears, and his stick left in the chimley corner. Tom has already thrown by his jock-coat, that has hung about his neck these fifteen years, and has sent his measure to Dublin for a pair of pumps, by the calf carrier,—and the very last time he was within those four walls, he was as mad as a badger, because a *fair* woman turned up twice at the ninth card, and so just to see what he was afther—now don't be selling the pass on me, Miss Alice," said the cunning old man, interrupting himself, "for I love the memory of your mother, and it was for your sake I wanted to sift him—I turned up a dark woman; well, he seemed mighty pleased at that; and I did it again—and again;—and what do ye think! if he didn't lay me down a thirteen!—and you know your father's not a man to do that for nothing!"

Alice was more bewildered than she had been in her life; the idea that her father, devoted as he had ever seemed to ploughs, and sheep, and gathering, griping, money, so as to have the power of appearing greater and richer than he was, that *he* should trouble his head about marrying anything except his daughter, was, indeed, a paradox, that the simple-minded girl, who had read little beside her breviary and a few wild stories, could not read. "A dark woman," she repeated, "then it must be one of the nine old Miss O'Flanagans, of Ballanryle; my father often goes there."

"It's little respect, Miss Alice, you have for the ould ancient O's of Ireland, to fancy that one of them would put up with a prig of a farmer, who has done nothing all his life but put fat upon pigs and cows; I wonder at ye. Not one of the O'Flanagans ever put a bit of that same upon their own, or any other carcass.—Miss O'Flanagans—and they that war such beauties!"

"How many years ago?" inquired Alice, meekly.

"Ah, before you war born—though you even your father to them. Troth, I'm ashamed of you, so I am; the fine venerable ladies—it's many, and many a time I tould their fortunes—never sent them away

without husbands, or sweethearts ; and Miss Juliana, a mighty pleasant young lady—she always was mighty pleasant—and a fine figure of a woman on horseback, six feet two in her stocking vamps, who was in at the death of every fox in the country, for, ay, as good as thirty years. Miss Juliana says ‘Daddy,’ says she, ‘you always send us away with husbands, though *your* husbands are the only ones we ever get.’ ‘Your own fault, my sweet purty Miss,’ says I.—‘Faith it is not,’ says she, ‘for here I am, six foot two, in my stocking feet, the seventh daughter of Sir Morgan O’Flanagan, who never boggled at a five-barred gate, fence, wood, or water, and yet never had an offer.’ And it’s myself thought the other eight young ladies would eat her ; they opened on her like a pack of hounds, for telling the truth, and the cries of ‘Oh Juliana !—Shame, Juliana !—What a fib, Juliana !—My dear, Juliana !’ made myself tremble ; one of them, the pale young lady, Miss Agnes they call her, has a great taste for the stars, and wanted me to read the horoscope—but I’d rather have no hand with the stars ; they’re above us all in every way, and no chatin them. I couldn’t tell a lie of the stars and ever look up in their face again, and that would be the ruin of me, for the happiest hours I have, is when bird, and baste, and the very laves upon the trees are sleeping, and I spend the hours of the night, thinking, thinking, thinking, of things that are, as I said afore, above us all, and yet watch, and may be pray for us, more than we do for our own selves. Those that tell fortunes by the stars, Miss Alice, are *obligated* to spake the truth ; and that’s not *convenient* at all times, especially to a fortune-teller !”

“Your confession is so free,” said Alice, preparing to depart, “that you can hardly expect me to have much faith in your foretellings.”

“Augh !” replied the Bocher, striking his crutch into the clay floor as he spoke, “every body who lives long, and hears, and sees, and puts the experience of one year to another and another, puts the this and the that together, you understand me, could tell fortunes, Agra ! but it’s not to the cards, or the cups you’re looking, Alice Dizney, when it’s to me you’re trusting—it’s to one who regards you for sake’s sake, may be more than your own ; and that’s not a fit speech for even an Irish *Bocher* to a lady, but you’re one that it’s convenient to spake the truth to ;—because why ?—feeble as you seem, you’ve the strength to hould by it—‘the sheet anchor of life,’ as poor William used to call it—”

“Only tell me where he is, and if there is any chance of proving his innocence,” exclaimed Alice, clasping her hands passionately together, “I will kneel and bless and pray for you the longest day I live !”

“Thank ye, my darlint, many thanks to you, a vourneen, and a thousand blessings on your sweet purty face ; it sooted me, you see, to let you into a little morsel of what’s going, or to go, and it sooted me to give you my advice ; but it does *not* soot me to let on, at the present time, either where the boy is, or if there is any chance of the right being proved—keep quiet, my darlint—quiet and asy—and if you can’t—Oh, if you take on so, why there’s an end of every thing. Listen to me—don’t hint, or let on anything you’ve hard this blessed evening, to any one, no matter who—but mind, keep your eyes open, and don’t put wool in ye’r ears ; and above all, keep your resolution, just as if you war, what you are not, an *unreasonable* woman, for they’re the devils for obstinacy. Let things take their coorse, and before the next new moon, Alice Dizney—and it’s I, the *Bocher of Red Gap Lane*, that tell you so—before

the next new moon—may be—may be (for there's nothing sartin in this world,)—but I say, before the next new moon, may be, you'll be a joyful woman!"

As Alice turned her steps homeward, she saw that the moon

"——— passing on in the heavens above,

The beautiful, beautiful moon!"

was in her second quarter, and but little versed in planetary movements, amongst divers wild conjectures, she busied herself in calculating how long it would be before she appeared anew, like a thread of twisted silver in the blue arch of heaven,—her calculation was interrupted by Ellen pouncing upon her with—"Oh, Miss Ally! the blessed Vergin be praised,—but it's myself is mad with the joy of seeing you, so I am!—Wasn't the life frightened out of you entirely, by being shut up with him?"

"No;" replied Alice, quietly.

"No!—see that now!—well, it's yourself has the courage!—I'd have been dead hours ago. I know that!"

"You have often been shut up with him, Ellen," again said the calm maiden, "and yet the life is in you still."

"Well, now Miss Ally, darlint," pursued the curious girl, shrugging up her shoulders, crossing her arms, and opening her mouth, as your thorough-bred secret-hunters always do; "now Miss Alice, tell me what he said, every bit of it, from beginning to end, don't miss a thing, and God bless you!—not the half of a word—that's a darlint—the ould rogue!—Ough it's myself won't be even with him, may be not indeed! Now, from the time he shut the door—the unmannerly cripple!—till you come away—'Now,' says he, or may be it was you spok' the first? 'Well then,' says you, or did you begin at the one time? Come, Miss machree, it's myself wouldn't be so long telling a secret, that I wouldn't. Why then, God save us, and look down upon us—is it dumb you're turned, or has he put a spell upon you, or twisted his *comether* about you?" continued Ellen, in unfeigned astonishment, and coming at once to a stand-still in the middle of the lane, laying her hand on Alice's round arm at the same time, so as to oblige *her* to continue motionless also.—"What is it ails my lannan?"

"Nothing, Ellen;—simply nothing," replied her foster-sister, "only I'm not at liberty to tell you, or any body else, what passed between me and the Bocher; and so ask me no questions, for I cannot answer them."

"Ask no questions!—cannot answer them!" reiterated the still more astonished girl. "No questions!—no answers! no nothing! Oh, Miss Ally, Miss Ally, was this the way I trated *you*? Didn't I always tell you my *dawshy* secrets, and all the *secrets* I could ever make out of the whole townland?—Whin you were ill and in your bed, didn't I tramp the whole country to get you the first news, and the greatest secrets? Didn't I catch me death in a bog-hole watching Tommy Haze and Kate Lester, picking the rushes, for I knew 'twasn't rushes they war after—didn't I fish out all about Miss Bryant and my Lords —?"

"Hush!" interrupted Alice, "you know what trouble you got us all into about that, that had no foundation except in your brain; you know how it lost your poor mother her cabin; and but for my father—"

"Your father, Miss Ally, Stiff Tom, though he be, wouldn't sarve me after that fashion, I know," said Ellen. "No; he'd have some regard

for people's feelings, which other people hasn't—after me taking you there, and all. Why it's not in earnest you can be, that you won't tell; and you won't—not to me, your own born, bred, and reared foster-sister; your own Ellen! that's been so much at your house, and at your command, that her mother has often given her a skinfull of sore bones because she never stayed at home. Sure it's not afear'd of my telling you are? Well, then," she continued, altering her tone, "well, then, there's no more about it. May be I'm not fit company for you, Miss Alice? May be it's too grand Miss Dizney is for her fosterer? Oh, your sarvant, Ma'am—and a good evening to you—and a pleasant walk home to you, Ma'am. Ough, if I'd a thought *this* was the way you meant to sarve me, I'd have had my teeth to the stumps, for I'd have eat a hole through the wall, before I'd have let it gone betwixt you two!"—and then she hurst into tears—and sobbed—and ranted. "And I that loved you so, that would have travelled barefoot all over Ireland to do you good! And now,—oh, it's little thought you have the harm you're doing yourself!—but it's your own fault—it is!—you pale-faced, could-hearted craythur that you are! Mark my words, Miss—*Miss* Alice Dizney, as sure as the moon's in heaven, you'll be sorry for it yet!" And with this threat upon her lip, Ellen sprang over the ditch, and in a few minutes Alice heard her voice, musical as it certainly was, but now broken and harsh from anger, venting itself in song.

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Few, and easily numbered, are the days between the waning and the new moon; and yet how much of our future happiness or misery may be brought forth within that time—within a single day—a single hour! Alice certainly perceived a great change—a change which her preoccupied mind had before failed to notice (until pointed out to her by the quick-sighted Wise-man) in her father's appearance and manner. He was becoming absolutely juvenile—a May-bush grafted on a crab-tree!—a rose-bud sprouting from a stunted and withered alder, could not present a greater discrepancy than Stiff Tom Dizney and the tender passion united. Love is generally unselfish in the young, but never in the old; in the old it seeks only its own gratification, forgetful of the feelings and interests of all surrounding objects, no matter how dear they may have been: it becomes a distorted passion when springing anew in the withered breast of age. Alice had been unknowingly suffering from its effects. The black eyes and shining teeth of the humble-born Ellen had created a commotion in old Dizney's mind, and he thought that were Alice once fairly married and away from his farm, he might have a fair and fitting excuse for taking unto himself a helpmate. Tom loved the good word of the world too well not to be anxious on this head; but what could any body say, if, after establishing Alice as the wife of a "*rale gentleman farmer*," he thought fit to have a pretty housekeeper, and then to marry her? To do Ellen justice, she had no idea of the premeditated plan formed by "Mister Dizney" for her advancement; she desired most anxiously to get married, and had also sundry flirtations throughout the parish, besides an attachment more true and real than she herself believed it to be, for a wild and careless reever, who had been the cause of much evil to poor William Neale; the extent of the mischief this village debauchée had done to the frank and true-hearted lover of Alice Dizney was known but to two persons—only two persons—Ellen and the Bocher of Red Gap Lane; and how

the Bocher had discovered the only secret Ellen ever faithfully kept, was a matter she could not understand, nor had she an idea until the evening, when she accompanied Alice to his cottage, that it was in his possession. "If it wasn't all along for Mike," she muttered to herself, after leaving Alice so abruptly, "if it wasn't all along for Mike's sake, I'd marry her father to spite her, the little grand would-be-lady! I'm sure I could if I tried—I mean if I wished it. Better, they say, to be an ould man's darling than a young man's slave—Mike's slave! 'Mistress Tom Dizney's bran new jaunting car is stopping up the High-street, so that the pigs can't be druv into the Market Cross!'—how grand that would sound in the town o' Galloway!" continued the fair manœuvrer, her heart beating for one man, her head meditating upon another. "And wouldn't I keep it there! and myself dressed in a beautiful poplin, all over figures, and a Tuscany bonnet, with a white veil banging the breezes! I wonder would Mike take on much? I'm sure I've reason, enough to be done with him long ago, since he kissed Phœbe Allyson in the wake-house, and I to the fore. And all I went through for him, swaring to please him, or save him—that William Neale got up the——Oh, thin, God forgive me my sins! and I knew the boy had no hand in it, only went with others to look on! And to see how Stiff Tom was pleased at the turn things took that time: sure enough Miss Ally would be greatly off—God help me!" she added, pushing her straw hat back from her brow, as if the weight was too heavy for her heated brain; "God help me, I'm bothered entirely one way and another, and my heart's heavy! I wish I'd remained easy, like my mother, and not beguiled myself with them inventions; it's little I thought whin I took her to the Bocher, more out of a bit of a freak like, that every thing would turn so contrhary. Well, God help me any how!" And Ellen remained awake all that night, thinking not how she might undo the evil she had done, but how she could work more! It cannot be denied that she was somewhat of an *intrigante* on a small scale.

Alice became daily, hourly, more and more persecuted to take as her husband a man whom she abhorred. She prayed, she wept, she entreated. At last, as a species of finale to her persecutions, her father locked her up in a portion of the farm-house called *the loft*, amongst bales of sheep's wool, piles of seed potatoes, and heaps of bad cheese—the latter commodity he had once speculated in, and the speculation was left upon his hands; however, there he left her, took a hasp off one outhouse and a padlock from another, and by dint of perseverance found, absolutely found, a key that fitted the padlock—turned it round and round, and put it into his pocket with an oath, declaring that there it should remain until his daughter knew her duty to her father, who would show her that he would not be called *stiff* for nothing. Unluckily for Stiff Tom's resolve, it was the first night of the new moon; shyly and creepingly she poked first one bit and then another bit of her "silver horn" out of the blue shell in which (to us) she had seemed to slumber. But she might have been at the full for aught poor Alice could tell, unless, indeed, Madame Moon placed herself right over the chimney-top, and threw her beams down the tunnel to satisfy her votary of her forthcoming. As our heroine sat supported, not, according to the true heroine fashion, upon "piles of cushions," but upon bales of wool, she thought she heard something scrambling over the thatch—it

might be the cat, or Trounce the terrier, after the rats—poor Trounce! who was always getting punished for “scraping the roofs off after the bastes of rats, which he couldn’t let alone.” Why it must be Trounce, for now he was smelling at the chimney-top.

“Alice! Alice Dizney!”

“Hark! That could not be Trounce—he never got beyond the bow-wow of recognition.”

“Alice Dizney, come to the chimney-gap, agra! It’s I, the Bocher, darlint! and the new moon a cushla! both together, me and the moon, I mean. Come, hav’n’t I made a sweep of myself for your sake? Oh, you must get up, that you must; sure a troop of soldiers, bad luck to them, could get down this big chimley—stay—put your fut in where the beam was tuck out to splice the gate. There, now, your other fut, where we drew the wasps’ nest from, afore you war born—there! My jewel of a climber you are. Now I’ll hand you down my crutch, and take a fast grip of the cross of it—there! Now you’re in the free air again, jewel, God be praised! and not the first that escaped from lock and key, yet carried a cross with them. Augh, we’re all born with a cross, only no one sees it for us at our birth; *hope makes many a father and mother blind*. Now, no fear of being observed—look at the eye, the moon has to you, my darlint—how she *slidders* behind the cloud for fear you’d be seen. No danger, moony lady! no dread; Stiff Tom’s waiting for me at the Red Gap. When the cat’s away, the mice may play; so the boys and girls have their own little *crawneens*—their small taste of loves to mind, whin *his* back’s turned. Now we’re on the ground, and I must help you, and you must get on as hard as you can after me, hot fut. And when you come to my cabin, just put your ear to the place in the door that has a lock of straw thrust into it; and it’s discoorsing your father I’ll be about what consarns you to know; and when you hear me, say twice ‘*that’s a clinker!*’ and strike my crutch in the earth, knock, and——”

“I can’t do that, Daddy;” interrupted Alice, “I cannot play the listener, nor be a spy on my own father.”

“Get out with your nonsense, it’s what consarns you.”

“I cannot help that.”

“After the way he’s threatad you!—you’ve not the spirit of a bean-crake.”

“I must respect myself.”

“But it consarns, Miss Ally, *it consarns William Neale*.”

Alice trembled violently, and her heart beat audibly against her bosom, yet she hardly paused ere she replied—“Still, I cannot—will not listen!”

“I’ve as great a mind as ever I had in my life to let go anchor, and turn ye adrift, ye obstinate fay-male, that you are! and I getting every thing so handy for a purty play of my own!”

The Bocher continued grumbling, yet admiring her inflexibility of purpose; at last he exclaimed—“Well, then, go to the far corner, under shadow of the wall, stay there till I open the door, and turn Fangs out.—You’ll do that, will you?—and then come and knock with a lump of a stone at the door.—Will you do that, itself?”

To this Alice consented, and after parting with the Bocher, she once more took her way down Red-Gap Lane, while he proceeded by a shorter path, and at a quicker rate to his dwelling. She stationed her-

self at "the far corner under shadow of the wall," and though the wind was high, and the night stormy, she could hear that a storm raged within, as well as without the rude habitation; during the pauses of the outer blasts she could hear, sometimes the Bocher's loud and scornful laugh, sometimes her father's declamation. Suddenly, Fangs was sent forth, with the direction, "Look out, boy—have 'em out, Fangs!" The door was shut to, the discussion re-commenced, and Alice, without knowing why, knocked, at first gently, and then more loudly, at the door, trusting implicitly to the Bocher's directions and kindly feeling; she heard a stir within the cabin, and to her astonishment, when the door was open, she stood alone with the Wise-man; and, both exhausted and surprised, sank down upon her old seat beneath the window.

"And so you got out, did you, Miss Ally? AUGH! I said stone walls wouldn't keep you in, that I did;—and now, I suppose what you're after is your batchelor, wild Willy Neale,—you're ready for him, I'll go bail for that! and little care for your ould father—AUGH! it's the way with you all—the way with you all!—ready to leave him—ready to leave him!"

How was poor Alice's astonishment increased at this strange address! "No, Daddy," she replied, "I will never give my hand to a man I so perfectly hate, as the man my father would have me marry—but dearly, *dearly* as I love William Neale, I will never make my father childless for his dear sake;—until he turns me out starving upon the world, I will never leave him;—nor will I marry without his leave."

"Hush!" muttered the Bocher, "look at Fangs' ears—how they prick!—those I knew war coming are come,—and now," he continued, whispering in her ear, "you must listen and no thanks to you, so get in there,—down behind the hurdle—he asy, will ye?—there's shoals of room—make room for your own child, Tom!—now we'll do."

Alice felt that the Bocher had thrust her into a sort of half den, whose entrance was perfectly concealed by a couple of hurdles, upon which sundry fowls roosted;—nor was her sense of comfort increased by finding herself pressed against her father, who was puffing and blowing in a way peculiar to himself whenever he laboured under any strong excitement. Neither, however, had time to remonstrate upon the unpleasantness of their situations, for the door was quickly opened, and as quickly they heard the voice of Ellen and her lover Mike.

"And so," grumbled Mike, "I hear that a friend has turned up for William Neale, and that if he's not come back, he's coming; and if that's true, what's to come of me?"

"Come of you!" replied the Bocher, "I tould you that ever so long ago, *no good*, that's what'll come of you."

"You're not fair to us, Daddy," chimed in Nelly, "you got at Mike's secret through the black art—and I wouldn't say but you used it!"

"To be sure I used it; and uses everything else that's pleasing to me!" interrupted the Bocher. "And is it for a pack of ignoramuses like you to talk of the black art; take care that the evil tongue of you, Nelly, don't shrivel up in your big mouth—take care of that, I tell you. Ah, you needn't try for your scapular round your neck, we all *turn* to religion, when we think it can sarve *our turn*; do ye mind last night how you *snoogered* it with Stiff Tom for a necklace of coral bades?"

"There!" exclaimed the jealous Mike, "I knew she was more thick with Tom Dizney than she ought to be, pursuadin me it was a daught-erly love she had for him!"

"Me!—is it me!—you'd even the like of that too!" exclaimed Ellen, in an indignant voice. "Me!—the poor ould doting man—I passèd a joke with him now and then, and I own to the bades, Daddy,—and what's more, I'll own that I took 'em for fear Miss Ally 'ud get um."

"And the kiss that went with 'em?"

"Wisht, Daddy, wisht!" interrupted Ellen. "Mike, don't bother, now don't; I'll take my oath, if you like, that sorra a kiss I ever gave the ould torment. Augh! I'd as soon kiss my grandfather, who's been in his grave these ten years."

Alice felt her father wince, and she was glad the wind was howling outside, for he gave a tremendous puff which might have betrayed them, and she was too much of a woman not to enjoy the scene.

"I'll finish Tom Dizney, or you must finish with him, I tell you that, Miss Ellen," said Mike gruffly; "but what brought us here, as you know, was about this wild William's return."

Alice's heart beat quickly, and had she been more at ease, she could not have failed to admire the manner in which, by judicious questioning, the Bocher forced Mike to confess his share in the burping, and also to exculpate William Neale from having had anything to do with it. It was curious to observe how he worked at one moment upon the superstition and at the next upon the interested feelings of his visitors; missing no point; suffering no word to escape that bore upon his object, showing Dizney how falsely William had been accused. Ellen's loquacity too surely betrayed her share in the conspiracy, and all for the love she bore the handsome, but ruffian-looking raparec, whom she loved and FEARED; Stiff Tom puffed like a grampus; the overjoyed Alice pressed closer and closer to her father's side; and at last nature, beautiful nature, had its way, for she felt his arm pass round her waist, and she was positive that she also felt what was still dearer, a father's, a stern father's tear of affection drop upon her hand! Something said by the cunning Bocher re-awoke Mike's jealousy, and Ellen offered, wicked that she was, to swear against ever speaking "to that ould baste Dizney again." This was more than Stiff Tom could endure; he burst through the hurdles, and levelled a most eloquent torrent, rich in all the singular epithets of Irish abuse, at the jilting village *intriguantr*, who had assisted in the formation of so much mischief. Mike was paralyzed at his sudden appearance; Ellen's overwrought feelings found vent in tears, at first, but afterwards she commenced a display of feminine eloquence, directed chiefly against the Bocher, which might shame many of the Billingsgate professors of the art. When, however, as if the earth yawned forth human beings, Alice and William Neale stood together in the Sheeling, and when Dizney, who had not been aware of this other concealment effected in the Bocher's mysterious den, saw the person whom his conduct and suspicions had so desperately wronged, turned abruptly to him and exclaimed—"Neale, if you want to see my daughter, you know where my house is—go with her there," the Bocher could contain himself no longer; he whirled his crutch high i' the air, shouting and hurraing, so that the white pigeon, frightened and displeased at her master's proceedings, again nestled in the bosom of the now happy Alice. As she passed, supported by her lover, into the open air, she turned to look at the half-profligate, half-foolish girl, whom she had once so much loved. She extended her hand towards her in token of for-



givenness—but sinners cannot forgive like those who are sinned against—though Ellen afterwards bitterly regretted the opportunity she had lost, when crossing the broad Atlantic with the runaway Mike, she counted over ten golden guineas which her generous foster sister had begged from “her fortune” to bestow upon her. Stiff Tom bestowed his Dublin pumps, when they arrived, on his new son-in-law; got a stout walking-stick, and took again to his old coat fastened as usual at his throat by a wooden skewer, a sure sign that his courting days were over; but I very much doubt if any of the party of whom I have written enjoyed more real happiness to the end of their days than the “wise man”—“the fairy man”—“*The Bocher of Red-Gap Lane.*”

### THE HUNTING-HORN OF CHARLEMAGNE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

[In the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle we were shown (among other relics) the ivory hunting-horn of Charlemagne. It was massive and heavy; and our guide, who attempted to sound it, only succeeded in producing a faint, lugubrious sound, which was anything but cheering. On the belt to which the horn was suspended, the words “Mein! Ein!” are repeatedly engraved; and though an intelligent German assured me those words (taken *together*) had no meaning, I have persisted in the poetical license—of supposing they answer to our “mine own.”]

SOUND not the Horn!—the guarded relic keep:  
 A faithful sharer of its master's sleep,  
 His life it gladden'd—to his life belong'd,—  
 Pause—ere thy lip the royal dead hath wrong'd.  
 Its weary weight but mocks thy feeble hand;  
 Its desolate note, the shrine wherein we stand!  
 Not such the sound it gave in days of yore,  
 When that rich belt, a monarch's bosom wore,—  
 Not such the sound! Far over hill and dell  
 It waked the echoes with triumphant swell!  
 Heard midst the rushing of the torrent's fall,  
 From castled crag to roofless, ruin'd hall;—  
 Down the ravine's precipitous descent,  
 Through the wild forest's rustling boughs it went;—  
 Upon the lake's blue bosom linger'd, fond,  
 And faintly answer'd from the hills beyond.  
 Pause!—the free winds that joyous blast have borne—  
 Dead 's the hunter!—silent be the horn!

Sound not the horn! Betthink thee of the day  
 When to the chase an *Emperor* led the way,  
 In all the pride of manhood's noblest prime,  
 Untamed by sorrow, and untired by time;  
 Life's pulses throbbing in his eager breast,—  
 Glad, active, vigorous,—who is now at rest!  
 He gazes round him with his eagle eye,  
 Leaps the dark rocks that frown against the sky;

Grasps his long spear, and curbs his panting steed  
(Whose nerves still quiver with his headlong speed) ;  
At the wild cry of danger smiles in scorn,  
And firmly sounds the long re-echo'd horn !  
Ah ! let no touch the ivory tube profane  
Which drank the breath of *living* Charlemagne !  
Let not like blast by meaner lips be blown,  
But by the hunter's side the horn lay down.

" *Mein Ein !*" The *words* endure. And dream we now,  
Not of the hunter's strength or forest bough,  
But woman's love ! Her offering, this, perchance,—  
This, granted to each stranger's casual glance,—  
This, gazed upon with coldly curious eyes,  
Was given with blushes, and received with sighs !  
We see her not ;—no mournful angel stands  
To guard her love-gift from our careless hands ;  
But fancy brings a vision to our view—  
A woman's form—the trusted and the true,—  
The strong to suffer, and the weak to dare,—  
Patient to watch, and careless of her care,—  
Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile,  
And with her whole heart's welcome in her smile ;—  
Even such I see. Her maidens, too, are there,  
And wake, with chorus sweet, some native air.  
But though her proud heart holds her country dear,  
And though she loves those happy songs to hear,  
She bids the tale be hush'd, the harp be still,  
For one faint blast that dies along the hill.  
Up, up she springs, her young head backward thrown,—  
" He comes ! my hunter comes !—Mine own—mine own !"  
She loves, and she is loved—her gift is worn !—  
'Tis fancy, all ;—and yet—lay down the horn !

Love—life—what are ye ?—since to love and live  
No surer record to our times can give !  
Low lies the hero now, whose spoken name  
Could fire with glory, or with love inflame ;—  
Low lies the arm of might, the form of pride,  
And dim tradition dreameth by his side.  
Desolate stand those painted palace-halls,  
And gradual ruin mines the massy walls,  
Where frank hearts greeted many a welcome guest,  
And loudly rang the beaker and the jest ;  
While *here*, within this chapel's narrow bound,  
Whose frozen silence startles to the sound  
Of stranger voices ringing through the air,  
Or faintly echoes superstition's prayer :—  
Where, from the window, narrow-arch'd and high,  
Whose jealous bars shut out the free blue sky,  
There glimmers down, with various-painted ray,  
A prison'd portion of God's glorious day ;  
Where never comes the breezy breath of morn,—  
*Here*, mighty hunter, feebly wakes thy horn !

## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

**Legislation against the Poor, and Sunday Travelling—Old Bailey Morality—The Decay of Beggars.**

**LEGISLATION AGAINST THE POOR.**—In the course of a debate on Mr. Poulter's Sabbath Observance Bill, Sir Robert Peel, in a very intelligent manner, exposed the absurdity and vexatiousness of such attempts at legislation. We are anxious to record the opinion of the Right Honourable Baronet, because it was then expressed, we believe, for the first time; and the more, that it was expressed so effectively, taken up on so just a ground, and urged with such excellent spirit. We have no doubt of its checking very considerably the fanatical spirit which has of late secured on such questions more than one "liberal majority" in the House of Commons, and which, in various ways, has been productive there, as it is everywhere, of a great deal of folly and a great deal of selfishness. The fools, at all events, in such matters, are more to be respected, and are better off, we suspect, in every way; for the clever and selfish fanatics may find they have gone the wrong way to work in setting about to book themselves for a place in the next world as they would for a seat on a Gloucestershire coach. This is not religion: fanaticism never was so, from the earliest time till now. Bayle said one of his usual shrewd and piercing things when he said that fanatics were always unmasked in something relating to sensual pleasure. Viewing them, even at their very best, in the sincerest point of view they can ever claim for themselves, we can only feel, with Dean Swift, in one of the most perfect illustrations of human wit, how natural it is for a man who walks about, pertinaciously contemplating the heavens without a guide, to be betrayed by his lower parts into a ditch.

The course of Sir Robert Peel's argument was—admitting no one had a right to shock the public feeling by desecrating the Sabbath Day—that there were very serious doubts whether the object of prevention would be promoted by legislation, and whether it would not be better to trust to the influence of manners, the influence of public opinion, and the increase of morality. New laws for such a purpose would be most difficult of execution, and as they might, and would surely be perverted to purposes of individual vexation, would tend to bring the law itself into disrespect. Sir Robert then observed, in a truly humane and statesmanlike spirit, upon the vicious and unjust partiality of all the enactments which have been proposed to meet the purpose:—

"If it be wrong for the humbler classes to travel by steam to Richmond on Sunday, surely it must be equally wrong for us to be travelling in our carriages on the same day. I do believe that the rich are the greater offenders. Enactments of this kind tend only to create disunion between the richer and the lower classes, because the restrictions which they provide apply principally to the latter. To any law proceeding upon that principle I must decidedly object. If you legislate upon the subject at

all, it ought to be impartially ; the restrictions you provide should apply equally to all classes."

Since the debate in which this well-applied speech of Sir Robert Peel occurred, another scheme has been attempted. On the passing of a Railway Bill, it was proposed to prohibit travelling on a railroad on Sundays. This, as the "Morning Chronicle" shrewdly remarks, crowns all the extravagancies of the same sort which have been attempted of late years. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the Agnew and Poulter projects. The professed object of all these projects has been the protection of people from toil, the diminution of human labour on the Sabbath—the vital principle of railways is the diminution of human labour at all times by the employment of machinery. Now, unless Sir Andrew Agnew and his friends think that machinery has a right to claim exemption of a Sunday, we certainly think they run in the teeth of their own professions, when they seek to prevent that mode of travelling in which the greatest number of persons can be conveyed with the smallest amount of labour, and with a total dispensing of all animal labour. For it is never, by the weakest of these fanatics, pretended that it is possible to do away with labour altogether : when they "run a muck" at the bakers for baking on the Sabbath, they do not conceal from themselves that they would impose instead the necessity upon the poor of cooking their dinners at their homes. These are the inconsistencies of people who argue for bad laws, and in their anxiety for admission to "that equal sky," are seen legislating against the poor.

A few words were spoken by a Scotch member, whose name we are unacquainted with, in the debate on the Railroad clause, which were so forcible and conclusive that we shall quote them.—

"Travelling on Sundays was completely prohibited in Scotland, either by mail-coach, stage-coach, omnibus, or any other species of public vehicle. The poor had therefore no means of recreation on a Sunday in Scotland. The consequence was, that on that day many of them went unshaven, and did not dress either themselves or their children. They lounged in idleness at home during church time, and as soon as church was over went off to the ale-house, to find amusement there, which was denied them elsewhere. He had represented the folly of this system over and over again to the magistrates of Scotland, in hopes of getting it altered. In his own neighbourhood he had done every thing in his power to render the poor free as air, and he had found his reward in their contented looks and smiling faces. The fact was, that the excess of severity led the people to desecrate, and not to keep holy, the Sabbath day."

OLD BAILEY MORALITY.—A doctrine of property was laid down the other day by Mr. Charles Phillips, which proves how sadly misapplied the learned gentleman's public services have been. He has evidently the aptest notion in the world of the duties and proprieties of a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In urging that a lenient sentence should be passed upon a convicted thief, one Samuel Mitchell, who had been brought up in the service of the Treasury, and acquired an awkward habit there of stealing stationery, Mr. Phillips advanced two moving considerations. One was, that Mr. Mitchell had lost his situation of 150*l.* a year, and the other was an advance of the ingenious principle of property to which we have alluded. "My client," urged Mr. Phillips, "should not be punished as other

rogues are. He is no common thief; he is a Treasury purloiner. What is everybody's property is nobody's property. The public *only*, not an individual, has suffered by his roguery."

This is the exact sentiment, if not the exact words. It is ingenious, and would have been more successful, perhaps, some years ago than it proved in the case in question. The thief was transported. New-fashioned doctrines are, in fact, coming up, and we advise Mr. Phillips to get rid of such as these as soon as possible. The time is gone when they had "preferment" in them. The number of people now, in office and out of it, is fortunately not small, who think that in all matters the same security should be extended to the property of the State, to "public property," as is claimed for the property of every private person.

**THE DECAY OF BEGGARS.**—One of Charles Lamb's finest and most deep-thoughted essays is a complaint that of late years beggars, sweepers of crossings, and so forth, have been, by the progress of "civilization" and parish beadler, "with sighing sent" from the corners of streets and the turnings of alleys. We have been forcibly reminded of it by a newspaper paragraph of a few days since:—

"Yesterday week, at the advanced age of 98, Wm. Evans, who has swept the crossing at Buckingham Gate for nearly 30 years. It is suspected that he has left a considerable sum of money behind him. The deceased enjoyed good health up to a few minutes of his death, and was on Saturday seen at the gate following his avocation."

His avocation! This is as it ought to be;—this is a case which would have delighted the heart of Elia;—not an undue disturbance for thirty years! No mention of houses of correction—no idle slavery in a withering poor-house—but free air and exercise, and always the sound of the cheerful and hope-stirring tread of the passenger. How many of us might envy the life of this beggar! He stood at Buckingham Gate before the palace was there, and after, clinging to habit and his long service. If he has left a considerable sum of money, no one has a right to envy it, for his rates have been unvidious in their levy and most ungrudged in their assessment. We strongly incline to suspect that he has left this money—we have little doubt of it. If a beggar has a fortunate position for getting money in the street, his advantages in the way of saving his money are enormous. In the first place, as Mr. Lamb remarks, he is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances;—then the ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity touch him not, or at worst but change his customers;—besides he is not under the measure of property. "He *confessedly* hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep;" but so much the rather is it his. Then his safety from annoyance is amazing. "No wealthy neighbour seeketh to eject him from his tenement—no man sues him—no man goes to law with him. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or his politics." We wonder who is the heir in this case;—we beg to congratulate him.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

**The Wife, and Woman's Reward.** By the Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Mrs. Norton. 3 vols.

We will not suppose that the readers of the "New Monthly Magazine" can have forgotten "the vivid," "beautiful," "singularly-interesting," "deeply-pathetic," "spirit-stirring," "care-dispelling," "original," and "powerful" papers, which, as our contemporaries express it most kindly, have from time to time *graced* the pages of this publication, and which it is our duty and our pleasure to submit on magazine-days to the reading-world at large; but we will imagine it possible that now and then a page may be left uncut, or the publication ~~may~~ be laid by, the reader intending to resume it of course at some future day or hour, without having regularly, as is their custom, begun at the beginning, and concluded at the end!—this we can suppose possible, but only *possible*; and taking this into consideration, it is also barely to be imagined that some of our friends may not have read a story from the Hon. Mrs. Norton's pen, which we published some time ago, called "Campbell of Spornie's Three Wives;" if they have not read it, they will do well to do so; because it is by many degrees the most pathetic, the best-conceived, and the most perfectly wrought-out picture of human nature which as yet has been traced by that accomplished lady's pen. We are of course disposed to give due praise to Mrs. Norton's tales now before us; but we wish she had taken "Auld Campbell of Spornie," and making each wife work out a volume, had presented us with a genuine, and as it would also have been an original, Scottish novel, instead of taking the field, and "fleshing her maiden sword" in the worn-out wars of May-fair scandal and every-day intrigue. Wherever real genius exists, it has the power of, if not changing—as with a magic wand, things from what they really are to what it desires—certainly of brightening, and improving, and exalting whatever it touches. Mrs. Norton has done all that author could do to excite, in the finely-written story of "The Wife," the sympathies of her readers. Will she forgive us for saying that we are glad she did not succeed? We should be sorry that her talents, large and vigorous as they certainly are, possessed the desperate and dangerous power of making "the crooked *appear* straight."

Let us not be misunderstood: Mrs. Norton has laboured hard to make a moral tale out of an immoral subject; there can be but one opinion as to the purity of her intention, but the miracle was beyond her strength.

We do not know why "The Wife," which is the last and shortest tale of the two, should have given a name to the whole. "Woman's Reward" is both the longest and the best story; and the truth and purity, as well as the firmness and delicate energy of woman, has never been more truly depicted than in the character of the selfish hero's sister. There are many such sisters who perform their *sacrifices in silence and obscurity*, and the exquisite episode of Annie Morrison would draw tears from the most stony-hearted critic that ever wielded goose-quill.

**Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey.** By the Author of the "Sketch-Book."

During the past month this volume has been so copiously extracted from, and its circulation has been so great, that our notice comes too late to serve it as we desired to do; all that is left for us is to bestow unqualified praise on every page of one of the most delightful books it has ever been our good fortune to meet. There is a halo over both places, and a sadness too, particularly with all relating to Lord Byron; although the latter days of Scott were overcast by pecuniary misfortunes, there was something so noble, so benevolent, so exalted in his career, that he is remembered with the triumphant expression of "See what genius can

achieve!" The records of Byron and his ancient house are gloomy and magnificent, and the kindy and gentle pen of Washington Irving becomes paralyzed, in a degree, when writing the records of Newstead. But at Abbotsford it flows gaily and cheerfully on, and indeed we know of no two men in the world who could have better assimilated together than Scott and Irving. We do not enter into any comparison of their genius; it would be unseemly: we speak merely of their habits and feelings. Irving understood Scott perfectly, and appreciated him as well. He is one whose bosom overflows with kindly feelings, and whose senses answer the desire of his heart—a heart which teaches him to enjoy and sympathize with whatever is excellent upon earth! We shall look for the next volume which is to appear with increased pleasure. When a writer is an accurate observer of human nature, and possesses also a benevolent mind, he cannot fail to improve and interest his readers. How much, then, do we not already owe to the author of the "Sketch-Book!"

Sketches and Recollections. By the Author of "Paul Pry." 2 vols.

It is not our intention to review this work: it is, indeed, unnecessary so to do, inasmuch as our readers are already familiar with its contents,—the several papers having from time to time appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine." Still it would be unjust to Mr. Poole to omit all notice of his productions—collected, as they now are, into two very pleasant-looking and most inviting volumes. They are full of wit and humour—the quiet humour that *tells* upon all classes, because, though never ill-natured, never personal, and never coarse, its grand outline is human nature, and it illustrates the characters and peculiarities that are to be met with in every-day life.

Holman's Voyages and Travels. Vol. 3.

The third volume of this truly interesting work, commencing with the author's arrival at the island of Johanna, contains his subsequent visits to the Seychelle Islands, the Mauritius, Ceylon, Pondicherry, Madras, and Calcutta. Upon its general contents, we have only the same remarks to offer which were contained in our notice of the first and second volumes. There is the same fidelity of description—the same industry in rendering available every means of information—the same singular exhibition of unshaken enterprise—and the same successful opposition to difficulty, which render Mr. Holman's writings so fertile in interest, and we may add, in valuable instruction to the public. The present division of his labours abounds with incidents which display his courage and hardihood in a striking light. For example, we find him at one time pursuing his way with none but native attendants among the elephant paths of Ceylon, and shortly afterwards hazarding life and limb among the precipices of Adam's Peak—or encountering wild beasts in the midst of a band of venturesome hunters—or ascending to the main-top-gallant-mast-head of a vessel ploughing her way through the waves, under the influence of a stiff tropical breeze. Nor is he less remarkable for the tact with which he seems to have turned every power to account, in searching for knowledge through the instrumentality of those about him. His statistical tables are remarkably comprehensive and ample, and appear to wear the stamp of great correctness, while he has even contrived, by the assistance of a friend, to furnish several beautiful views of the scenery through which he passed, and which, although unconscious of its attractions himself, he has thus been successful in preserving for the pleasure of others. His remarks upon men and manners will also be found to be far from uninteresting. A quiet, good-humoured, and impartial listener to the conversation of the various classes of men among whom he has been thrown, he has delineated them with a skill as striking as that by which he has been enabled to im-

press the minds of his readers with vivid pictures of local and physical peculiarities. Few we think can rise from the perusal of his works without feeling convinced that there is no need of the remarkable circumstances under which they have been written to recommend them to the public favour.

The Faust of Goethe; attempted in English Rhyme. By the  
Hon. R. Talbot.

We perfectly agree with the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the translation now upon our table, in thinking, that notwithstanding the translations of Faust already submitted to the public, "ample field is still left for further competition." We also consider with him that "the world in all probability will have to wait long before it sees a clear and undistorted image of this extraordinary poem." Since the first translation by Lord F. Egerton, several have come under our notice, and in none have we seen the real meaning of the poet so well embodied in our language as it is in some parts of the volume now before us. We are particularly struck by the fidelity with which the scene between Faust and Wagner is rendered. There is none of the *gêne* generally to be perceived in translations from the German; but a quotation from this scene will speak better for itself than we can.

"FAUST.

" Oh ! happy he, who might the hope enjoy,  
From out this sea of error to arise !  
Man evermore for what he knows not sighs,  
Yet what he knows he never can employ !  
But o'er the brightness of this scene  
Suffer no gloomy thoughts a cloud to throw !  
See yonder huts, embowered in tender green,  
Tinged by the slanting sunbeams, how they glow !  
That sun departs, the day's brief hours gone by,  
Yet lies he hence, new regions to revive !  
Oh ! for a wing, that I might mount the sky,  
And after him for ever, ever strive !  
Then, an eternal evening would disclose,  
Beneath my feet, the silent world below,  
Each hill on fire, each vale in soft repose,  
As to the golden stream the silver runnels flow !  
Then, nothing should impede my godlike flight,  
Not the wild Alps, with all its yawning caves !  
Now ocean, with its countless waves,  
Its sheltered creeks, bursts on my wond'ring sight—  
Downwards, at last, the god appears to sink—  
But my new impulse wakes with gathered might,  
And I rush forth, his endless light to drink,  
The day before me, after me the night,  
The heavens above, and under me the main !  
A beauteous dream ! but he, the while, is gone !  
Alas ! corporeal wings must seek in vain  
To mate with those that urge the spirit on !  
Yet there's a power in every breast innate  
That lifts the soul, and hurries it along ;  
When lost amid the clear, blue sky, elate,  
The lark unfolds her trilling way—  
When o'er the pine-clad mountain's giddy height,  
On balanced wings, the eagle wars—  
Or when the crane pursues her onward flight,  
O'er lands and seas, to gain her native shores."

We wish we could praise the whole of the work as much as we have done this scene. We know that the translator had a difficult task, and upon the whole the translation is not worse than any we have seen; in



some parts it is better, and we can recommend it to our readers as a work from which they will perhaps be able to understand Faust as well as it is possible to do, through the medium of a translation.

**The Pilgrims of Walsingham; or, Tales of the Middle Ages.** An Historical Romance. By Miss Agnes Strickland. 3 vols.

The proper title of this work is certainly "Tales of the Middle Ages:" it has no pretension to the character of a legitimate romance, seeing that the pilgrimage is but the string upon which the fair authoress has chosen to hang her pearls. She resolved to furnish forth a pilgrimage to our Lady of Walsingham, on the model of Chaucer's one to Canterbury; and has affixed an appendix to the work, to prove that the historical facts and personages she introduces are correctly drawn, and that some of the incidents are founded on fact. The lady has aimed at right noble tale-tellers;—bluff Harry the Eighth, Cardinal Wolsey, the Abbot of Glastonbury, Queen Catherine, the Emperor Charles, and the Abbess of Ely, are the *raconteurs*. But we observe that she has reserved the tales which Mary of France, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, Anna Boleyn, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and others of the party are supposed to narrate for the completion of another series. Miss Strickland congratulates herself in her preface on having entered upon untrodden ground; "at least," she says, "no writer of later date than Geoffrey Chaucer (the Sir Walter Scott of the thirteenth century) has founded a work of fiction on the plan of the ancient devotional pilgrimage." We differ from Miss Strickland. Had the romance grown out of the pilgrimage, and the stories and incidents been connected with it, the case would have been different; but his Majesty's story of "William Rufus and the Salmon Pasty," or the proud Cardinal's very beautiful tale of the "Saxon Widow's Vow," or, in fact, any of the others, might have been told by any one, or appeared in the pages of an Annual with as much propriety as where they are. The stories have nothing to do with the tellers; and the frame-work of the pilgrimage, though appropriate, is too slight to stamp any distinctive character upon Miss Strickland's production.

Having so far exercised our vocation, we are happy in being able to give due praise to the varied and highly-pleasing contents of the volumes. The stories are freely and carefully written; some gay—some grave—food for all palates,—with much that calls to mind the grave old legends which once we so delighted in; and the historical notes that Miss Strickland has appended to each volume considerably enhance their value. It is like a blessed dream, to go back to the venerable chronicles which fascinated our youth, and be with them again, as with old and valued friends.

**Lodore.** By the Author of "Frankenstein." 3 vols.

Some years ago it was matter of frequent debate, especially amongst the literary *élite* of small country towns, whether or not Mrs. Shelley wrote or did not write "Frankenstein." We remember being much delighted with the *naïve* and interesting manner in which (in the Preface to the small and last edition of that wild and singular tale) she describes the formation and progress of her plan; and we think, moreover, that even the aforementioned little blue-stocking coteries can no longer doubt Mrs. Shelley's power of producing "Frankenstein," or any other work of the highly imaginative class, after they peruse "Lodore."

We will not flatter Mrs. Shelley, nor deceive our readers, by saying that "Lodore" is a faithful portraiture of human nature. It is no such thing—it seldom trenches upon the every-day *feelings*, though it has much to do with the every-day *occurrences* of life. Mrs. Shelley's actors are creatures like herself, compounded of sentiment and feeling, and as such, they go on

their way for the most part (particularly towards the latter end of the beautiful story) rejoicing in the health and purity of their own intentions, buffeting the cold-hearted and misjudging world with the weapons of truth and uprightness, and finally making *themselves* and (from the impossibility of not identifying *ourselves* with the hero and heroine) making *us* perfectly happy. This is exquisite romance—the romance—as a friend of ours well expressed it—the romance of *sentiment*, not of *incident*; and in the highly-imaginative walk of literature Mrs. Shelley has few competitors. She creates a certain number of human beings after her own fashion—she educates and fosters them after her own fashion—she arrays them in bright clothing—she makes them talk, and talks of them, in eloquent, unstudied, and graceful language; and then presents them to the world a written group, whose poetry can only be likened to one of Howard's beautiful paintings—*with us*, but not *of us*. Had she lived in the olden time, or had her mind not been strongly cultivated, she would have invented mysteries, and murders, and bleeding nuns, and sent forth distressed damsels, and conquering knights!—but as the lady now is, we enjoy the benefits of a luxuriant yet *pruned* imagination, whose delicacy and taste are co-equal; and those who desire, as we often do, to forget how cold, and base, and unrewarding is our real world, cannot fail to be delighted and refreshed by what they read and remember of the graceful and well-told story of “*Lodore*”—it is perhaps the most *refreshing* book of the season.

Excursions in the Mediterranean, Algiers, and Tunis. By Major Sir Grenville Temple. 2 vols.

It is always pleasant to travel in one's easy chair—to read of Arabs, who would, if they dare, cut your throats with small ceremony, and then look up at the round obsequious face of your valet, who informs you that it is time to dress for dinner;—to hear how Sir Grenville Temple was called half-dressed upon the deck of his vessel, where the deep damp dew saturated his bare feet, and all because a pirate-boat threatened slavery to his crew; and then to think how luxuriously your own feet felt thrust into Turkey slippers upon your pliant ottoman; to read of tropical evenings—to have all your classic associations recalled to your memory by the information “that the African scenery of the *Æneid* is not imaginative”—to thank heaven that you encountered neither the desert nor the storm, and were perfectly satisfied, as you *ought* to be, with Sir Grenville's spirited account thereof—to think how much more fortunate you were the last time you gipsied under Richmond Hill than Sir Grenville in one of his favourite excursions, where “the wine was stupidly forgotten!” We are grateful, truly grateful, to travellers; and all who read these two volumes will be grateful also, for although they contain nothing strikingly new, they are very interesting, and written in a free, unaffected style. We only regret that the civil war which raged at the period of Sir Grenville Temple's excursion in the Beylek of Tripoli prevented his prosecuting his journey, as he had originally intended, into the interior; and we shall look forward with pleasure to the investigation, which he half promises in his Preface, of the ancient and modern geography of the country, by which investigation he hopes to correct many errors which are declared to exist in our books and maps.

Tales of the Wars of Montrose. By James Hogg, Esq., Author of the “*Queen's Wake*,” &c. 3 vols.

“My foot's upon my native heath and my name's Mac Gregor,” exclaimed Rob Roy in all the bursting earnestness of his nature, when he felt himself truly and proudly upon his own soil; and heartily do we congratulate the Shepherd of Ettrick upon *his* being again, like Rob Roy, upon

his native heath, where he is always fresh and vigorous as his own mountain breeze, which albeit, if the roughest—particularly to us southerners—is not the less healthful or the less pleasing either—when we get used to it. We never take up a work of Hogg's without feeling teased and annoyed during the perusal of the first hundred pages; there are a thousand little or rather great coarsenesses—an abruptness of expression—a want of what is commonly called style—a rudeness that offends, and irritates, and rises itself with all the obstinacy of a Highland thistle against our prejudices and our proprieties; and yet we cannot lay down the book; though we may throw it from us, we are sure to take it up and go on even to the end, by which time we have forgotten that we were either irritated or offended; and having got over our annoyances, we have leisure and temper to call to mind the earnestness—the energy—the literary zeal of our Scotch author.

He tells a story as if it really happened, and his heart is so truly with his narrative, that you are carried forward by the impetus; there is something very pleasing in this, and despite the faults we have noted, we hail Mr. Hogg's re-appearance amongst us as we would a bottle of Glenlivet, or a cask of Edinbro' ale. There is life and energy in him yet, we hope, to write many more books. The stories are of various degrees of interest, but they are all Scotch, and our Shepherd is at home in them all; some of them have little to do with the "Wars of Montrose," while some are devoted to the wars of "Dan Cupid;" but there are escapes by flood and field—battles, and plots, and marches—all spirited and all interesting. We cordially wish the volumes success, and bid them God speed with right good will.

Specimens of the Early Poetry of France, from the Time of the Troubadours to the Reign of Henri Quatre. By Louisa Stuart Costello.

Few subjects could be indicated of greater interest than this to minds of taste and refinement. There is, in all early poetry, a native freshness and simplicity, very much akin to what we observe with so much delight in human childhood: and we read a pristine pastoral, legendary lay, madrigal, rondeau, ballad, or any other form of being assumed by the elementary muse, with somewhat of the same serenity and gentle pleasure wherewith we contemplate the movements and sports of a happy infant, glowing with health, and radiant with the "*lumen purpureum juvenæ*." In these days, the world (out of France) is apt to regard French poetry with very little indulgence: and reasonably so; for the French poetry of our own and several preceding generations has exhibited, with few exceptions, all the artifice and the coldness of a corrupt (and perhaps a premature) old age; but in its earlier state, to which we naturally turn in quest of relief from the impressions created by its dotage, we find it a sweeter and purer thing. We hail, therefore, with cordial satisfaction the presence of Miss Costello's charming little volume, into which she has collected some of the brightest emanations from the poetic spirit of "*La Jeune France*" of other days. Such a volume makes a far more agreeable appeal to our sympathies than a whole library of modern musings, from light "*vers de société*" to heavy odes or epics. In the list of names which occur in this collection, that of Charles, Duke of Orleans, most recommends itself by the grace and beauty of the effusions with which it is associated. We must extract one of them, which is interestingly connected with the historical fact of the Duke's twenty-five years' captivity in England:—

" I stood upon the wild sea-shore,  
And mark'd the wide expanse;  
My straining eyes were turn'd once more  
To long-loved, distant France !

I saw the sea-bird hurry by  
 Along the waters blue ;  
 I saw her wheel amid the sky,  
 And mock my tearful, eager eye,  
 That would her flight pursue.

" Onward she darts, secure and free,  
 And wings her rapid course to thee !  
 Oh, that her wing were mine to soar,  
 And reach thy lovely land once more !  
 Oh, heaven ! it were enough to die  
 In my own, my native home.  
 One hour of blessed liberty  
 Were worth whole years to come !"

A beautiful little composition by Pierre Rogiers likewise invites us to transfer it to our pages ; and, indeed, we could do the same with a willing hand to many others in the book : but our arrangements of space forbid this ; and we will therefore only add, that the fair translator has very happily caught the feeling of her winningly wild and romantic originals ; that she has added explanatory notes and biographical sketches, together with several graphic embellishments, coloured in the early *illuminated* fashion ; and that the whole collection is so attractive as to occasion us to wish it were more extensive than she has ventured to make it.

*Hyacinthe ; or, The Contrast.* By the Authoress of "Alice Seymour."

This elegant and pleasing little volume has been upon our table for many weeks, amongst a *mélange* of small books which it is impossible for us to notice as they arrive. Lately, as we looked over (not *overlooked*) the pile, we discovered some whose merits were only exceeded by their modesty, and foremost came the pretty "*Hyacinthe*." Although we doubt not the volume is already in the possession of some of our fair readers, we feel it a duty to award our meed of praise to so worthy a production, even at the eleventh hour.

"*Hyacinthe*" offers no strong "excitement," creates no powerful "sensations ;"—pure and benign, it records the simplest and sweetest of stories, working its own excellent moral unto the end ; every page teems with instruction, clothed in so agreeable a form, that we do not know we have been *instructed* : we only feel that we are better for what we read, and that we shall be glad to read again whatever the same lady writes. Although we have said that the story offers no strong "excitement," we do not intend to convey an idea of its being deficient in interest. The interest is well sustained throughout, and carries you on to the termination, which is exactly what it should be. "*Alice Seymour*" we have never seen.

*Arboretum Britannicum ; or the Hardy Trees of Britain, Native and Foreign, pictorially and botanically delineated, and scientifically and popularly described.* By J. C. Loudon, F.L. H.G. and Z.S., &c. Publishing in Monthly Nos. Nos. II. to V.

We have already, in our notice of the first number of this work, given our opinion of its plan, and we have only to add, that the numbers before us are in no way inferior to their predecessor. Some of the plates are extremely beautiful, and we were particularly pleased with the *Gleditchia triacanthos*, the American honey locust, in No. 5 ; there is a lightness and elegance about this tree very rarely to be met with among the trees of Britain, and the author has succeeded in giving this expression with the greatest judgment and taste. The letter-press contains such a mass of information respecting the introduction of foreign trees and shrubs into Great Britain, and especially Ireland, as we think no one but Mr. Loudon could have accumulated. The following enumeration of all the foreign

trees and shrubs which were grown in Ireland in the seventeenth century is extracted from a curious work, entitled "*Botanologia Universalis Hibernica*," by J. K'Eogh, A.B., Chaplain to Lord Kingston, published in 1375:—

"*Abele* (white poplar), about mansion-houses, for shelter; *arbutus*, wild in Kerry, and is manured in gardens; great bay; box; chestnut, frequently planted in gardens and parks: cypress tree, in gardens, for its pleasant verdure; fig tree; *jasminum*, planted in gardens; lemon tree, to be seen in the gardens of Mitchelstown, belonging to the Right Hon. Lord Kingston; medlar tree, in gardens; myrtle tree, it grows in my Lord Kingston's green-house, Mitchelstown, and there are also hedges of it in the Lord Inchiquin's gardens at Rostillon; mulberry tree, in gardens; orange trees, of late years they had been transplanted here, which now, by the industry and cultivation of curious gentlemen, are in some gardens brought to perfection. I have seen about seventy or eighty oranges taken off one tree in the Right Hon. the Lord Kingston's garden at Mitchelstown, as good as any I have seen brought hither from Spain or the West Indies: so you see what a prolific and fertile soil we live in, where the most exotic plants might, by a little care and industry, flourish."

As an example of the present state of arboriculture in Ireland, we extract from the list of large trees on the estates of Lord Viscount Ferrard, an account of a remarkable specimen of that singularly picturesque, and yet elegant tree, the cedar of Goa (*Cupressus lusitánica*), which at Oriel Temple, one of the seats of Lord Ferrard, has become "thirty-two feet high, the branches covering a space of thirty-five feet in diameter, in twenty-four years. This cedar was originally brought from the Portuguese settlement at Goa, in the East Indies, to Portugal; and the seeds were brought from that country to Ireland by Lord Ferrard in 1809, and, being sown, produced abundantly. The plants were first kept in a green-house; but on some of them being transplanted into the open air from want of room, they were found to grow so vigorously, that in three seasons any one branch surpassed in size the entire plant contained in the green-house."

We suppose this must be the largest tree of the kind in the United Kingdom; and in the list of trees on the estates of the Earl of Roden, we find a notice of a magnificent silver fir, which at sixty years old is eighty-four feet high, and is beautifully and evenly clothed with branches, the lower tier of which touches the ground, and covers a space 160 feet in circumference!

#### Stories of a Sea-port Town. 3 vols. Bentley.

It is quite impossible not to rise in good temper, and with many pleasurable feelings, from the perusal of these amiable volumes; the stories are all carefully written, and present the changing and varied subjects of interest which a resident in a sea-port town cannot fail to observe. Wherever an opportunity occurs of making a useful observation, or enforcing a valuable precept, the author has availed himself of it, and has given words to many feelings and opinions which do credit to his heart and "its imaginings." Mr. Chorley is one of a family known in the literary world as possessing taste and genius; and his first three-volume work well bears out the reputation he has already acquired. We say *bears out*, because we have read many stories of his before, scattered through the *Annuals*, fully equal to those he has printed in his present publication. To judge of his *real power*, we would "ring his metal" on a *long connected tale*, which, when he gives us opportunity, we shall be happy to report has surpassed—as it doubtless will—his former productions. One thing we particularly admire in this gentleman's writings—his freedom from personalities, and his desire to illustrate and encourage the better feelings of our nature.

## LITERARY REPORT.

A work calculated to afford very extensive amusement and gratification, is about to issue from the press, under the title of "The Comic Essayists." It will comprise, in volumes appearing every alternate month, and printed uniformly with "Colburn's Novelists," "Byron," "Scott," &c., a collection of some of the best prose papers of the light and humorous species that have emanated from the pens of the principal wits and men of social talent during the last fifteen years. The work will be under the superintendence of John Poole, Esq., author of "Paul Pry," "Sketches and Recollections," &c., and it is expected will be comprised in eight or ten volumes.

**COLBURN'S MODERN NOVELISTS.**—The vol. for June of this new, cheap, and elegant collection of celebrated modern works of fiction, publishing monthly, printed, embellished, and bound similarly to Mr. Murray's beautiful edition of Lord Byron's Works, consists of Horace Smith's *chef d'œuvre*, "Brambletye House." It is to be completed in two volumes, and embellished with a portrait of the author, frontispiece, and vignettes. The sixth number (completing the work) of the new and cheaper edition of Sir Jonah Barrington's "Memoirs of Ireland and the Union," is now ready for publication. This work, containing all the forty portraits and other illustrations of the former edition, published at 5*l.* 5*s.*, is now presented to the public, complete, for 3*l.* 8*s.*

A most important paper on the "Mortality of British Officers in all Parts of the World" appears in the June number of the "United Service Journal."

The new and cheaper edition of the Life and Correspondence of Garrick contains upwards of 2000 letters from the most eminent persons of his time. This work, in two thick 4*to.* vols., originally published at 5*l.* 5*s.*, and containing as much matter as six octavos, now costs only 2*l.* 10*s.*

Mrs. Joanna Baillie has in the press three new volumes of Dramas, on the Passions, and Miscellaneous Dramas.

The Autobiography of an Irish Traveller, in 3 vols. is shortly expected.

The Life and Times of William III., King of England, and Stadtholder of Holland, by the Honorable Arthur Trevor, M.P. M.A., &c., will speedily appear.

Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple, by the Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay, nearly ready.

The Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon, by T. H. Lister, Esq., author of "Granby," &c. is announced as in preparation.

The Life of Edward the Black Prince, by G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," "The Gipsy," &c., is likewise announced.

The late Baron Von Humboldt has left as posthumous works, and very nearly finished, a Treatise on the Languages of the Indian Archipelago, as derived from the Sanscrit; and

another on the Origin and Philosophy of Languages in general.

Mr. Stanfield is preparing for publication a series of views in the British Channel, and on the coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and other picturesque portions of the European continent.

Lady Raffles is preparing for publication an octavo edition of the Memoir of Sir T. S. Raffles.

The following works are likewise announced:—

The Fossil Fruits and Seeds of the London Clay, by J. S. Bowerbank; with numerous plates, by J. D. C. Sowerby.—The Prime Minister, a political and heroic poem, dedicated to Sir Robert Peel, by a Peer.—The Mechanics of Law-Making, by Arthur Symonds, Esq.—Travels in the West Indies, and some Notice of a short Residence in North America, by Dr. Madden.—Ernest Campbell; a new historical novel, by John Ainslie, Esq.—Twenty Years' Retirement, by Captain Blackiston, author of "Twelve Years' Military Adventure."—The Young Queen—Sketches of Bermuda, by a Lady.—Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society, by Emma Roberts.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Chateaubriand's Travels to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, 3rd edition, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 6*s.*

Journal of a Visit to Constantinople and some of the Greek Islands in 1833, by J. Auldjo, Esq., F.G.S. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Grape-vine on Open Walls, by C. Hoare, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Sketches and Recollections, by John Poole, Esq., author of "Paul Pry," 2 vols. post 8vo. 2*l.* 5*s.*

The Lady's Own Cookery Book, and New Dinner-Table Director for 1835. Second edition. 1 vol. post 8vo. bound, 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Life of Mungo Park, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Dissertations on the Eumenides of Æschylus, with the Greek Text, from the German of C. O. Müller, 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.*

Miscellanies, by the author of the "Sketch-Book," No. II.: Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Student, a Series of Papers, by the author of "Pelham," 2 vols. 2*l.* 5*s.*

Narrative of a Visit to the American Churches, by the Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales, by A. Reed and J. Matheson, 2 vols. 2*4s.*

Belford Regis, by Miss Milford, 3 vols. 1*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.*

Journal of the Heart, edited by the authoress of "Flirtation," 2nd Series, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Journal of a Residence in China and the Neighbouring Countries, from 1830 to 1833, by David Abel, 12mo. 6*s.*

Memoirs of Lord Bollingbroke and his Times, by G. W. Cooke, Esq. 2 vols. 2*8s.*

## FINE ARTS.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

It appears to be almost universally admitted that the present exhibition at the Royal Academy is of a superior kind to any of late preceding years. Not but there is the usual supply of many positively bad pictures, but the preponderance is decidedly in favour of those of a better order. To none does more interest attach than to that of Mr. Wilkie, numbered 64 in the catalogue. The subject is Christopher Columbus seated at a table explaining the project of his intended voyage for the discovery of the New World in the convent of La Rabida. The story is taken from Washington Irving's life of the discoverer. "A stranger travelling on foot," says the memoir by Washington Irving, "accompanied by a young boy, stopped one day at the gate of a convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria Rabida, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child; while receiving this humble refreshment, the guardian of the convent, Friar Juan Perez Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and observing, from his air and accent, that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him. The stranger was Columbus. The conference which followed, remarkable for opening a brighter prospect in the fortunes of Columbus, forms the subject of the picture, in which he is represented seated at the convent table, with the prior to his right, to whom he is explaining, on a chart, the theory upon which his long contemplated discovery is founded. At his left is his son Diego, with a small Italian greyhound at his feet, supposed to have accompanied them in their voyage from Genoa." Such is the foundation for the picture, which is, in our estimation, Mr. Wilkie's noblest work. The finest portion of it, as far as mere painting is concerned, is the head of the prior, who is intently gazing upon the chart, while Columbus demonstrates the practicability of his plan. He looks half aghast at the wonderful relation, which he appears not entirely to comprehend. Its vastness has half bewildered him, yet he dares not disbelieve. But the grand merit of the picture is in the conception of the character of Columbus as depicted in his countenance. On his brow is seated everything that is lofty in thought and grand in design, while his countenance bespeaks a disposition "learned in all humanities." To afford it its just share of praise is scarcely possible,—it is worthy the wonderful original. Garcia Fernandez, the physician of Palos, whose scientific acquirements enabled him to appreciate the projection of Columbus, is resting on the table listening to the amazing story. Behind Fernandez is Martin Alonzo Pinzon, a great navigator, and who became the comrade of Columbus in his first expedition, but subsequently deserted him. This head is also very fine. Pinzon is adjusting a telescope, and, with his eyes half averted from his task, he greedily devours the details of the plan. The expression of this face is envy, of a jealousy that will not accord the due share of praise, but of an understanding that appreciates the excellence of the scheme. The whole of the picture is invested with an air of originality. It is grand in conception, and powerful in execution. The effect of breadth given by the light coming across the picture is managed in a most masterly manner.

No. 88 is also by Mr. Wilkie, and is called the First Ear-ring. It is full of humour; the little victim of the trinket bears the pain with all the fortitude of childish vanity. A lap-dog in the room appears to suffer some of the torture inflicted by sympathy, and is screwed up most ridiculously.

There are also No. 113, a portrait of his Grace the Duke of Wellington; No. 127, Sancho Panza in the days of his youth; No. 137, a portrait of Sir James McGrigor, Bart.; and No. 299, portrait of the late Rev. Edward Irving. Of these Sancho Panza is admirable, the portraits not the

best, and that of the Rev. Edward Irving we think, is decidedly bad. It is not a likeness, nor is it a superior painting.

Mr. Etty has several pictures, most of them calculated to maintain his very high and deserved reputation.

We must be content for the present to direct attention to No. 310, "*Phædria and Cymocles on the Idle Lake.*" This is a splendid production illustrating a passage in "*Spencer's Fairy Queen*;" full of colour, beauty of form, and harmony of composition. The deepest dyes that ever reflected their tints upon water, or afforded their brilliancy to the plumage of birds, have been brought into this picture for one rich and gorgeous display. Some captious critics have recently given vent to their anger and their ignorance by abusing Mr. Etty for his love of Nature. They object to every Venus but their own Venus. They have attacked him with all their puny power for doing what all his predecessors who have been great in art have done invariably,—namely, paint the naked figure. To the impure all things are impure; none but those of vitiated minds could object to the beautiful productions of Mr. Etty.

No. 315 is a "*Fisherman's abode at Mazzorto; Torcello in the distance.*" C. Stanfield, R.A. This picture represents the interior of a fisherman's hut, looking through an arch to the open water and distant country. The exquisite finish of the figures and objects in the foreground, and the depth and beauty of the distant scene, are alike objects to excite the highest possible admiration. Perhaps No. 8, a scene near Livenza, in the Gulf of Venice, by the same artist, is a picture deserving of even greater attention. The country in itself is truly picturesque, and it has lost nothing by the poet's eye with which it was observed, and the painter's pencil which transferred that poetic impression to canvas. The loveliest sky, the bluest water, the curling smoke, and the "*azure hue*" of the distant mountain, are all faithfully and enchantingly portrayed. No. 363 is a beautiful scene on the coast of Normandy, also by Mr. Stanfield.

No. 167. "*A Scene in the Grampians: the Drovers' Departure.*" E. Landseer, R.A. This picture represents the departure of drovers from the Grampians, accompanied by their flocks and herds, their travelling ponies and companions. Some portions of this painting are executed in the most superb style. Such are the heads of cattle, and, indeed, the greater part of the animals with which the picture abounds. The composition is a little confused, and there is a thinness in some portions of the colouring. The air of sentiment about the men and women is not in good keeping with the subject. Had more time and care been bestowed upon its execution it would have been as nearly perfect as it well could be; but, as it is, it is only an indication of the great power of the artist, and how noble a picture he has left incomplete. No. 303. "*Favourites, the property of H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge,*" is also by Mr. Landseer; and a more careful or finished piece of painting we have rarely seen. It is in all respects beautiful.

No. 131, "*Gulliver's Introduction to the Queen of Brobdingnag,*" C. R. Leslie, R.A. "This picture," says a critic in a morning newspaper, "represents the point of time when the little Gulliver is presented to the gigantic Queen of the Brobdingnagians, surrounded by her maids of honour. The captain in the back-ground is receiving the money which the Queen pays for the purchase of the diminutive curiosity. Gulliver is on the table, embracing with fervent devotion the tip of her Majesty's little finger. We think the whole of this picture is a misconception. The artist has not conquered the difficulty with which the subject evidently labours, namely, to make the women Brobdingnagians without making a Lilliputian of Gulliver. Most of the women are but of the '*fair, fat, and forty*' size, and the only indication that is given of their being creatures of a different stature and nature to those we ordinarily meet is in their terrible eyes; poor Gulliver seems likely to die of being gazed at, so ardently do they contemplate the



wondrous mite. But still no notion is given of Gulliver's real size; he looks like one of the puppets in the fantoccini, or a Thomas Thumb the Less. We have with him no sympathies—we shudder not at the idea of his falling from the perilous height of the table on which he is placed, or breaking his neck over the rugged ridges of the table-cover—we fear not the next hurricane of wind, should the princess chance to sneeze, sending him lifeless to the distant confines of her spacious boudoir—no pendant ear-ring of the maids of honour while inspecting him appears like a rock, about to fall and deprive him of existence—no mighty caul, or ponderous plaything, carelessly swung by Brobdignagian baby, threatens to dash him to atoms—he is neither man, nor boy, nor child, 'fish, flesh, or good red-herring;' and they are neither ogresses, nor Titans' wives, nor the beautiful and stupendous princesses of the great island of Brobdignag, so famous for its peculiar latitude and longitude that the ancients did not know it, and the moderns are still ignorant of its existence. But the wit of Swift and the pencil of Leslie we must not expect to find in combination; and that the picture is a failure we must attribute to the insurmountable difficulties the subject presented. As a painting, it is in the usual superior style of Mr. Leslie." We entirely concur with the opinion here expressed, except that no praise is given where it is richly due, namely, to the painting of a young Brobdignagian child, or dwarf; if all else in the picture were a failure, this portion of it must be acknowledged to be the work of a master.

No. 292. "Honfleur Fishing-boats becalmed, Havre in the distance." E. W. Cooke. A beautiful sea-piece in Mr. Cooke's best style.

No. 295. "The intercepted Letter." J. Webster. Carefully painted, humourously yet interestingly conceived, and losing none of its force from its being a common domestic tale. A busy-looking fellow of a postman, a displeased father, and a maiden detected in holding a secret correspondence, are the materials of the picture.

No. 283. "Festa della Madonna del Arco." T. Uwins, R.A. This is gaudily but tastefully painted, harmoniously composed, and breathes the very air of sincere but refined festivity.

No. 226. "A Ferry on the River Mirfa, Sermoneta in the distance—a scene in the Pontine Marshes near Rome." P. Williams. One of the most clever and spirited works of this artist.

No. 326. "The Comedy of the Honey-Moon." G. Clint, A. Were not Mr. Clint's reputation already firmly established as a first-rate painter of dramatic scenes, the picture before us would place it beyond question. It is conceived in a happy vein of elegant humour, and the painting is highly finished.

No. 395. "King Richard I. of England, surnamed Cœur de Lion, and the Soldan Saladin." S. A. Hart. This scene represents Richard feeling the pulse of the Soldan Saladin, who has entered into his camp and obtained admission into his tent in the disguise of a physician, and on the pretence of assisting in the cure of a fever under which the King was then labouring. The story, it will be remembered, is related in Sir Walter Scott's novel of the Talisman. This is a picture of considerable power, but we think it deficient in refinement. It is theatrical, and not well chosen for an historical painting. We much prefer Mr. Hart's picture, of last year, of Cardinal Walsey and Buckingham. Had we not seen that picture, all we should have said would have been in the language of praise, which Mr. Hart well deserves. We cannot however avoid comparing an artist with himself.

No. 270. "The Chivalric Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock." D. McClise. The public is well acquainted with the powers of this artist. From the "Mokanna" to the "Installation of Captain Rock," his work of last year, he has produced a succession of most astonishing works. The present, if it possesses all the beauties, has some of the faults of his former

productions. If he is prolific in invention and prodigal in fancy, he is not the most diligent in studying the arts of composition. To be a great painter,—and Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Clise has in him the elements of the greatest,—it is not only necessary to indulge the bent of a superior genius, but to attend to every minor portion of detail, from the mechanical work of the pencil to the much more arduous task of composing and arranging a picture. A laughing face, conceived in humour, and dashed off in a masterly style upon the canvas, will not, however good it may be, atone for defects that nothing but diligence is required to avoid. In the Chivalric Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock, the figure of the knight is beautifully painted, but it does not harmonize with the surrounding parts. The same fondness for perpendicular lines is evinced as has been so often seen in the pictures of this artist, and which, be it remembered, is peculiar not to style, but to manner. Moreover, the picture is one of episodes, and lacks the interest of a connected story. There is sufficient invention in it for six such pictures, but not enough of composition for one. The painting of some of the heads is perfect, and there are parts replete with fancy, fun, and merriment. Such is the group surrounding the fool with the bauble. Indeed, wherever we look there are bits of the highest order—exquisite touches of feeling and character. If we have said anything to detract from Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Clise, we have done it, we trust, in the spirit of those who ardently admire him.

No. 96. "The Pet Bird." J. G. Middleton. A very superior picture, with all the strength and less of the hardness occasionally to be observed in Mr. Middleton's painting.

Mr. Turner has several pictures. Two more particularly beyond the rest demand attention. No. 24, "Keelmen heaving in Coals, by Night," is one, and No. 155, "Venice from the Porch of Madonna della Salute," is the other. The first of these is a moonlight scene, and admirably adapted for displaying the masterly pencil of Mr. Turner. The picture is as light as day, and the only thing that prevents the impression on the mind of the spectator that it is day, is the positive coldness peculiar to moonlight. It is a most extraordinary piece of effect. The other picture is equally extraordinary, but in another way. The mid-day sun shining upon the white walls of Venice, innumerable vessels with the flags of all nations, the black gondola and the gay flitting pennon, are all brought into powerful contrast. It is altogether brilliant, dazzling, and original.

No. 136. "Nymph and Cupid." W. Hilton, R.A. This is a fine painting, in the grand historical style. The Cupid is as powerfully conceived as it is beautifully painted.

No. 145. "The Valley Farm." J. Constable, R.A. This picture is full of beauty and feeling, but we must be permitted to think that its effect is a little exaggerated—no landscape ever looked so spotty, after the most violent shower; had the spots been made patches, it would have made a snow-piece. But in spite of this, there is a depth and richness that no artist of the present day can surpass.

No. 114. "Italian Scene, in the Year of the Jubilee—Peasants on a Pilgrimage to Rome, first coming in sight of the Holy City." C. L. Eastlake, R.A. This is a picture in Mr. Eastlake's best style; the scene is picturesque, and the finish bestowed upon all portions of it is of the highest kind.

No. 107. "Children Launching a Boat." W. Collins, R.A. This is one of many beautiful pictures Mr. Collins has this year contributed. Children by the sea-shore is a favourite subject with him, and it appears to be in his hands exhaustless. Repetition does not cloy us, for the looks of innocence and joy can never have such effect, and his children are the personification of both.

No. 30. "Genoese Coast, near Ricco." A. W. Calcott, R.A. This is a powerful piece of colouring, showing the effect of an Italian sun. There

are other pictures in the exhibition this year by Mr. Calcott, but the one before us is perhaps the best; they are all, however, exceedingly fine, and worthy the best attention.

Mr. Mulready unfortunately contributes but one picture—it is No. 105, “The Last In.” “The Last In” is no less a person than the boy who, “with satchel on his back,” crawled “like a snail unwillingly to school.” As he enters, he bows to the schoolmaster, who, with mock gravity, profoundly returns the obeisance, while in his looks lurks a flogging for the urchin who is “last in.” It is humourously conceived, though a little confined in grouping, and admirably painted.

In the lower room, known by the name of the Antique Academy, are some very beautiful productions. Among them are the works of Chalon, Rochard, G. R. Ward and Mrs. G. R. Ward, Miss F. Corbeaux, Miss M. Chalon, and a variety of others. But why is a picture in every respect fitted to maintain a place among the best of those of the Royal Academicians, full of beauty of all sorts, of all artist-like effects, placed among miniatures and flowers? Not that we mean to assert any thing in any way tending to deteriorate those elegant branches of art. But for superior oil-paintings the Academicians themselves, consulting their own interests as well as propriety, have assigned the better lights of the Great Room, the Painting Academy, and the Anti-Room. Why, then, is the beautiful picture of Little Red Riding Hood and Wolf of Mr. Inskipp placed in so unworthy a situation as it holds in the Antique Academy? We are not among the captious critics who are ready upon all occasions to assail so honourable and meritorious a body as the Royal Academy. We know their difficulties in dealing with conflicting interests and jealous persons, and should be sorry to aggravate those difficulties. But without encountering the charge of being invidious, we think ourselves entitled to ask why is this superb painting placed here? It is in all respects perfectly beautiful. The back ground alone is a landscape of the highest order. The subject itself is full of feeling, and exquisitely painted. Mr. Inskipp has had great injustice done him; and without bringing any charge against the gentlemen who have this year been entrusted with the hanging, we must affirm our belief in there having been great and culpable carelessness, though we will not say gross and intentional partiality.

In the Model Academy there is less of interest than usual; but particularly deserving of notice is 1045, Devotion, a statue in marble, R. Westmacott, R.A.; also 1048, a sleeping Shepherd Boy, a statue in marble, J. Gibson, A. There are also some good busts by W. Behnes, by E. Ryley, especially that of the Rev. J. Tate, M.A., Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's; by S. Clint, by W. Weeks, T. Butler, and others.

Many excellent pictures, and no doubt good works of other kind, must, in the limits of a short notice, be necessarily omitted. Should there be another opportunity of continuing this criticism, we shall make atonement in the best way we can.

#### PUBLICATIONS.

##### Stanfield's Coast Scenery.

WE have before us the first number of a work intended to comprise the most picturesque scenes on the coasts of Great Britain as well as of foreign shores. It is to be published in parts, at two shillings and sixpence each part, consisting of four plates, with twelve pages of typographical illustration, embodying much information useful to the tourist. The drawings from which the engravings are made are the latest productions of Mr. Stanfield, who has made excursions to different sea-scenes for the purposes of the work. The first engravers are engaged upon it, and the present number, containing a view of Mount St. Michael, in Normandy—Mount St.

Michael, in Cornwall—the Botallack Tin and Copper Mine, Land's End, and a view of Falmouth Harbour, with a receiving ship in the foreground. They are engraved in the most superb style by Cousen, Miller, and Brandrard.

We have seen other drawings which have been expressly made for the work, of the most superior kind, and calculated, we consider, to increase even the high reputation of Mr. Stanfield. He has evidently bestowed upon them the greatest care, while in his happiest vein. The undertaking deserves the success which we have no doubt it will receive, for, in addition to its claims upon the public as a collection of art, it has claims as "Sea-coast Scenery" upon the national feeling.

## THE DRAMA.

### COVENT GARDEN.

THIS theatre has been "re-opened" after the premature close of the winter season, for what is called an "after season." This, we believe, to be unprecedented. It is, besides, something more serious.—It is a flagrant violation of the right of every actor with whose services Mr. Bunn has thought fit to dispense, in forming his arrangements for his "after season." These gentlemen, it would appear, if such a course is admitted to be legal, have no certainty from day to day of the continuance to them of the means of existence. In October last their services were engaged by Mr. Bunn, for the whole of what is termed the winter season, that is, for two hundred nights. Such being, though not stipulated in their agreements, yet according to the invariable custom of their profession, the duration of that season. It will be recollected, at the same time, that in thus joining Mr. Bunn's theatre, these gentlemen shut themselves out from chance of engagement elsewhere; for the managers of the country theatres, and of the acknowledged summer theatres, cannot alter their arrangements to suit Mr. Bunn's caprice, or to save the most deserving of actors from starving. But it is now declared in the teeth of all this, well known and understood from the earliest time of these theatres till now, that the duration of any season is a matter for the decision of the lessee, and that he may turn off every one of his actors, and determine their engagements at the end of the fiftieth night, or the fifth, if it so pleases him. Such has been the conduct of Mr. Bunn, on finding that his system of managing the *two* theatres had utterly failed, and that it was necessary to his convenience to reduce his "two companies" into one. We can conceive nothing more unjust or base.

## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Captain Low read an interesting account of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the inhabitants of Tannan and Mergui. So little is known of the Burmese Empire, and our relations with that power are daily becoming so intimate, that we deem it of the highest importance to supply our readers with a condensed view of the most recent and authentic information acquired on the subject. Tannan and Mergui form part of the cessions made to the British at the termination of the late Burmese war, since which time the population has been greatly increased by Burmese and Chinese anxious to enjoy the blessings of good government; but unfortunately, the very name of these new subjects of Britain is unknown in Britain; the ceded territory remains unprotected by a single work, and the tyrant of "the golden foot" may without much difficulty cross the intervening river, drive away our slender garrisons, and massacre those whose love of British justice led them to depend upon British protection.

Captain Low stated, that the inhabitants of these provinces, unlike the Hindus and Siamese, who consider the wearing of clothes above the waist an incumbrance, are fond of rich and expensive dresses. They delight in trinkets, but the workmanship of their jewellery is below the average even of oriental manufactures. The females enjoy great personal freedom, and do not therefore manacle themselves with such heavy necklaces, bracelets, and anklets as the ladies of India; silk is their favourite wear, but fine cottons and muslins are in much request. They never wash their silk dresses, but wear them until they drop in tatters from their bodies. Karean cloth is worn by the lower orders; it is very narrow, seldom exceeding a foot in breadth. During the rains, umbrella-hats are worn by the men, some of which are four and a half feet in diameter. They are very light, and require much management when the wind is high. Superior officers wear gilded or lacquered leather caps, similar to those used by our firemen. All ranks wear sandals, which they take off on entering a respectable house.

The Tenasserims tattoo themselves like the Burmans of Ava and the Laos; the Siamese regard the practice as barbarous, probably because it is the national custom of their ancient and inveterate enemies. Tattooing on the arm is deemed the essential mark of entering on manhood; the operation, rather a painful one, is performed with a gold stylus; the colouring matters are "lamp-black, produced by burning Sesamé oil under an old pot, which a priest has used in collecting his daily provisions," and vermilion. When charms "to render the person invulnerable" are tattooed, the operation takes place in the *Thein*, or Place of Idols\*.

Though subjected to the most crushing despotism, the lower ranks are brave, hospitable, and open in their manners. There is none of that affected modesty which distinguishes the less virtuous females of Hindústan. Burmese children are uniformly respectful and affectionate to their parents. Their mode of salutation is singular; instead of kissing, they apply the nose to the cheek and draw in a strong inhalation. Captain Low thinks, that this remarkable custom, of which traces are found among all the Indo-Chinese nations, the Malays, the Chinese, and the islanders of the Indian Archipelago, establishes a remote connexion between tribes that now appear very different†.

Burmese marriages are mere civil contracts, and the ceremonies are very simple; a feast is always given on this, and indeed on every occasion, where business of importance is transacted. Divorces are obtained with great facility, but this has not produced the licentiousness of manners which might have been anticipated.

The Burmans and Peguers generally burn their dead, but the bodies of all who die under fifteen are buried. If a woman dies in childbed, her body is burned on the banks of a river; hence when ladies quarrel, they frequently exclaim, "may you be burned on the banks of a river!" The body of the high priest who died at Martaban, shortly after its capture, was burned with extraordinary solemnity; a wire was stretched from the bier to a considerable distance, and along this a rocket was discharged, which set fire to the pile. So much oil and petroleum were used for this ceremony, that the ground, which was mossy, continued burning for a week afterwards.

\* The barbarous customs of cutting the flesh in time of mourning, and tattooing charms on the body, seem to have been practised in Western Asia, for they are expressly forbidden by Moses. "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you; I am the Lord." Lev. xix. 28.

Have we not some trace of this custom among the Hebrews, in the blessing that Isaac bestowed on his son Jacob? "And he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him, and said, see the smell of my son is as the smell of a field, which the Lord hath blessed." Gen. xxvii. 27.—*Athenæum*.

Chess, draughts, and a peculiar kind of foot-ball, are the chief amusements of this people. The foot-ball is made of wicker, and is kicked into the air by men who stand in a circle, twelve or fifteen yards in diameter. Wrestling matches and pugilistic contests are exhibited at all the great festivals; the combatants are only allowed to fight a certain number of rounds, so that they are seldom hurt. They fight cocks with artificial spurs, and what will probably surprise our readers, they keep fish for mutual encounters. These fighting fish are of the species called by the Siamese *plukat*; they are small, and found only in fresh water; they are kept in jars apart from each other, and when the terms of contest are arranged, each party lets out a fish in a basin of water, where they fight most furiously. Large bets are laid by the owners and spectators on these battles. Buffalo fights are occasionally exhibited. The buffaloes are baited against each other by pairs, in the middle of a circle formed by the crowd. They are directed by men on their backs, who dexterously slip off when the horns of the animals threaten them with an assault in flank. Few of the buffaloes will continue the fight after the second or third round, and as they attempt to escape through the crowd, many persons are severely hurt.

At one of their festivals, the Burmese squirt water on passengers; the ladies are especially fond of this amusement, which Captain Low thinks to be "a cool way of bringing on a conversation with some favoured swain."

The Burmese rulers affect much state; the liberty of bearing umbrellas is the recognised mark of official dignity. White silk umbrellas can be used by the king only; the number appropriated to him in a solemn procession is seven; one of these is much larger than the rest, and is called the *Kyein*, or state umbrella of seven tiers. Another appendage of regal state is the *Bo-theegee*, or royal drum, which is prohibited to every other person in the empire, under the penalties of high treason. Drums, indeed, like umbrellas, are strictly regulated according to the gradations of rank.

We understand that Captain Low has prepared a political and statistical account of the present state of Siam and Birmanah. The specimen we have been enabled to give of the interest and value of its contents will probably induce our readers to join with us in the hope that its publication will not be long delayed.

## VARIETIES.

*Increase of National Wealth.*—A highly valuable and interesting paper has been read before the London Statistical Society, by its Vice-President, Lieutenant-Colonel Sykes, "on the increase of wealth and expenditure in the various classes of society, as indicated by the returns made to the tax-office, by exports, imports, and savings banks." By this paper it appears that the estimate of capital employed in 1832, 1833, and 1834, in articles of luxury—which comprise only saddle and carriage horses, four-wheeled private carriages, male domestic servants, armorial bearings, game certificates, dogs, and race-horses, including keep as well as duty—is 406,953,000*l.*, being an increased capital of 61,667,000*l.* since 1820. The increased capital in trade Colonel Sykes estimates at 87,837,997*l.*, the total capital thus employed in the three last years being estimated at 330,390,430*l.* He takes the rental of 443,990 houses in Great Britain to be 12,629,980*l.*, and the capital thus invested at 300,000,000*l.*, being an increased rental of 2,368,646*l.*, and capital of 59,200,000*l.* The total capital employed in the articles of luxury above enumerated, in buildings, in trade, viz., in the cotton, wool, silk, linen, iron, trade, 105,128 shopmen, clerks, warehousemen, &c., horses, &c. &c., he estimates at 1,037,343,430*l.*, being an increase of 208,704,977*l.*, between the years 1820

and 1832. With such indications of wealth in the condition of the higher classes, observes Colonel Sykes, it becomes an important and interesting inquiry how far it is shared by that portion of the community of a lower grade in the social scale. In the prosecution of this inquiry, the Colonel finds that from November, 1831, to November, 1833, the number of depositors in savings banks in the United Kingdom had increased 45,755, and that the additional amount of money deposited was 1,403,464*l.* The increase in England, in the above period, amounted to 8 per cent., and in Ireland to 25 per cent. The absolute increased individual pressure of the poor-rates from 1821 to 1831, amounts to 7 per cent. The increase in crime, it is to be regretted, appears to be beyond that either of population or of pauperism. From 1821 to 1825, and from 1825 to 1832, the increase of commitments has been 44·3 per cent. In 1821 the commitments were, in regard to the population, as 1 in 866; in 1831, as 1 in 686 persons.

*Malt.*—The following shows the number of bushels of malt consumed in the United Kingdom, by common brewers, in each of the three years ending in January, 1832, 1833, and 1834. In 1832, 16,487,909 bushels; in 1833, 16,261,154 bushels; in 1834, 17,061,066 bushels. The quantities consumed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, separately, are—England, 1832, 14,176,309 bushels; 1833, 13,832,851 bushels; 1834, 14,443,391 bushels. In Scotland, 1832, 818,208 bushels; 1833, 885,038 bushels; 1834, 934,390 bushels. In Ireland, 1832, 1,493,392 bushels; 1833, 1,543,265 bushels; 1834, 1,683,285 bushels.

*Window Taxes.*—The twelve towns which contribute the largest amount of taxes on windows are the following:—Liverpool, 19,722*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*; Bath, 18,029*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Bristol, 11,197*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*; Brighton, 10,644*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Manchester, 11,055*l.* 5*s.* 9*d.*; Birmingham, 6,290*l.* 0*s.* 2½*d.*; Cheltenham, 4873*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.*; Norwich, 4863*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*; Clifton, 4491*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.*; Leeds, 4190*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.*; Portsmouth, 3830*l.* 18*s.* 5*d.*; Cambridge, 3749*l.* 14*s.* 0½*d.*

*Public Departments.*—By a parliamentary return of the increase and diminution which have taken place during the year 1834 in the number of persons employed, in the salaries, and in the expense of the public departments, it appears that there has been in some departments an increase in the number of persons of 110, while in others there has been a diminution of 155. Of salaries—increase, 19,041*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*; diminution, 42,783*l.* 8*s.* 9½*d.* Of emoluments—increase, 655*l.* 5*s.* 4½*d.*; diminution, 253*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.* Of retired allowances—increase, 7598*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.*; diminution, 20,157*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.* Of expenses—increase, 5387*l.* 14*s.* 3½*d.*; diminution, 11,879*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* Total amount of increase, 32,683*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*; total amount of diminution, 75,074*l.*

*Imprisonment for Debt.*—By the return to the House of Commons, in 1833, of persons imprisoned for debt in England and Wales, in 1832, it appears that—

The gross number was . . . . .	16,470
Of whom maintained themselves . . . . .	4,093
	<hr/>
	12,377

So that three-fourths of the whole were too poor to provide themselves with bread! By the fourth report of the Common Law Commissioners, dated March 1, 1832, it appears that of persons in *execution* for debt in 1831, more than 25 per cent. of that number were for debts under 20*l.*, and more than 45 per cent. were under 30*l.*

The increase of members of the Temperance Society, in England and Wales, from 1st Feb. 1834, to 1st Feb. 1835, is upwards of 37,000; the total being 110,525. Last year, the members of the Bristol Society amounted to 1500; this year they are 2562; being an increase of 962.

The American Temperance Societies now consist of nearly 1,500,000 members.

By a return made from the city and liberty of Westminster, it appears that during the last year no less than about 100 children have been burnt to death, chiefly owing to their parents leaving them alone in a room with a fire in it. Of this number about four-fifths were girls, and the remainder boys. This arises from the difference of the clothing between boys and girls. When the boys have been burnt to death, it has been chiefly owing to wearing pinafores. In a great many of the cases the accidents have occurred from the children getting on a chair to reach something off the mantel-piece, when their clothes easily ignite.

*Friendly Societies.*—The Lords of the Treasury have very properly had printed for gratuitous distribution, "Instructions for the formation of Friendly Societies, with Rules and Tables applicable thereto," in order to assist in the establishment of these valuable institutions upon sound and legal principles.

*Tolls.*—It is now the law that no toll shall be paid for cattle and other beasts going to or from water or pasture, or to or from being shod or farried, or passing on any turnpike-road, provided they do not pass more than two miles on such turnpike-road. All horses and beasts drawing carts with materials for the repairs of roads, although the wheels of such carts shall be less than four inches and a half, are also to be exempt from toll. Lastly, all horses or carriages, cattle or other beasts, crossing any turnpike-road, or not going above one hundred yards thereon, are exempt from toll.

*Population Returns.*—For the first time, a return was made in the last census of the number of *illegitimate* births occurring in Great Britain. There were 20,039 of them in the year 1830, in the proportion of 41 males to 40 females; as compared with *legitimate* births, they are reckoned as one in 18 for the whole of England and Wales. The minimum of illegitimate births is in Middlesex, and the maximum, in Wales!—*Medical Gazette.*

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

*The Cretan Sarcophagus.*—A magnificent Sarcophagus was discovered last year in Crete, by Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who patriotically brought it to England, and proposes, we hear, to present it to the University of Cambridge. It is of Parian marble, and more than seven feet long, and in fine preservation. It was found in a small plain, near a village called Ayo Vasile, seven or eight miles from Viano, and though broken into many pieces, the whole has been ingeniously united under the direction of Chantrey, in whose studio it may be seen by all who are curious in antique sculpture.

The ends, as well as front of the sarcophagus, including the cover or lid, are entirely sculptured. The subject is the triumphant return of Bacchus from India, and though this seems to have little connexion with death and the grave, it must be borne in mind that the god was born in the isle, and that the Cretans invented the orgies in his honour. The figures are in high relief: a naked youth, stooping under a wine-skin, accompanied by a musician, leads the procession; an elephant follows, with three girls on its back, playing on the double pipe and cymbals; Silenus, sufficiently intoxicated, is borne after by two youths, who seem not unconscious of the weight; while a satyr follows, striking a tambourine, and actually leaping into the air with delight. A male and female centaur succeed; "one seems woman to the waist, and fair, but ending foul;" the other has his



brows bound in vine-leaves, and seems in a passion, which his female companion tries to soothe, by throwing her arm round his neck; an empty cup, depending from her fingers, intimates that wine has something to do with the wrath which agitates him; this is more distinctly intimated by the action of the closing group. Bacchus appears—all youth and beauty—grave rather than joyous—in a splendid car, on a panel of which a youth and satyr are contending; the right hand of the god elevates a trophy, while the left hand protects a trembling faun, his companion in the car, at whom the angry centaur seems in the act of throwing a wine-cup. The fear of the one, and the surly wrath of the other, are well expressed. Two men, on one end of the sarcophagus, seem disputing about a child, which they are bearing away in a basket; while on the other end two cupids are engaged in an attempt to put a tipsy satyr to bed; drapery is suspended between two trees; the urchins have their friend on their shoulders, and are striving on tip-toe, to heave him up, while a quiet smile is playing over the brows and in the corners of his mouth, at their fruitless endeavours. All this seems more akin to luxurious painting than to the simplicity and gravity of sculpture. The relief wrought on the lid is of a still more joyous character.—*Athenæum*.

The *Odessa Journal* contains the following:—"The archæological researches prosecuted in the tumuli on the line of the new quarantine, towards the north-east of the city, are rarely profitable in consequence of their having long since been rifled by some of the people who anciently possessed the Crimea. The director of the Museum at Kertch, after opening eleven successively, without meeting with any relics but fragments of the tombs, was, however, recompensed for his pains when he came to the twelfth, which he found to inclose a tomb of freestone, without cement, and filled with earth. In this tomb were contained the following objects:—1. A large urn with two handles, covered with black varnish, and ornamented with garlands, on which some traces of gilding are to be discerned. This urn was placed at the feet of the deceased, and contained some bones resembling those of a sheep. 2. A large fluted vase, finely shaped, covered with a gilt garland, also placed at the feet of the deceased. 3. A ring of a superior construction, with a signet representing a lion couchant, in cornelian. On the plain side are engraved a buckler, a casque, and a sword. 4. A bunch of five ears of corn, with the leaves in amber, found on the head of the skeleton. 5. Three golden rings set with Syrian granite. 6. Two small gold buckles representing couching cupids. No medals were found in the tomb, so that the precise epoch to which it belongs cannot be ascertained.

*Sicily*.—It is stated, by some of the French papers, that an extraordinary phenomenon has taken place at Marsala, in Sicily. After the dreadful hurricane, during the night of the 16th of December, which was accompanied by rain, hail, thunder, and violent agitation of the sea, it was discovered that the roofs of the houses were covered with aërolites, the size of a common walnut, round and extremely hard. The learned chemists of Sicily are busy analyzing these aerial productions. Others of the French papers pretend that nothing more has happened at Marsala than a violent hurricane.

At the last meeting of the Medico-Botanical Society, Dr. Hancock read a paper on a plant called *coomi-pary*, by the natives of Guiana. It is used to intoxicate fish so as to enable the fisher to catch them with the hand. It flowers at all seasons of the year, and is constantly covered with leaves of a purple colour; the flowers are small and white. The fluid circulating in the plant is lutescent, nearly as thick as cream, and is so abundant as to trickle down in a small stream if the bush be wounded. A seed of this plant taken inwardly is of great use in dropsy.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

• THE most important fact that has occurred in relation to our subject is the depression of the price of wheat to a lower rate than it has borne for the last fifty years. The aggregate average for the last six weeks, (ending May 8) gives 38s. 11d.; but if this average be reduced to Winchester measure, in order to bring it into fair comparison with former times, and the higher averages struck out, arising from the smaller districts, it will stand some shillings lower. This depreciation has led to some slight appearance of speculation; but so long as the vast amount of capital lies buried in the foreign stocks in warehouse, and so long as a very natural doubt as to the extent and power of the causes exist, this spirit of adventure will go little or no way towards enhancing price. It is indeed all but impossible in the present state of our knowledge to ascertain with any thing like precision whether a succession of good harvests, a large importation from Ireland and Canada, or a decrease of our consumption from the substitution of other articles of food, or whether one or all of these causes, are the efficient reasons for the apparent large surplus of the supply. The stocks in the hands of the farmer are admitted to be great. Traverse the country in what direction you will, corn-stacks are still visible almost beyond precedent at this advanced period of the season; and when the increased quantity necessarily brought to market to compensate lowness of price be taken into the computation, it should seem that the supply exceeds to a ratio not readily or safely to be calculated the actual demand. We conceive, therefore, that notwithstanding the present appearance of a deficient crop in the coming harvest, there will be small temptation to purchase on speculation, and little money stirring amongst the merchants to induce them to bring.

Yet it is perfectly true that the plant on the ground looks thin and cold; whether from the wireworm or the weather—probably from both—and, we must venture to add, in many districts from thin sowing, the prospect is not auspicious. The little warm weather, together with the late rains, have in a degree restored the colour, but the vegetation is very universally what we have described—thin. The barley, on the contrary, has been got in under most favourable circumstances, and comes up very promisingly. The grasses will probably be more abundant than for some years, though a little late; but even this will depend on the temperature, which has been kept down in an extraordinary manner by the north, north-east, and north-westerly winds, that have prevailed with the intermission of a few hours only, during the whole of the present month, anticipated always as the most genial. The malting season being now almost come to its close, the interest in barley ceases. Oats are the chief article of speculation, and it seems to be a general belief that the stocks in hand are barely sufficient to meet the occasion, especially should the harvest be late or protracted by wet. Scotland is stated to be so much exhausted, that purchases have been already made in Ireland on Scotch account. Here, however, owing to a growth deficient in quality and also in quantity, from the increased cultivation of wheat, the stock of this grain is thought to be short. Something too is attributed to the rapid and early sales effected by the Irish growers and holders. One fact is certain, namely, that the quantity imported into London this year was, from England, decreased to one-third or less of the amount of the previous five years; whilst, on the contrary, the importations from Scotland and Ireland were doubled and trebled in relation to some of those years, *e. g.* In 1830-31, the English was 188,371; in 1834-35, no more than 50,657. The Scotch, at the same dates, 102,834, 227,728: the Irish, 170,544, 547,610. These discrepancies are such as almost to defy argument or computation.

The wool trade alone appears to promise the flock-farmers some recompense. The activity in the manufacturing districts continues, and the con-

sumption more than keeps pace with the production. Scarcely anything exhibits a more curious and unexpected turn than the trade in the article. It should almost seem that nature was determined to contradict the researches and conclusions of our parliamentary committees. No longer ago than the year 1828, a committee of the House of Lords, which had been appointed on account of the depressed price of the English commodity, and the large introduction of foreign wools, made a report containing matter of deep interest, not to the agriculturist alone, but to the manufacturer and the country at large. It appeared that the grower of the short wool from pure Southdown flocks had on hand from one to three years' clips, notwithstanding the stocks had been decreased in some degree within the previous nine months, and that the price had fallen since 1809 from 1s. 10½d., being the average of ten years, to 9d. per lb., being the average of three years to 1827, inclusive. This estimate, by an average of years, appeared to be the fairest mode; but taking extremes, the clips of the same flockmasters had fetched 2s. 6d. per lb. and 9d. per lb. in the course of thirteen years. Perhaps, however, 1s. 6d. (which the farmer considered to be a remunerating price, and upon a par with wheat at 60s. per quarter) presented a still nearer general average till the last three years, when the demand had been so much diminished, causes which had produced effects apparently so fatal to the British wool-grower; and the plain story maintained by all the witnesses (who were cloth-factors, wool-staplers, and manufacturers) was this:—For the last thirteen or more years, the quality of English wool has gradually become coarser, from the endeavour made by the farmer to increase the size of his sheep, which it appears is universally attended by the fact that the wool becomes longer and coarser. During this period, the manufacturer was encouraged by the high price of the English commodity to try the foreign, the Spanish and German especially; and the result had been, that the German wool was found to work so much better, and to produce articles of such superior softness and fineness, that in goods above the value of five shillings per yard the English wools were almost absolutely disused, and replaced by Spanish, and more especially German. Experiments had been also tried to improve the breed of sheep in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, where the climate operates so bountifully upon the fleece, and there appeared little doubt of the colonists being able, within fifteen or twenty years, to supply England with as much wool as she now imports from Germany and Spain, and on better terms. During the period of its continuance, the foreign manufacturers, particularly the Germans, were induced by the glut and low price of the raw material to use their utmost endeavours to perfect their manufacturing processes. They succeeded in a very great degree, and were positively driving us out of the markets of Europe and South America by bringing in their goods, very nearly, indeed equally, in quality, at from twenty to twenty-five per cent. less in price. Thus the total extinction of the foreign trade seemed to be at hand when the duty was taken off. The consequences have been, an immense importation of foreign wool, and its substitution in all the finer qualities for British. The manufacturers and merchants concurred in averring that it will now be impossible to return to the use of British wools, and that the imposition of a duty would only ruin the foreign trade, and thus, by throwing so vast a number of manufacturers out of employment, bring further destruction upon the agriculturist, by precluding the possibility of their continuing to consume corn and meat—the greater articles of his production. They further contend, that the only chance for the British grower is to permit the import of foreign wool as freely as possible, in order to afford the demand which would arise from mixing the two commodities, and a facility of increasing the exportation of our wrought goods. The long wool being used for worsted goods had not fluctuated to the same extent, though it had fallen considerably. To recapitulate the causes of the depression of the price of British wool: they

were as follows (combing wool is not depreciated so much as clothing wool)—deterioration in quality—not being adapted to the present taste—the competition of foreign wool and of cotton—and lastly, of foreign manufactures. That wool should ever again rise to its former elevation seemed to be perfectly hopeless, and indeed, the only chance of its retaining even its past rate, is the extension of our foreign trade by the removal of all impediments, which may, by creating a wider demand for low goods (chiefly duffels, druggets, calmuks, and blankets), with second cloths, take off the growth in these and mixed articles. All other means appeared hopeless. Against these facts it ought to be stated, that notwithstanding the large precautionary importation (so to speak), amounting to 24,749,570lbs. of foreign wool in the year 1818, which took place in consequence of the expectation of the high duty, the importation even during the imposition of the high duty greatly exceeded the importation of former years. It has of late also been enormously increased, as must be expected. The quantity of short wool grown in England was estimated by one of the witnesses at fifty-five millions of pounds; the entire growth of wool at ninety-two millions, grown by twenty-six millions of sheep on thirty-two millions of acres. It stands not within our limits to go at length into the facts which have nullified, and indeed stultified, the prophetic portion of this report. We rejoice at the frustration.

We lament to perceive that the steps taken to carry into effect the New Poor-Law Bill have been attended with riots of a somewhat serious character in Kent and Bedfordshire. We are fully persuaded that it cannot be acted upon to any beneficial extent without an alternative addition of some plan of employment. There is a long, amusing, and admirably-written article in the last "Quarterly Review" upon the administration of the bill, said to be from the pen of Sir Francis Head. Nothing can better describe the details of workhouses—nothing speak more highly for the temper and discretion of the assistant-commissioner who perambulated and investigated this portion of Kent. The principle he endeavoured to establish was to reduce the food of the paupers in workhouses—to relieve the poor in kind where it was deemed unnecessary to send them to the house—and, in a word, to make the workhouses a sort of pauper-house of correction. This would be no doubt an active stimulant to the pauper to obtain employment, and a preventive for a too easy determination to transfer himself to "the mansion," as it seems to be called amongst the poor. But how will this act on the honest labourer who cannot obtain employment? and is it consistent with justice so to afflict the involuntarily idle man? will it not drive him to crime? We are of opinion that such will be the result. The first consequences of the unions formed by the assistant-commissioner are these riots.

They *must be put down*; but then is the evil remedied? We shall probably soon have further opportunity to return to the subject.

## RURAL ECONOMY.

*How to thicken Thorn-hedges, and produce Branches on Trees.*—The object of the experiments related in the following paper, (which we have gathered from the Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland) was to procure lateral branches from the bare stems of thorns and other ligneous vegetables; and the result being stated as satisfactory, it is only necessary to explain the manner in which it has been effected. The sap, in circulating or ascending, naturally moves along the bark of a bare stem of an even surface, without any tendency to develope lateral shoots; but the temporary interruption of the course of the sap in thorns, as it is known to do in other plants, seems to give an impulse to inactive germs, by which

lateral branches are produced; and therefore, in point of beauty and utility, the discovery is important.

A thorn-hedge, when properly managed, surpasses in appearance and durability any ordinary field fence. But they never succeed in situations where they are exposed to too much moisture, or where the soil is arid; and in cold exposed situations their stems become covered with grey lichens, indicative of an unhealthy condition. When such cold soils are not trenched previously to planting, hedges and trees make slow progress, especially where the ground is stiff, and opposes the shooting of the roots. Very light gravelly soils are also unfavourable to the growth of thorns. But the greatest error usually committed in rearing thorn-hedges is the neglect of keeping them clean and properly trimmed when young, so that at last the hedge becomes as broad as it is high, or looks like a canopy supported by bare sticks, on account of being choked at the roots by weeds. No hedge looks so neat or lasts so long as one kept nearly in the form of a stone wall, the proper dimensions being from three to four and a half feet in height, from one to two feet in breadth or thickness at the base, inclining upwards, until at the top its diameter is only a few inches.

But when neglected, as already said, it has hitherto been considered an irreparable evil attendant on thorn-hedges, as respects their bushiness at the root, that they are scanty and bare, and not to be remedied but by cutting the whole close to the ground, and training it anew, which, though efficient, is a slow style of amendment. On a farm near Stirling a farmer tried a new method of renovating his hedges, where many of the thorn-stems were almost entirely destitute of lateral branches within two feet of the ground. This he accomplished by making horizontal and semicircular incisions in the bark, by which from a quarter to half an inch in breadth of both layers of the bark was removed fully half-way round the stem. In a few weeks after, buds appeared and shot forth, usually close under, but sometimes over, the incisions. This simple operation, performed by a hedge-bill or a pocket-knife, early in spring, does not seem to injure in the least the thorns; for the cut being clean and not deep, no canker ensues, and it soon closes up again, leaving only a slight scar in the place; care must be taken, however, that no shred of the inner bark remain to continue the circulation. The partial interruption merely causes a lateral exertion in the sap-vessels to overcome the obstruction, and the sap thus accumulated gives rise to the new branches, so that the stem may be cut at two or three places if necessary. The artificial branches seldom failed to appear where the stems were healthy, and have sometimes attained a length of two feet the first season. But as such tender twigs are apt to be hurt by frost if cut too young, they were not touched till the first or sometimes the second spring after, when such as required it were cut off a few inches from the stem, which caused an immediate subdivision of each branch. Thus the ragged ill-filled hedges of this gentleman have been continued at the regular height, and at the same time trained into a uniform breadth and thickness, not attainable by any other method in the same space of time.

Having succeeded so well with the thorns, he tried afterwards an experiment on a few forest trees, about six inches in diameter. The incisions were made about six feet from the ground, and, in some instances, immediately above slight swellings, which indicated a tendency to shoot forth branches. The consequence was, that a new branch sprang forth the same season from almost every one of the trees. In the thorns, however, no search was made for these eyes, and few or none were observed. The object in these last experiments was to ascertain whether a tree, intended to be ornamental, but which had been forced up by close planting to a long pole, might be made to assume a luxuriant appearance; and so far as this gentleman has proceeded, it appears that his attempt has been followed by the desired effect.

## USEFUL ARTS.

• *Application of Gas to Economical and Domestic Purposes.*—It generally happens that as the progress of discovery is slow, we are long in developing the full advantages arising from improvements in science or its application to useful purposes. We are led to remark this from the very successful application of gas to a variety of purposes for which it has not hitherto been employed, in heating buildings, and performing every description of culinary operation, and which, by the very ingenious plans adopted by Mr. Ricketts, has been brought into full and successful practice. The great heat eliminated in the combustion of the common street gas is a matter of every-day notice, and it appears that Frederic Winsor, its first introducer, was aware of its availability for all the purposes of heat, as in his first prospectus he issued proposals for a gas light and heat company; but, with the exception of the cooking apparatus recently patented by Mr. Hicks, and exhibited at the National Gallery of Practical Science, and some prior attempts by Mr. Mallet of Dublin, this is, we believe, the first time that in addition to its purposes of illumination its application to other useful purposes has been shown on any commensurate scale. The plan of heating buildings, patented by Mr. Ricketts, is perfectly novel, and from the most cursory description of its principles, it will be easy to understand its full merits and advantages.

In a stove similar in shape and construction to a common German stove, and with a very considerable radiating surface, a series of jets of gas are consumed, the size of the flame and the supply of gas being proportioned to the diameter of the stove. An orifice at the bottom admits a supply of air for the support of combustion, and one at the top in form of a chimney carries off the gaseous products of combustion. By this simple and equally efficacious arrangement a great quantity of heat is produced and radiated, an air chamber likewise over the surface of the flame distributing a large quantity of heated air. In confirmation of the advantages of this plan, we can refer to the church of St. Michael's, at Burleigh-street in the Strand, where a stove of twenty-two inches in diameter is found amply sufficient to produce a temperature of fifty-seven degrees in all parts of the building. Objections on the score of danger are readily obviated, by the apertures being made nearly air-tight, the escaped gas, if such should occur, readily finding a vent through the chimney. In the case we have instanced, the total consumption of gas is but at the rate of fifteen to twenty cubic feet, or an expense of between five and six shillings per diem, whilst the attention is confined simply to lighting the gas over-night, when in the morning the church throughout is found warmed to the most genial temperature.

The arrangement for culinary purposes is on a plan equally simple and ingenious, different compartments being arranged in a neatly-constructed chamber for performing the different operations of boiling, baking, stewing, roasting, &c., by different jets of gas being placed on an adapting and transferring axis. It is sufficient to state that whilst by this plan the heat is more uniform than by any other mode of procuring it, when any substance, as in roasting, is exposed to the direct action of the flame, instead of any injurious effects being produced, the meat may be better cooked by it, being subjected to a well-regulated and uniform heat.

Amongst the various inventions and discoveries of the day, this cannot be considered the least important. In many cases it is desirable to obtain and employ heat without subjecting to the formation and consequent noxious influence of smoke; and we perceive the ingenious inventor has suggested the employment of his stoves within the arches under the viaduct of the Greenwich rail-road, and thus render available, by their con-

version into dwelling-houses, an extensive property of that company which without them would be valueless. The power of large companies in providing a supply of the means and comforts of life at a great reduction of expenditure is apparent, when the cost of the supply is taken into consideration, and the gas companies at large cannot fail to appreciate an application which will render their commodity more greatly and beneficially available to the public at large.

The following is given as the indefatigable Landolina's mode of performing anew the ancient process of paper-making from the papyrus; it is given on the authority of a recent German traveller in Sicily and Malta; the discoverer resides at Syracuse:—"He softened the lower part of the stalk in water, loosened the external skin, and cut out the soft white pith in the thinnest slices possible. These were laid upon each other cross-wise, pressed, carefully dried, sized, and after many failures at length produced a perfectly usable dazzlingly-white writing paper."

**Candles.**—A new substance has been discovered, by M. Lecanu, by exposing tallow to five or six times its weight of boiling ether or turpentine, which completely dissolves it, and which, in evaporating, deposits stearine, a substance which is as inodorous, but does not burn so quickly, as spermaceti.

## NEW PATENTS.

**Francis Humphrys**, of York-road, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in marine steam-engines, which improvements are also applicable to steam-engines for other purposes.

**Philip Augustus de Chapeaurouge**, of Fenchurch-street, London, Gentleman, for a machine engine, or apparatus for producing motive power, which he denominates a self-acting motive power, and is called in France, by the inventor, Voland Moteur Perpetual.

**John Fenton**, of Sydenham, Gentleman, for a composition or material to be used as, or as a substitute for, soap.

**Henry William Nunn**, of Newport, Isle of Wight, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in manufacturing the ornamental parts of lace, and producing ornamented or embroidered lace.

**Robert Gillespie**, of Piccadilly, in the county of Middlesex, Merchant, for certain improvements on trusses or instruments for the cure of hernia or rupture.

**Donisthorpe**, of Leicester, Worstead Spinner, and **Henry Rawson**, of the same place, Hosiery, for certain improvements in the combing of wool and other fibrous substances.

**James Hardy**, of Wednesbury, Stafford, Gentleman, for a certain improvement, or certain improvements, in the making or manufacturing of axletrees for carriages, and other cylindrical or conical shafts.

**Miles Berry**, of Chancery-lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer and Mechanical Draftsman, for certain improvements in the construction of

rotary steam-engines; and, also, for certain improvements in the construction of printing machinery or presses.

**Hugh Ford Bacon**, of Christ's College, Cambridge, Gentleman, for an improved apparatus for regulating the flow of gas through pipes to gas-burners, with a view to uniformity of supply.

**Samuel Parker**, of Argyle-place, Regent-street, Middlesex, Bronzist, for an improved metallic air and water stop and stopper.

**John Ingledew**, of Brighton, Sussex, Engineer, for an improved metallic safety-wheel and revolving axle.

**Joseph Whitworth**, of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning and doubling cotton, flax, wool, silk, and other fibrous substances.

**Henry Booth**, of Liverpool, Gentleman, for compositions or combinations of materials applicable for the greasing of the axle-bearings of carriages, and the axle-spindles and bearing parts of machinery in general, which he intends to denominate the patent axle-grease and lubricating fluid.

**James Boydel, jun.**, of Dee Cottage, Chester, Esq., for improvements in machinery or apparatus for tracking or towing boats and other vessels.

**Alexander Stocker**, of Yeovil, Somerset, Gentleman, for improvement in machinery for manufacturing horse-shoes and certain other articles.

**Godwin Embrey**, of Lane Delph, Stoke-

upon-Trent, Stafford, Potter, for certain improvements in the ornamenting of china, glass, and earthenware.

Sir John Byerley, of Whitehead's Grove, St. Luke, Chelsea, Middlesex, Knight, for a composition which will effect a considerable saving in oil and soap used in the woollen manufactories. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

John McCurdy, of Southampton-row, Middlesex, Esq., for an improvement or improvements in generating steam.

Wm. Kemp, of Burslem, Stafford, Teacher, for a machine for raising sunken vessels.

Ruben Earnshaw, of Huddersfield, York, Dyer and Chemist, for a certain improvement in preparing and working wool for making or manufacturing various fabrics.

## BANKRUPTS,

FROM APRIL 28, TO MAY 22, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

April 28.—J. CROSBY, Nottingham, dyer. A. WEBSTER, St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, victualler. J. WILLIS, High-street, Poplar, victualler. C. R. BELL, Leeds, cloth merchant. B. PROCTOR, Radford, Nottinghamshire, lace maker. T. F. CHAPMAN, Littleham and Exmouth, hotel keeper. T. DANIELL, late of Michaelchurch-court, Herefordshire, copper smelter. M. DUNN, Preston, wine merchant. T. RICHARDSON, Norwich, coal merchant. W. BODIN, Cheetham, Manchester.

May 1.—W. CHESTMAN, Austin-friars, gunpowder merchant. C. M. ULLTIERNE, Red Lion-square, broker. J. CALDWELL, New-crane, Shadwell, licensed victualler. F. HENNELL, Air-street, St. James's, tailor. I. RAMAN, Brighton, clothes dealer. C. JARMAN, West Smithfield, woollen draper. J. PENRICK and M. ANDREW, Old Change, City, warehousemen. S. LOCK and H. BINNEY, Berners-street, dyers. T. KIRKBY, sen., Harbour Flatt, Westmoreland, and T. KIRKBY, jun., Smelt-house Mills, Yorkshire, flax dressers. J. and E. BROWNE, Bath, stationers. T. JAMES, Llangam-march, Breconshire, flannel manufacturer.

May 5.—G. W. TURNER and H. DAVEY, Bermondsey, paper manufacturers. W. A. ARCHIBALD, Ratcliff-cross, sugar refiner. J. FORD, Fieldgate-street, Whitechapel, iron-founder. E. THORNTON, Oxford-street, ironmonger. R. VAUGHAN, Freeman's-court, Cheapside, coffee-house keeper. W. D. STROUD, Woolhampton, Berkshire, linen draper. J. ADAMS, Bridge-foot, Vauxhall, corn dealer. T. WESTLEY, Colchill-street, Eton-square, baker. T. SEAMAN, Manchester, common brewer. W. CHURCH, Birmingham, civil engineer. E. D. CARLE, Norwich, grocer. R. TODD, Cheltenham, builder. J. S. TROUTBECK, Darcey Lever, Lancashire, manufacturing chemist. J. DOWNS, West Retford, Nottinghamshire, grocer. J. P. MORTIMORE, Devonport, upholsterer.

May 8.—J. P. BANNISTER, Harley-mews, Marylebone, hackneyman. W. THOMSON, Cross-lane, Tower-street, wine merchant. J. EVANS, Bridge-street, Lambeth, grocer. J. KOWLEY, sen., Watney-street, Commercial-road, baker. R. ELLIOTT, Princes-street, Coventry-street, licensed victualler. J. SCOTT, Wakefield, Yorkshire, grocer. J. BISHTON, E. KEMPSON, W. J. JELLYCOCK,

and W. CALLUM, Wolverhampton, ironmasters. W. HICKSON, Lincoln, grocer. J. SHERRY, Southampton, innkeeper. G. BADENACK and T. JANKINSON, Liverpool, brokers.

May 12.—T. GRIFFITHS, jun. Wellington-street, Strand, bookseller. W. B. GUNNING, Egham, bricklayer. G. RIX, Albany Wharf, Camberwell, potter. W. HOULDER, Paignton, Devonshire, tea dealer. R. HALL, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hatter. W. MASON, Watford, Hertfordshire, timber dealer. F. C. SPENCER, Halifax, Yorkshire, wine and spirit merchant. R. DYMOCK, Oxford, saddler. M. MORRIS, jun., South Shields, ship owner. E. MARSTON, North Elmham, Norfolk, general shopkeeper. W. J. COOPER and J. BEATTIE, North Shields, drapers.

May 15.—B. BOAST, County-terrace, New Kent-road, surgeon. J. HACKETT, Leicester, printer. W. WATTS, Lutterworth, Leicestershire, cattle dealer. T. WOODWARD, Piccadilly, tea dealer. J. PANK, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, leather cutter. J. TONES, Birmingham, wire worker.

May 19.—L. P. GOLDSMID, Birchin-lane, bill broker. W. JOHNSON, Gracechurch-street, auctioneer. W. TAYLOR, Hitchin, Herefordshire, cow dealer. C. BASS, Kingston-upon-Hull, innkeeper. J. GLASS, White Hart-street, Drury-lane, victualler. A. BAZZMI, High Holborn, wax and composition doll manufacturer. H. MAWHOOD, High Holborn, lace dealer. T. LAURENCE, Farnham, Surrey, fellmonger. W. THOMPSON, Brassington, Derbyshire, cattle jobber. J. HALL, Edgworth, Lancashire, and J. WAGER, Wirksworth, Derbyshire, calico printers. S. C. HANCOCK, Newbury, Berkshire, cheese and bacon factor. C. MURCATROD, Shelf, Yorkshire, stuff merchant. M. KIRKLAND and G. ROBINSON, Manchester, muslin manufacturers. W. HAYNES, Coln Saint Aldwyns, Gloucestershire, miller. W. BROWN, Gloucester, victualler.

May 22.—P. MOTTRAM, Oxford-street, dealer in lace. H. WILLIS, Blackman-street, carpet warehouseman. E. HOASON, late of Liverpool, grocer. W. CARSWELL and T. R. FRENCH, Manchester, linen merchants. G. DOWNES, Tickhill, Yorkshire, dealer. J. R. HENDERSON, Leicester, wine merchant. J. PALMER, Worcester, hop merchant. T. KEMP, Birmingham, gold and silver beater.



## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE state of the staple manufactures of the kingdom continues much the same as during the last month; that of cotton is still in full activity, and extensive orders are continually coming in for Germany and for South America.

Owing to the late arrival of the crop of West India Sugar, and an increasing apprehension that the quantity will fall considerably short of a fair average, the Market has recently shown great activity, and considerable transactions have taken place at increased prices. The present quotations are for Jamaica, brown, 51s. 6d. to 52s.; middling to good, 53s. to 58s.; fine, 59s. to 61s.; Demerara and St. Kitt's, brown, 49s. 6d. to 51s. 6d.; middling, 51s. to 55s.; good to fine, 56s. to 58s.; Barbadoes, 55s. 6d. to 61s. 6d. Mauritius Sugars, and particularly the better qualities, have gone off pretty freely of late, at rather better prices; good brown, 51s. 6d. to 52s.; low to fine yellow, 52s. 6d. to 59s. Of the East India Sugars, brown Mailla has brought 25s. 6d., and brown to good grey Java, 24s. 6d. to 27s. In the Foreign Market, Havannah is still largely in demand, and two cargoes are reported as lately purchased for Antwerp at 29s., for fine white 35s. is refused; a cargo of Brazil white for a Mediterranean port realized 28s. 6d., and a small parcel of Pernams brought 27s.

Much business is doing in the Refined Market, and the stock on hand is reduced to a very low ebb; under these circumstances prices are firmly maintained; a large parcel has lately been contracted for at 75s. 6d. long price, and further contracts at the same rate declined.

In British Plantation Coffee, the prices of the new crop may be now considered as determined: Jamaica, ordinary, sells at 85s. to 88s.; good and fine ordinary, 90s. to 100s.; middling, 100s. to 105s.; good, 107s. to 115s.; and fine, 116s. to 118s.; good to fine ordinary Demarara is at 9fs. to 96s.; middling, 98s. to 100s.; good middling Berbice, 106s. to 109s. In East India and Foreign Coffee some advance has taken place; good ordinary Ceylon brings 58s. 6d. to 59s.; good ordinary yellow Batavia, 58s. to 60s. 6d.; fair greenish Mocha, 73s. 6d. to 74s. A small parcel of fine ordinary Havannah has lately brought 62s. 6d.; and good ordinary colour Brazil, 53s. Cocoa is improving

in price. Trinidad is worth 50s. to 53s. 6d., and Brazil 29s. to 30s.

Considerable shipping orders have lately been executed in Leeward Islands Rum, and the prices were well maintained; they were, for proofs, 2s. 1d. per gallon; 8 over proof, 2s. 3d.; 11 over, 2s. 4d.; and 16 over, 2s. 5d. Jamaica, 34 over, at 3s. 1d. The finer qualities of Brandy, for home consumption, are in some demand; Geneva presents little for observation; pale Hollands about 2s. per gallon; German, 1s. 7d.

In Cotton, Wool, and Indigo, there is nothing to remark beyond the fact of a steady demand at even prices.

The late public sales of Tea have been made up of the cargoes of the "Bengal," "Berwickshire," and "Charles Grant;" the prices realized or reserved are as follow:—

Boher, Congou chests, 1s. 5½d. to 1s. 5¾d., all sold.

Do. Do. low quality, 1s. 2½d. to 1s. 4d., all sold.

Do. large and half chests, 1s. 2d., bought in.

Congou, fair common, 1s. 2d., part bought in.

Do. but middling blackish leaf to rather strong, 1s. 7¼d. to 1s. 8d.

Campai, common, 1s. 2d., bought in.

Orange Pekoe, 1s. 5¾d. to 2s. 0½d., part bought in.

Twankay, good to fine, 1s. 8½d. to 1s. 10d., nearly all bought in.

Hyson, common, 2s. 3d., to 2s. 4½d., nearly all bought in.

Do. good to fine, 2s. 6½d. to 3s. 4d., nearly all bought in.

Spices are, generally speaking, firm in price; good ordinary Pimento, 4½d. to 4¾d.; good heavy Malabar Pepper, 4½d. to 5d.; Cassia Lignea, 60s. to 64s. 6d.

Towards the close of last month the Foreign Stock Market presented a scene such as is happily but of rare occurrence even in that theatre of reckless speculation. It will be recollected that the rise which had been steadily going on for a considerable time in Spanish Securities brought the quotation of Cortes Bonds in the latter part of April to 72, and the premium on Scrip to nearly 11. Early in the month of May, the bonds representing the passive and deferred portions of the debt were announced as being to be issued, and thus a real character was at once given to transactions

which had previously had no substantial foundation; based upon this consideration, a special day was appointed by the Committee of the Stock Exchange for the settlement of all transactions in Spanish Stock. This necessary measure had the effect of imposing limits to the almost boundless confidence with which transactions in those Funds had been entered into, and occurring, as it did, at a time when there was a complaint of a scarcity of money, it led to difficulties in the arrangement of the Account in the middle of the month, which in many instances were only overcome by extravagant sacrifices in order to obtain temporary accommodation. But a short time brought round the necessity for the like expedients under still more unfavourable circumstances; the security was no longer considered to be of the same validity; they who had made advances upon it were urgent for repayment; sales were forced upon whatever terms, and in the end a panic ensued that has not a parallel in the recollection of any man acquainted with the Stock Exchange. Cortes Bonds went rapidly down to 49, and Scrip was at 6 discount; Portuguese Bonds, which had probably tended in no slight degree to carry up the quotations of Spanish, now, in turn, suffered by the depreciation of the latter: and the 5 per cents., which had been at 102, fell for a short time to 92. At this period the fever of alarm seems to have abated, and with a short interval of tranquillity a gradual but slow course of reaction appears to have commenced;

but the Foreign Funds, in the descriptions above adverted to, have received a shock which it will probably require a long time to enable them fully to recover from.

The closing quotations of the principal Securities, on the 25th, are subjoined:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 213, 14—Three per Cent. Reduced, 90 $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{5}{8}$ —Three per Cent. Consols, 91 $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{5}{8}$ —Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 98 $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{1}{2}$ —Three and a Half per Cent. New, 99 $\frac{7}{8}$  100—Long Annuities, expire Jan., 1860, 16 $\frac{7}{8}$   $\frac{1}{4}$ —India Stock, 257 8—Ditto Bonds, 5 7—Exchequer Bills, 23 5—Consols for Account, 91 $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{5}{8}$ .

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 7, 8—Bolanos, 130 40—Brazilian. Imperial, 36 7—Ditto D'El Rey, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  7 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Canada, 39 41—Colombian, 12 14—Real Del Monte, 24 6—United Mexican, 5 6.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 100  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 85 6—Chilian, 6 per cent. 52 4—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 41  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Danish, 3 per cent. 76  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Dutch, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto, 5 per cent. 101 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Mexican, 6 per cent. 41  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Peruvian, 6 per cent. 31 $\frac{1}{2}$  2 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Portuguese, 3 per cent. 66 $\frac{3}{4}$  7 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto Regency, 5 per cent. 96 $\frac{3}{4}$  7 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Russian 0 $\frac{1}{2}$  sterling, 5 per cent. 109  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Spanish, 1821, 5 per cent. 52 $\frac{3}{4}$  3—Ditto, 1835, Scrip, 5 per cent. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  3 dis.—Ditto, passive, 5 per cent. 13 14—Ditto, deferred, 5 per cent. 21 2.

## MONTHLY DIGEST.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

#### IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

May 12.—Lord Denman took his seat on the woolsack, and sat as Speaker.—The Duke of Richmond presented the first report of the committee appointed to inquire into prison discipline. The committee recommended that one uniform system of prison discipline should be adopted in every gaol throughout England and Wales; and that inspectors should be appointed under the control of the Secretary of State. The Noble Duke said, when the report and evidence were printed, he should take an early opportunity of bringing forward a motion on the subject.—In answer to a question asked by Lord Brougham, the Marquess of Lansdowne said, he could assure his Noble Friend and the House that no unnecessary delay should take place in bringing the subject of granting a charter to the London University again before the Privy Council. It was necessary that the subject should again be referred to the Privy Council, as a petition had been presented from King's College.

May 14.—Lord Brougham presented a petition from Edinburgh against any public grants for additional church accommodation in Scotland.—The Duke of Buccleuch maintained that, however the fact might be with respect to Edinburgh, he was prepared to prove that in other parts of Scotland additional church accommodation was wanted.

May 15.—The Earl of Wicklow, alluding to the late entry of the Lord Lieutenant into Dublin, to take possession of the vice-regal office, expressed his opinion that the procession organised to receive his Lordship on that occasion was an illegal one, and, by giving his sanction to such a proceeding, Lord Mulgrave had rendered himself incapable of holding the sword of justice even-handed. The questions he now wished to ask were, first, had Ministers received any authentic information that Lord Mulgrave had entered Ireland in the manner described; and secondly, if so, what steps had been taken by Government to show its disapprobation of such proceedings?—Viscount Melbourne had received no official information on the subject, nor had he heard of any illegal procession; and the Noble Lord now at the head of the Irish Government was so entirely possessed of the spirit of impartiality, that no doubt could be entertained of his conducting the Government with even-handed justice.—Lord Brougham presented a petition from the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen of the City of London, praying for the repeal of the stamp duty, against which he argued at great length, as a most injurious monopoly.

May 20.—The Marquess of Londonderry gave notice that on Tuesday he would present a petition from 50,000 Protestants of the North of Ireland, respecting the danger of the Established Church. His Lordship alluded also to the procession which accompanied the Lord Lieutenant, and hoped that the parties engaged in it would be proceeded against according to law.—Viscount Melbourne expressed himself ready to enter into the subject of the petition whenever it was presented, but thought it extraordinary that, having been signed six months ago, it should never have been presented until now. As to the procession in Dublin he could distinctly state that nothing contrary to the Act of Parliament had taken place.—Lord Brougham brought on his motion on the subject of national education. After a lengthened speech his Lordship moved fourteen resolutions to carry his views into effect, which were ordered to be printed.

May 21.—The Earl of Roden alluded to the recent procession on Lord Mulgrave's arrival in Dublin, and expressed a hope that the same indulgence would be shown to the Orange processions.—Viscount Melbourne considered that the recent occasion afforded no precedent for what might take place in future.—A long discussion on the subject ensued, in the course of which some allusion was made to the Marquess of Wellesley's resignation, to which his Lordship replied that he did not feel at liberty to state the causes of his resignation; but if their Lordships thought it a matter for inquiry in the regular way, he would give all the explanations that might be required. He, however, reserved to himself his own opinion, which at the proper time he would declare in that open, independent manner, which he was able to do, being now entirely unconnected with any connexion that could trammel him.

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HOUSE OF COMMONS.

May 12.—The House met pursuant to adjournment.—Mr. Cobbett gave notice that on Thursday the 2nd of July he should move for the repeal of the Poor Law Amendment Bill. The Hon. Member also gave notice that on Thursday the 9th of July he should move for the repeal of the Act which imposes a duty on malt not made for sale, thus placing the land as it was before the 23rd Geo. III. Also, that on the 14th of July he should move for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the law relating to stamps.

Also, that on the 16th of July he would submit a proposition for the equitable adjustment of the national debt.—In answer to a question from Mr. Hume, Sir G. Grey stated that Lord Aylmer would be recalled from the government of Canada, and said that Lord Amherst had declined to proceed to that colony, as the journey would occupy more time than was convenient to him. The Government had reason to hope that there would be a satisfactory arrangement of the differences with that colony.

May 13.—On the motion of Mr. Labouchere, a Select Committee was appointed to inquire into the present state of the harbours of Leith and Newhaven, and the best situation for constructing a harbour in the vicinity of the City of Edinburgh, due regard being had to vested interests and the rights of the public.

May 14.—Mr. Hume moved for a return of the ex-Lord Chancellors of England and Ireland, and the amount of their pensions. The Hon. Gentleman wished to know by what Act of Parliament persons who only in some instances gave a few months' service were to be saddled on the country, and pensioned for life.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said there could be no objection to the return being granted.—Mr. Pease said it was an extraordinary fact, at a time when the country was crying out against the weight of taxation, that the people are paying a gross sum of 50,000*l.* to ex-Lord Chancellors: to Lord Eldon, 4000*l.*; Lord Lyndhurst, 5000*l.*; Master of the Rolls, 7000*l.*; Vice-Chancellor, 5000*l.*; Puisne Judge, 5000*l.*; Lord Brougham, 5000*l.*; Commissioners of the Great Seal, 5000*l.*; Lord Chief Justice, 8000*l.*; Speaker of the House of Lords, 4000*l.*

May 15.—The House having gone into a Committee of Supply, and agreed to a portion of the miscellaneous estimates, on the motion for granting a sum similar to that taken last year for the yeomanry corps, Mr. Hume proposed to reduce it by 30,000*l.*, upon which proposition the Committee divided, and the amendment was lost by a majority of 77 to 17.—The Attorney-General moved the order of the day for the re-committal of the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, and, on the motion of the Honourable and Learned Gentleman, the House agreed that the Bill should be referred to a Select Committee.

May 18.—The new writ for the borough of Stafford, in the room of Sir F. Goodricke, who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, was ordered to be suspended until the 22nd of June.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to Mr. Hume, said that it was the intention of the Government to renew the Commission appointed by Lord Grey's Administration, with a view to the consolidation of the military and civil departments of the Ordnance.

May 19.—Mr. Wyse obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the promotion of general education in Ireland.—Mr. F. Buxton postponed his motion respecting the treatment of aborigines in British settlements.—A motion of the same Hon. Member, for the presentation of an address to the Throne for the suppression of the African slave trade, was acceded to.

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## THE COLONIES.

### WEST INDIES.

THE accounts from Jamaica are gloomy. No actual violence has been committed, but the system of passive resistance continues in full operation. Great complaints are made of the mistaken lenity of the stipendiary magistrates; and to this cause is attributed the mischievous indolence of the negroes, and the consequent alarming falling-off in the actual productiveness of crops, in themselves most abundant.

## CANADA.

Accounts from Canada state that in the Lower Provinces the excitement produced by the disagreements between the Colonial Assembly and the Executive Government had proved injurious to trade, and a fervent hope is expressed in the communications that some strong measures will be adopted by the Government at home, to place the representative system in the colony in a situation more beneficial to the colonists of British origin.

## CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Accounts from the Cape of Good Hope confirm the information of the successful operations of the military and the burgher forces in expelling the Caffres from the colony. It is stated that some time since the Chiefs of the tribes beyond the frontier complained to the Colonial Government that hundreds of the colonists had invaded their country, and were laying it desolate. The reply was, that the Colonial Government did not approve of such conduct, but could not prevent it, as the jurisdiction of the Court did not extend beyond the boundary. This, it is asserted, was one of the principal causes which have led to the incursions of the savages. The efforts of the troops in driving the Caffres into their own territory had been most successful, and with comparatively little loss of life. A party of troops and burghers had pursued the chief Eno and his followers, and completely destroyed them, Eno himself only escaping death by disguising himself in his daughter's dress, while she put on her father's. Kaross received three shot wounds before her sex was discovered. The war was, in fact, at an end.

*Emigration.*—Mr. Buchanan, the British Consul at New York, has published a notice, stating that henceforward the baggage of persons emigrating to Canada, by way of New York, will be subject to inspection; and when containing articles subject to duty will be charged accordingly. He also states that articles suited to new settlers can be obtained in Upper Canada on better terms than they can be brought out; and he strongly urges the advantage of going out in a vessel from which spirituous liquors are totally excluded, and recommends passengers to have their agreements signed by the captain of the vessel, which they should keep in their possession.

## FOREIGN STATES.

## FRANCE.

THE Report of the Committee of the War Budget for 1836 states the effective force of the army as fixed at 309,112 men, and 57,612 horses. The total expense of maintenance is 230,000,000*fr.*; to which is to be added a sum of 398,000*fr.* for the reserve service; the amount of both showing an increase of expense of 209,400*fr.* over the budget of 1835. The number of Lieutenant-Generals for 1836 is 66, Brigadier-Generals, 103; being seven Lieutenant-Generals more, and one Brigadier-General less, than in 1835. The Committee proposes to reduce the military establishment at Algiers to 21,000 men, and to refuse all grants for colonizing that country. The Report concludes by proposing a reduction upon the home military service of 1,352,790*fr.*, and upon that of Algiers of 4,272,000*fr.*; total, 5,624,790*fr.*

## SPAIN.

The rights of humanity and the interests of civilization have at length been recognized by the belligerent parties in Spain. The mission of Lord Eliot has succeeded so far as to induce both the Queenites and Carlists to respect the rules of civilized war, by agreeing upon an exchange of prisoners, instead of persisting in the brutal and barbarous practice of sacrificing their captives.

## BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED. .

MRS. HEMANS.

WE are indebted to the "Athenæum" for the following memoir of this most excellent and accomplished lady. We have been for some time prepared to receive the melancholy intelligence of her death. A note from her sister informed us several weeks ago that her friends had no hope that she would be permitted to remain long with them. The loss is, however, not to her family alone—but to the world. We hope next month to present to our readers an engraved portrait of this admirable woman, and to accompany it with our own thoughts of her character and writings.

Felicia Dorothea Brown was born in Liverpool, in a small, quaint-looking house in St. Anne-street, now standing, old-fashioned and desolate, in the midst of the newer buildings by which it is surrounded. Her father was a native of Ireland, her mother a German lady—a Miss Wagner—but descended from, or connected with, some Venetian family: a circumstance which she would playfully mention, as accounting for the strong tinge of romance and poetry which pervaded her character from her earliest childhood. Our abstaining from any attempt minutely to trace her history, requires no apology—it is enough to say, that when she was very young, her family removed from Liverpool to the neighbourhood of St. Asaph, in North Wales—that she married at a very early age—that her married life, after the birth of five sons, was clouded by the estrangement of her husband—that, on the death of her mother, with whom she had resided, she broke up her establishment in Wales, and removed to Wavertree, in the neighbourhood of Liverpool—from whence, after a residence of about three years, she again removed to Dublin—her last resting-place.

But though respect for the memory of the dead, and delicacy towards the living, enjoin us to be brief in alluding to the events of her life, we may speak freely, and at length, of the history of her mind, and the circumstances of her literary career, in the course of which she deserved and acquired a European reputation as the first of our poetesses living, and still before the public. Few have written so much, or written so well as Mrs. Hemans; few have entwined the genuine fresh thoughts and impressions of their own minds, so intimately with their poetical fancies, as she did; few have undergone more arduous and reverential preparation for the service of song; for, from childhood, her thirst for knowledge was extreme, and her reading great and varied. Those who, while admitting the high-toned beauty of her poetry, accused it of monotony of style and subject, (they could not deny to it the praise of originality, seeing that it founded a school of imitators in England, and a yet larger in America,) little knew to what historical research she had applied herself—how far and wide she had sought for food with which to fill her eager mind. It is true that she only used a part of the mass of information which she had collected—for she never wrote on calculation, but from the strong impulse of the moment, and it was her nature intimately to take home to herself and appropriate only what was high-hearted, imaginative, and refined; but the writer of this hasty notice has seen manuscript collections of extracts made in the course of these youthful studies, sufficient of themselves to justify his assertion; if her poems (like those of every genuine poet) did not contain a still better record of the progress of her mind. Her knowledge of classic literature may be distinctly traced in her "Sceptic," her "Modern Greece," and a hundred later lyrics based upon what Bulwer so happily calls "the Graceful Superstition." Her study and admiration of the works of ancient Greek and Roman art, strengthened into an abiding love of the beautiful, which breathes both in the sentiment and structure of every line she wrote

(for there are few of our poets more faultlessly musical in their versification); and when, subsequently, she opened for herself the treasuries of Spanish and German legend and literature, how thoroughly she had imbued herself with their spirit may be seen in her "Siege of Valencia," in her glorious and chivalresque "Songs of the Cid," and in her "Lays of Many Lands," the idea of which was suggested by Herder's "Stimmen der Völker in Liedern."

But though her mind was enriched by her wide acquaintance with the poetical and historical literature of other countries, it possessed a strong and decidedly marked character of its own, which coloured all her productions—a character which, though anything but feeble or sentimental, was essentially feminine. An eloquent modern critic (Mrs. Jameson) has rightly said, "that Mrs. Hemans' poems could not have been written by a man:" their love is without selfishness, their passion without a stain of this world's coarseness, their high heroism (and to illustrate this assertion we would mention "Clotilda, the Lady of Provence," and the "Switzer's Wife,") unsullied by any grosser alloy of mean ambition. Her religion, too, is essentially womanly, fervent, clinging to belief, and, "hoping on, hoping ever," in spite of "the peculiar trials appointed to her sex, so exquisitely described in the "Evening Prayer in a Girls' School:"

———" Silent tears to weep,  
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,  
And sunless riches from affection's deep  
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!  
And to make idols, and to find them clay,  
To bewail that worship——"

If such was the *mind* of her works, the manner in which she wrought out her conceptions was equally individual and excellent. Her imagination was rich, chaste, and glowing; those who saw only its published fruits, little guessed at the extent of its variety. But it is possible that we may recur to the subject again, and this is not the time for deliberate and cold criticism.

It is difficult to enumerate the titles of her principal works. Her first childish efforts were published when she was only thirteen, and we can only speak of her subsequent poems—"Wallace," "Dartmoor," "The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy," and her "Dramatic Scenes,"—from memory. These were, probably, written in the happiest period of her life, when her mind was rapidly developing itself, and its progress was aided by judicious and intelligent counsellors, among whom may be mentioned Bishop Heber. A favourable notice of one of these poems will be found in Lord Byron's Letters; and the fame of her opening talent had reached Shelley, who addressed a very singular correspondence to her. With respect to the world in general, her name began to be known by the publication of her "Welsh Melodies," of her "Siege of Valencia," and the scattered lyrics which appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine," then under the direction of Campbell. She had previously contributed a series of prose papers, on Foreign Literature, to "Constable's Edinburgh Magazine," which, with little exception, are the only specimens of that style of writing ever attempted by her\*. To the "Siege of Valencia," succeeded rapidly, her "Forest Sanctuary," her "Records of Woman," (the most successful of her works,) her "Songs of the Affections," (containing, perhaps, her finest poem, "The Spirit's Return,") her "National Lyrics and Songs for Music," (most of which have been set to music by her sister, and become popular,) and her "Scenes and Hymns of Life." We have no need to speak critically of any of these; the progress of mind and change of

\* She had, as our readers are aware, commenced a series of German prose studies in the "New Monthly Magazine," the continuation of which her ill-health compelled her to postpone.

manner which they register have already been adverted to in our columns. Nor need we do more than repeat our conviction that she had not as yet reached the full strength of her powers. A few words with respect to their direction in later days, may be worthily extracted from a letter of hers which lies before us. She had been urged by a friend to undertake a prose work, and a series of "Artistic Novels," something after the manner of Tieck, and Goethe's "Kunst-Romanen," as likely to be congenial to her own tastes and habits of mind, and to prove most acceptable to the public.

"I have now," she says, "passed through the feverish and somewhat visionary state of mind often connected with the passionate study of art in early life; deep affections and deep sorrows seem to have solemnized my whole being, and I now feel as if bound to higher and holier tasks, which, though I may occasionally lay aside, I could not long wander from without some sense of dereliction. I hope it is no self-delusion, but I cannot help sometimes feeling as if it were my true task to enlarge the sphere of sacred poetry, and extend its influence. When you receive my volume of 'Scenes and Hymns,' you will see what I mean by enlarging its sphere, though my plan as yet is very imperfectly developed."

Besides the works here enumerated, we should mention her tragedy, "The Vespers of Palermo," which, though containing many fine thoughts and magnificent bursts of poetry, was hardly fitted for the stage, and the songs which she contributed to Col. Hodges' "Peninsular Melodies." And we cannot but once more call the attention of our readers to her last lyric, "Despondency and Aspiration," published in "Blackwood's Magazine" for this month; it is the song of the swan—its sweetest and its last\*!

In private life, Mrs. Hemans had attached to herself many sincere and steadfast friends. She was remarkable for shrinking from the vulgar honours of *lionism*, with all the quiet delicacy of a gentlewoman; and at a time when she was courted by offers of friendship and service, and homages sent to her from every corner of Great Britain and America, to an extent which it is necessary to have seen to believe, she was never so happy as when she could draw her own small circle round her, and, secure in the honest sympathy of its members, give full scope to the powers of conversation which were rarely exerted in general society, and their existence, therefore, hardly suspected. It will surprise many to be told that she might, at any moment, have gained herself a brilliant reputation as a wit, for her use of illustration and language was as happy and quaint, as her fancy was quick and excursive; but she was, wisely for her own peace of mind, anxious rather to conceal, than to display her talent. It was this sensitiveness of mind which prevented her ever visiting London after her name had become celebrated: and, in fact, she was not seldom reproached by her zealous friends for under-valuing, and refusing to enjoy the honours which were the deserved reward of her high talents, and for shutting herself up, as it were, in a corner, when she ought to have taken her place in the world of society as a leading star. The few who knew her will long remember her eager child-like affection, and the sincere kindness with which, while she threw herself fully and frankly on their good offices, she adopted their interests as her own for the time being.

One or two traits may be further added to this imperfect sketch, though, as some further reminiscences of our friend may possibly be attempted by the writer of this notice, many things which remain to be said will be deferred to a more fitting time. It may be told, that when young she was remarkable for personal attractions; that her talents for music and drawing (merely another form of the spirit which was the living principle of her life) were of no common order. Her health had for many years been pre-

\* We have reason to believe that the writer is in error; and that the last productions of her pen were the series of Sonnets which so recently appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine."



carious and delicate: the illness of which she died was long and complicated, but, from the first, its close was foreseen; and we know from those in close connexion with her, that her spirit was placid and resigned, and that she looked forward to the approach of the last struggle without a fear. It is consolatory to add, that her dying moments were cheered by the kind offices of zealous and faithful friends: for herself, her departure from this world could only be a happy exchange. There is no fear of her being forgotten; we shall long think of her—

“ Kindly and gently, but as of one  
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone;  
As of a bird from a chain unbound,  
As of a wanderer whose home is found;—  
So let it be!”

#### SIR GEORGE TUTHILL.

This accomplished physician was for many years attached in his medical capacity to Bethlem and the Westminster Hospitals, and was highly esteemed by his professional brethren for his extensive professional acquirements and general erudition. Sir G. Tuthill's entrance upon his professional career was considerably protracted, owing to an untoward circumstance, from which he was somewhat romantically delivered. After graduating at Cambridge, where he obtained first honours, and was subsequently selected to present a University address to the King, he proceeded to Paris previous to the war with France, and was, with his lady, included among the numerous *détenus* at that period; here he continued in captivity for some years. Lady Tuthill was at length recommended to appeal to the generosity of the First Consul, and being provided with a petition she encountered Napoleon and his suite on their return from hunting, and respectfully presented her memorial. The result was propitious, and in a few days they were on their road to England. His friend Mr. Manning, joined with Mr. Montagu in the executorship, had previously been released, after an interview with Bonaparte, in which he explained that his destination, when stopped, was for scientific purposes to the interior of China; Bonaparte, in acceding to his wish, said, “What want you in China? You will have your head taken off; however, you are an Englishman, and you may go.” Mr. Manning was thrice brought from the interior in a cage, and eventually returning to England, stopped at St. Helena, and encountered Napoleon in his exile. He instantly remembered the circumstance, and expressed his surprise that the head and shoulders had not parted company. Sir George was for many years a lecturer on the practice of physic, &c., and at one time boasted the largest class in London; of late, his practice had been chiefly devoted to diseases of the brain, and his name had usually been included among the evidences in the commissions *de lunatico inquirendo*. Sir George was appointed to deliver the Hano-verian oration at the College of Physicians, and with his friends, Sir Henry Hallford and lately deceased colleague, Dr. Maton, was actively engaged in effecting such wholesome reforms in the college as he deemed the improvement in the present state of medical science had rendered necessary.

#### RICHARD SHARP, ESQ.

Richard Sharp, Esq., of Park-lane, died on the 30th of March, at Dorchester. This gentleman was highly esteemed in a numerous circle of friends and acquaintance, who will deeply lament his loss. Though a great part of his life had been spent in the superintendence of extensive commercial concerns, of which the responsibility rested on himself alone, he made such good use of his leisure as to merit and receive the title of a man of letters among those of the last and of the present generation the most distinguished for their literature. The small volume of “Letters and Essays in prose and verse,” which he published lately, shows that if he

had more exclusively devoted himself to study and composition, he might have taken a high station among our moral philosophers and moral poets. His taste and judgment were so correct that Sir James Mackintosh, who was well acquainted with him, said more than once, Mr. Sharp was the best critic he had ever known. His advice, which was equally valuable in matters of speculation and of practice, was always at the service of his friends, in whose reputation and success in life he never failed to take a lively and a generous interest. He was not less distinguished by his benevolence and kindness of heart, than by his powers of conversation, which occasioned his society to be sought for more perhaps than that of any other man of his time. In politics he was on principle a steady and consistent Whig. Though he had long retired from Parliament, no man was more watchful of political events, or more anxious for the extension of civil and religious liberty, and for the improvement of the moral condition and of the happiness of society.

#### MR. DOUGLAS, THE BOTANIST.

[We copy from the "Taunton Courier" the following interesting memoir of this gentleman, whose unhappy fate has been recently noticed by the public journals.]

The intelligence of the death of this enterprising traveller and botanist will be read with feelings of the deepest regret by every one acquainted with the eminent services he has rendered to botany and other branches of natural history, in the course of the last twelve years. His name, in fact, is associated with all the rare and beautiful plants lately introduced from North-West America, which, by means of the Horticultural Society of London, have been extensively distributed not only in Britain, but over Europe. To him we are indebted for the elegant *Clarkia*, the different species of *Pentstemons*, *Lupines*, *Oenotheras*, *Ribes*, and a host of other ornamental plants which have formed the great attraction of the several botanical publications wherein they have been figured and described.

Mr. Douglas was born at Scones, near Perth, and served his apprenticeship as a gardener, in the gardens of the Earl of Mansfield. About the year 1817 he removed to Valleyfield, the seat of Sir Robert Preston, Bart., then celebrated for a choice collection of exotics, and shortly afterwards went to the Botanic Garden of Glasgow. Here his fondness for plants attracted the notice of Dr. Hooker, Professor of Botany, whom he accompanied in his excursions through the Western Highlands, and assisted in collecting materials for the "*Flora Scotica*," with which Dr. H. was then engaged. This gentleman recommended him to the late secretary of the Horticultural Society, Joseph Sabine, Esq., as a botanical collector; and in 1823 he was despatched to the United States, where he procured many fine plants, and greatly increased the Society's collection of fruit-trees. He returned in the autumn of the same year; and in 1824, an opportunity having offered through the Hudson's Bay Company, of sending him to explore the botanical riches of the country adjoining the Columbia river, and southwards towards California, he sailed in July for the purpose of prosecuting his mission. In one of his letters now before us, he thus speaks on leaving England:—"I had a fine passage down the Channel, and cleared the Land's End on the 1st of August. The day was warm, with a clear sky; the evening cool and pleasant. I stood on deck looking on the rocky shores of Cornwall, burnished with the splendour of a setting sun, a noble scene. By degrees the goddess of night threw her veil over it, and my delightful view of happy England closed, probably closed for ever!"

While the vessel touched at Rio de Janeiro, he collected many rare orchideous plants and bulbs. Among the latter was a new species of *Gesneria*, which Mr. Sabine named in honour of its discoverer *G. Douglasii*. He was enraptured with the rich vegetation of a tropical country. He stopped at Rio longer than he anticipated, and left it with regret. In the course of his voyage round Cape Horn, he shot many curious birds peculiar to the

southern hemisphere, and prepared them for sending home. On Christmas day he reached the celebrated island of Juan Fernandez, which he describes as "an enchanting spot, very fertile and delightfully wooded. I sowed a large collection of garden seeds, and expressed a wish they might prosper, and add to the comfort of a second edition of 'Robinson Crusoe,' should one appear."—He arrived at Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia, on 7th of April, 1825. Here an extensive field presented itself to him, and the excellent manner in which he performed his duty to the Horticultural Society cannot be better exemplified than by referring to the vast collections of seeds which from time to time he transmitted home, along with dried specimens, beautifully preserved, and now forming part of the Herbarium in the garden of the society at Chiswick. Of the genus *Pinus* he discovered several species, some of which attained to an enormous size, the *Pinus Lambertiana*, which he named in compliment to Aylmer Bourke Lambert, Esq., Vice-President of the Linnæan Society, is perhaps the largest of the whole. One of these, which had been blown down, measured 215 feet in length, and 57 feet 9 inches in circumference, at three feet from the ground. The cones of it, which Mr. Douglas sent home, and which we have seen, were sixteen inches long, and eleven inches in circumference. The kernel of the seed is sweet and pleasant to the taste, and is eaten by the Indians, either roasted or pounded into coarse cakes for winter store. The resin which exudes from the trees when they are partly burned, loses its usual flavour and acquires a sweet taste, in which state it is used by the natives as sugar. Another species, named by Mr. Sabine *Pinus Douglasii*, attains nearly the size of the above.

In the spring of 1827, Mr. Douglas traversed the country from Fort Vancouver, across the rocky mountains to Hudson's Bay, where he met Capt. (now Sir) John Franklin, Dr. Richardson, and Capt. Back, returning from their second overland Arctic expedition. With these gentlemen he came to England in the autumn, bringing with him a variety of seeds, as well as specimens of plants and other subjects of natural history. Through the kindness of his friend and patron, Mr. Sabine, he was introduced to the notice of many of the leading literary and scientific characters in London; and shortly afterwards he was honoured by being elected, free of expense, a Fellow of the Linnæan, Geological, and Zoological Societies, to each of which he contributed several papers, since published in their "Transactions," evincing much research and acuteness as a naturalist. A handsome offer was made to him by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street, for an account of his travels, which he commenced preparing for the press, but which, we grieve to say, he never completed. Some entertaining extracts from his letters to Dr. Hooker were published in Brewster's "Edinburgh Journal" for January, 1827; and a genus of plants belonging to the natural order *Primulaceæ* was dedicated to him by Professor Lindley, and defined in "Brande's Journal" for January, 1828; but it will scarcely be credited in this enlightened age, when there are so many channels open for communicating information, that the interesting journal of his travels, which we have seen and read, has been allowed to slumber unregarded in the archives of the Horticultural Society in Regent-street.

After being in London for two years, Mr. Douglas again sailed for Columbia in the autumn of 1829, where he has since been enjoying his favorite pursuit, and adding largely to his former discoveries. We were in expectation of his return by the very ship which has brought us the tidings of his horrible death—an event the more to be regretted from having been occasioned by circumstances which we shudder to contemplate—that of falling into a pit made by the natives of the Sandwich Islands for catching wild bulls, one of the latter being in it at the time.

Such we understand has been the unfortunate destiny of our intrepid friend and countryman, at the early age of thirty-six. Having known him intimately from a boy, we feel a mournful pleasure in looking back to the many hours spent in his society, and deeply deplore his untimely fate.

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married.*—At Wotton-under-Edge, the Rev. Kenelm Henry Digby, second son of Vice-Admiral Sir H. Digby, and the Dowager Viscountess Andover, of Minterne, Dorset, to Caroline, fifth daughter of E. Sheppard, Esq., of The Ridge, Gloucestershire.

At Kells Church, Ireland, John Young, Esq., M.P. for the county of Cavan, to Adelaide Anabella Tuite Dalton, step-daughter of the Marquis of Hertford.

At Donhead St. Mary, Wilts, the Rev. William Blennerhassett, Rector of Twerne, Dorset, to Emma Sophia, daughter of the late F. H. Du Boulay, Esq., of Walthamstow, Essex.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Colonel Edward Boscawen Frederick, of Berkeley-square, to Caroline Mowbray, third daughter of the late George Smith, Esq.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir Robert A. Douglas, Bart., Captain in his Majesty's 12th Regiment of Foot, to Martha Elizabeth, eldest daughter of J. Rouse, Esq., of Blenheim House, Southampton.

At Ipplepen, Devon, Capt. George William Buller, son of the late James Buller, Esq., of the Council Office, to Charlotte, second daughter of the late George Drake, Esq., of the Rectory, Ipplepen.

At Kingston House, Hedworth Lambton, Esq., M.P., youngest brother of the Earl of Durham, to Anna, eldest daughter of the late Gervase Parker Bushe, of the county of Kilkeny, Esq., and niece to the Countess of Listowel.

Capt. Henry Coningham, 4th Madras Cavalry, to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Brigadier Bowen, Colonel Commandant of the Eastern Frontier Bengal Army.

The Hon. and Rev. Thomas Cavendish, son

of the late, and brother to the present Lord Waterpark, to Sophia Robinson, daughter of the late Sir John Robinson, Bart.

At the Abbey Church, Great Malvern, Andrew Morison, Esq., Surgeon, R.N., to Margaret Wallace, eldest daughter of the late Col. Hugh Honiston, Inspecting Field Officer of the Forces in the counties of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford.

William Tayleur, Esq., son of C. Tayleur, Esq., of Toxteth Park, Liverpool, to Emma Elizabeth, second daughter of John Heathcote, Esq., of Bank-house, Staffordshire.

*Died.*—At Blackheath, the Hon. Sir Arthur Kaye Legge, K.C.B., Admiral of the Blue, in his 69th year.

At Haylands, Ryde, Isle of Wight, Walter Lock, Esq., Vice-Admiral of the White, in his 79th year.

At Bury St. Edmunds, John Le Grice, Esq., in his 91st year.

At her House in Clarges-street, the Right Hon. Lady Graves.

Thomas Wood, Esq., of Littleton, Middlesex, aged 87, father of Colonel Wood, of Littleton, M.P. for Breconshire since 1806, and grandfather to Captain Wood, the unsuccessful candidate for Middlesex.

At Patna, Bengal, Sir James Harrington, Bart., in his 47th year.

At East Cowes Castle, John Nash, Esq., the celebrated architect, in his 83rd year.

In Paris, Major-General Sir James Campbell, Colquell of the 74th Foot.

At Bellevue, Clifton, aged 73, Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Laurence, Governor of Upnor Castle.

In the workhouse in St. Margaret's, Westminster, Catherine Crow, aged 106.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

## IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

## LINCOLNSHIRE.

A singular and important discovery to antiquaries has been made in the parish of Tinwell, near Stamford, of a large subterranean cavern, supported in the centre by a stone pillar. The labourers of Mr. Edward Pawlett were ploughing in one of his fields, abutting on the road from Tinwell to Casterton, when one of the hoes feet sank into the earth, by which the discovery was made. A more minute investigation having taken place, it was found to be an oblong square, extending in length to between thirty and forty yards, and in breadth to about eight feet. The sides are of stone, the ceiling is flat, and at one end are two doorways bricked up.

## SUSSEX.

A few weeks ago, the tumulus known by the appellation of "Peppering Burgh," about three miles from Arundel, was opened under the direction of Geo. Augustus Coombe, Esq. A cyst was discovered two feet six inches below the original surface of the ground, which contained a male skeleton, in good preservation, six feet one inch in length. Below the head on the left side were the remains of an iron sword, and above the head on the right a piece of the same metal, conjectured to have been the point of a spear. The resting place of this warrior of a distinct age is not far from the ancient camp of Burgham, or as now called Burpham, a work at-

tributed, by antiquarians, to the Belgic Britons. Other tumuli in this neighbourhood are about to be opened by the above-named gentleman.

#### YORKSHIRE.

*Remains of a Roman Bath.*—As the workmen were excavating the ground in the New Market, York, for the foundation of the York County Bank, they came to a thick and strongly cemented wall, evidently Roman, and passing in a direction of East to West. On the side near Jubbergate, there was a floor or pavement, formed with large stones or flags; and at one corner was a fine and beautiful spring of clear water, which, on further progress in excavating, flowed abundantly upon the pavement. This was no less than sixteen feet from the surface of the ground—and since the first discovery, other remains of buildings have been come to, nearer Jubbergate, which point to a tale of other times, enveloped in mystery, and which conjecture alone can approach. It, however, seems probable, that there has been a Roman Bath, and annexed to it, other conveniences which circumstances might then require. This is rendered more certain, by the fact, that the Romans were so partial to bathing, as to attach to almost every residence of a respectable family, the healthful appendage of a bath. Should this have been the case, conjecture must point to a very early period, when the bath shall have been overwhelmed in ruin, and a place of religious sacrifice, where other relics have lately been found, was based upon the remains of those earlier ages.

*Roman Remains.*—The workmen, in excavating for the drain now making near Bootham Bar, York, have found at a short space below the surface, a considerable hindrance to their labours, in a solid wall, composed of small stone firmly grouted together, and which by age has acquired the hardness of flint. This wall extends about a dozen yards from the Bar up Petergate, directly across the line of the drain, and through this strongly cemented mass the workmen have to make their way. Conjecture may assign this relic of the labour of other times to many different buildings, the present nature of which can hardly be ascertained. It will be recollected, however, that a few weeks ago, in the immediate vicinity of the work, at the termination of the new street, other remains of some very extensive

building were turned up, one of the stones of which displayed some ancient sculpture, so that it is not improbable but that the present discovery may have some connection with it; but the intervention of the houses in Petergate would prevent the ruins being traced out, even were other facilities for carrying on the investigation afforded.

#### IRELAND.

*The Irish Church Revenues.*—The return to an order issued by the House of Commons, on the 25th of March, relative to the receipts and expenditure of the Commissioners under the Church Temporalities Act, is now printed. It appears from this document that the present income received by the Commissioners from the suppression of bishoprics, the tax on livings, and other services, is 29,127*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.* The future income is expected to amount to 83,440*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.*, of which 50,780*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.* will arise from suppressed sees, and 22,000*l.* from the tax on livings. It is also estimated that about 22,000*l.* per annum will be received from the abolition of sinecure dignities, prebends, &c. The average annual charge for the repairs of churches, and other expenses formerly defrayed by the vestry cess, but now paid by the Commissioners, is expected to amount to 69,412*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* Of the 100,000*l.* which the Commissioners were empowered to borrow until their receipts equalled their expenditure, 46,000*l.* have been expended, and the remaining 54,000*l.* are required by them. If the future income of 83,440*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.* is considered as the only one to be depended on, it is calculated that the funds of the Commissioners will never equal their expenditure; but if the contingent income of 22,000*l.* estimated to arise from the suppression of prebends and sinecures, be included, the income of the Commissioners will equal their expenditure in 1853, and the fund would be at its maximum in 1873, when it would amount to 105,440*l.* per annum, which would leave a surplus over the estimated expenditure of 36,027*l.* 14*s.* per annum. The debt on the fund likely to be created until the income equal the expenditure is 412,382*l.* 9*s.* Independently of the foregoing sources, 52,285*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* have been received from the purchasers of bishops' leases, and 88,623*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.* more, it was expected would be received up to the close of this year. If the whole of those leases were purchased by the tenants, the total produce would be 1,507,050*l.*

# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## PRÉCEPTS AND PRACTICE.

### NO. I.—FANNY VANE.

THE VANES are, as everybody knows, an ancient and an honourable family,—perhaps, however, that particular branch which spells its name with an i—VAIN—is the most numerous. The Vanes of whom I am about to record a scene—for it is little more—are descended from the French Girouettes, and have greatly distinguished themselves for many centuries;—most especially in the political world, where their versatility of conduct, and of aptitude to change, have obtained for different ramifications of the house the distinctive sobriquet of Dog-Vane, Rat-Vane, and the like.

Fanny, my heroine, was a remarkably pretty girl—pert and pathetic by turns—languishing or sparkling as the case might be—grave with a judge—scientific with a sage—pious with a priest—a connoisseur with artists—a Grisi with singers—a Taglioni with dancers, and so on—all things by turns; and yet, as I believe, perfectly sincere at the moment when she expressed her admiration of any particular thing to any particular person, of which in the next she would with equal fervour declare her abhorrence to another. She had no fixed character, no settled principle. She was a chameleon, and varied the colour of her mind with the opinions of her company; and if she did not live, as chameleons are said to do, on air, she most assuredly existed as chameleons really do, on flies.

What manner of flies? asks the reader. Was she like the celebrated Anna Maria Schurman, who counted spiders delicacies, and feasted thereon?—Not a bit of it. The flies she sported with were lovers, and the honey with which she lured them—(her *lime labor*)—was composed of looks, and words, and smiles, and sighs, which together formed a composition more alluring than the swarms of Hybla could ever have produced. She was, in fact, a COQUETTE.

I am not certain that she was a professed coquette. I doubt whether the vacillations of her mind were even voluntary. She was placed in peculiar circumstances, and I really give her much more credit than her friends ever did, for a considerate hesitation before she finally made the choice which was to avert her terrible destiny—of which more hereafter—instead of attributing to her that heartless inclination to trifle, merely for the gratification of winning hearts and wasting them—as the callous angler, after hooking his fish, having first allured, then tortured, and

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finally caught him, throws him back into the river satisfied with the sport he has caused, regardless of the exposure to which he has subjected his victim, and the pain which he has inflicted, and left him to suffer.

There are secrets in all families. The lady's maid is generally mistress of most of them. In the family of Mr. Spencer Vane there had been a secret, which, however, long before this sketch is supposed to begin, had ceased to be any secret at all. It sounds like a story in a novel, but it is nevertheless true. Fanny Vane was destined to be married to a gentleman who had what is called the advantage of her in years, which in her eyes was one of the greatest disadvantages he could possibly possess. He was enormously rich; miserly, and selfish in disposition, and singularly monosyllabic in conversation. One word at a time sufficed to maintain his social intercourse with the world. He was moreover plain—to use the softest expression—with a temper not the sweetest, and some other qualifications, or disqualifications, as the reader pleases, to which it would be impertinent, if not improper, in this place to allude.

Fanny Vane was told that Mr. Skrymegour was to be her husband; but Fanny knowing why this was settled to be the case, and being well aware that not “what is he” but “what has he” was the principle upon which this most unholy alliance had been concluded, thought to herself that if, by dint of the sweet compound of attractions, which I have already noticed, she could contrive to make an equally good match, with something younger, handsomer, more agreeable, or rather, somewhat less odious than old Skrymegour, she should act wisely; hence, as I believe, that disposition to encourage advances, and to flirt, if you will, which, during the last two years of Fanny's life, had incurred the censure of certain highly acidulated elderly ladies, who, never having been “asked” themselves, could not endure to see all the dandies of the season dangling after Fanny Vane.

For one week Fanny listened with assiduous attention to Captain Macsabretache, of the Hussars, and determined in her own mind that a tall man with black hair and mustachios, red cheeks and a white forehead, was *the* thing. The next would hurry her from the delights of these meddling circles in London, to the marine charms of a watering-place; and for that week she believed happiness to consist in an eternal union with Sir John Tadpole, a minute dandy, with light blue eyes, and a suspicion of white downy whiskers upon his cheeks. He however faded from her mind when the Honourable George Asston approached, and with the reddest possible head, and the thickest possible legs, fired off the most unqualified admiration of her charms and qualities—and so the thing went on: the flies were caught and discarded, discarded and caught again, until at length the period arrived when the veteran Skrymegour was to claim his prize.

“Skrymegour,” said Mr. Spencer Vane, “our period shortens. Fanny has had her run of the gaieties of two seasons, and if you really intend to claim your right to her hand, I think, saving your presence, you have no time to lose.”

“None,” said Skrymegour.

“What I mean to say is,” continued Vane, “we have never told Fanny that any particular time was fixed for the marriage—she is aware that the engagement exists, and I have no doubt is quite ready to fulfil it,

but it is a vague anticipation—I intend, when you have made up your mind, to announce it to her, or perhaps get her mother to do so.”

“Good,” said Skrymegour.

“She has many admirers,” said her father, “but, somehow, I think she prefers men of a maturer age than those who hover about her.”

“Good,” said Skrymegour.

“Of course, a girl like Fanny,” said Vane, “must naturally be admired—she is handsome, with a pretty figure, highly accomplished, and in temper—strongly resembling me.”

“Ah!” said Skrymegour.

“Now,” added Vane, “if you see anything like land—I mean if you have arrived at anything like a decision, I would say, the sooner you declare the better, because you cannot expect that she, upon a presumption of your expected avowal and claim, is to make the first overture.”

“No;” said Skrymegour.

“Am I then to understand that you really mean to enforce the condition of your brother’s will, and demand her hand?”

“Yes;” said Skrymegour.

“In that case,” said Vane, “I will this very evening break it to her, and put things *en train*, and perhaps, having smoothed the way, you had better come and sup with us.”

“Good;” said Skrymegour.

“There is a sociability in the summer evenings,” said Vane, “which pleases me,—we are old-fashioned people, and when we are here at the sea-side, we dine early, stroll out after our coffee, and come in about ten, when, as I think, the little snugger of a domestic supper-table is most agreeable.”

“Aye;” said Skrymegour.

“You will come?”

“Yes.”

“At ten?”

“Ten.”

“Yes.”

“Good.”

And so they parted by the sea-side, at a watering place which shall be nameless, because the history I have to tell, and the scene I have to record, are known, and it might be unpleasant to Fanny Vane and her lovers to have them identified.

When Vane left Skrymegour, he could not help regretting that circumstances, over which he himself had no control, but which were of too advantageous a character to be disregarded, had destined his fair Fanny to be the wife of such a man,—indeed to such a degree was this feeling excited, that he could not make up his mind to prepare his daughter to receive their evening’s guest in the character of her future husband, and therefore resolved to put the affair under the management of Mrs. Vane, his better half, and who certainly had, as the old proverb says, “the better half of the stick in her hands.”

Upon his arrival at the cottage which they rented, and which possessed, amongst other unusual attractions at the sea-side, a very pretty flower-garden, giving, as the French say, to the road, there he found Mrs. Vane plucking off faded roses and tying up drooping pinks, Fanny



being in her room, little inclined to expose her fair charms to the rays of even a setting sun.

"Well," Mr. V. said the lady, "here you are—you go dreaming about, and do nothing from morning till night but walk and talk, and eat and drink, till at last you go to sleep."

"What should I do, my dear?" said the patient V.

"Do!" replied Mrs. Vane, "why I tell you what you ought to do—either bring Mr. Skrymegour altogether on, or send him altogether off—Fanny is kept in a state of perpetual worry about him; he comes here and he goes away, and he says nothing, and does nothing; and she, poor soul, of course meets people whom she much prefers to him; but as it has been insinuated to her that it is her duty to marry him, and a duty which she is expected to fulfil, she is kept in a constant fever by the attentions of men to whom she cannot but listen, but to whom she knows she must not reply."

"Well," said Vane, "you have just hit upon my thoughts—I have asked Skrymegour to come and sup here this very night."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Vane, "you have?—and what then, Mr. V.? you asked him here last night, and the night before, and he was here yesterday morning, and this morning, and will be here again to-morrow—but what then?—he says nothing to the purpose."

"That I grant you," said Vane; "neither to the purpose nor from it, does he say much, for he speaks at best only in monosyllables. Now, it is true, a girl may accept or refuse in a monosyllable, but I don't see how a man is to pop in that way."

"Pop!" said Mrs. Vane, with an expression of sovereign contempt in her countenance, "as for his popping, Mr. V., that is entirely out of the question—there is the condition of the will, and if you choose Fanny to have the fortune, why, she *must* have the man."

"Well, then," said Vane, "this very night shall decide it; he shall not go until it is concluded.—But as to Fanny, I suppose you have settled it already with her?"

"Yes," replied the lady, "settled it as far as we are concerned—but—"

"But, what?" said Vane: "She wants a husband, no doubt; here is one for her."

"On the contrary," replied Mrs. Vane, "she expresses to me the strongest disinclination from marrying at all."

"All girls say that, Mrs. V., till they are asked," said Vane.

"She seems positive," said her mother.

"Well," answered Vane, "it may be so, or it may not be so—how should I know?—all I can say is, I think that that Captain Clifton seems to please her mightily."

"She tells *me*," said Mrs. Vane, "that he is too handsome, and thinks too much of himself, and that in point of fact she does not care about him."

"Then, there is that young Mr. Amesbury," said Vane, "why he is always here, dangling and dangling, and flirting, and fidgetting,—he is rich, they say,—not, of course, like Skrymegour."

"She can't endure Mr. Amesbury," said Mrs. Vane, "he is a great deal too witty for her."

"And that other gentleman with the long nose and arched eyebrows—"

"Oh! Sunderland—no! no!" said Mrs. Vane, "she sees through him—he is a mere flirt, and falls in love with every woman he sees."

"Is that such a fault, my dear?" said Vane.

"Mr. V., it is," replied his lady; "I know what it is to have married a too-susceptible husband. I have put her on her guard against Mr. Sunderland—the burnt child dreads the fire."

"Well," said Vane, "that *is* capital; to look at me, one would not suppose that I had much of the lady-killer about me."

"I don't know, Mr. Vane," said his wife; "all I *do* know is, that it is generally remarked that you are much more lively and agreeable when talking to other women than when you are talking with me—it's true—true to the letter, Mr. Vane; and yet, when I was as young as Fanny, you swore you would love me eternally."

"So I do love you, my dear," said Vane; "and shall continue to do so, but youthful love is always exaggerated in its expressions."

"I do not quibble upon words, my dear," said Mrs. Vane. "I do not reproach you for your conduct, only it is natural for a girl who is full of talent and observation to remark upon what passes."

"Oh!" said Vane, "you think, then, that Fanny is of opinion that I am a bad sample of steady husbands?"

"I mean this, Mr. Vane," said his lady—"That I believe, knowing the world as I do, she is more likely to be happy with Mr. Skrymegour than any of her younger lovers."

"I think she need not be jealous of him," said Vane.

"That's a blessing, Mr. Vane," replied Mrs. Vane; "therefore, if we consult her happiness, we shall mutually endeavour to persuade her to the match. You are her father, do you begin."

"After you, my dear," said Vane; "and as she is coming up the walk, you may begin immediately."

It was quite true, the sylph-like girl was approaching; and as she came near him, her father, who, in spite of his lady's philosophical recital of the advantages derivable to their daughter from marrying a man so old, ugly, and stupid as Skrymegour, felt it beyond his powers to attempt to deceive his child into a belief that his advocacy of the match was sincere. Fanny, on the other hand, felt very little disposed to be left to a *tête-à-tête* with papa, convinced that the topic upon which he would speak was one the least agreeable to her in the world; however, it was too late to retreat—she told him that mamma in passing had whispered that he had something particular to say to her—he hesitated, and then denied that he had—a silence followed—he looked at her—took her hand, and kissed her forehead—and they walked up the walk and down the walk without saying a word. The silence was broken only by the return of Mrs. Vane, whose first question to Fanny was, "What she thought of her father's proposition?" upon the putting of which question the said father walked into the house.

"Papa has said nothing to me, mamma," said Fanny.

"No?"

"Not a word."

"Never *was* such a man!" said Mrs. Vane.

"Rely upon it," said Fanny, "whatever papa and you desire—if it relates to any serious step in life—I have no wish but yours."

"You are a dear good girl," said her mother; "but—really—has not your father said anything?"

"No."

"How odd!—he promised me."

"What is it I am to hear?" asked Fanny.

"Something you ought to know," replied her mother.

"Then tell me," said Fanny.

"Why—yes—but here is your maid coming—I can't speak upon such a subject before her—so come in presently, and I'll tell you alone."

Like father like mother; neither of them, for reasons strong and cogent, when operated upon by their parental feelings, could bring themselves to put the finishing blow to Fanny's freedom, and fix her for a decision in favour of Skrymegour. But the most absurd part of the whole affair—and which, it must be confessed, seemed in some degree to justify the tender suspicions which Mrs. Vane evidently entertained of her husband's steadiness—was that Croft, the maid, declared the whole secret to her young mistress, and had obtained it from no less a personage than Mr. Vane himself, who, finding the *soubrette* in the drawing-room when he quitted the lawn, confessed that he wished Fanny to know that Mr. Skrymegour was coming to sup with them for the purpose of concluding the match.

Fanny was excessively indignant at the haste and decision which her parents exhibited in pressing the affair to a close; and mingled with this indignation the resolution never, under any circumstances, to marry Mr. Skrymegour. What, therefore, principally agitated the young lady, was the necessity for making up her mind, not as to the man whom she would not marry, but as to the one whom she meant to accept; for—the secret must out—Fanny was the most fickle and wavering of her sex—fond of praise and adulation, hoping yet fearing, venturing yet never daring—and, in short, if ~~not~~ constitutionally, was, as I have already said, accidentally a coquette.

Fanny, informed by her maid not only of the determination of her parents with regard to Skrymegour, but of the process by which the *dénouement* was to be brought about—namely, that of supper—dismissed Miss Croft, and begged her, if she were inquired after by either Mr. or Mrs. Vane, to say that she was walking in the garden to compose her spirits.

Scarcely had this well-flounced, furbelowed, wadded and whaleboned waiting-woman retired, before Mr. Amesbury, one of the *aspirants* to Fanny's hand, presented himself at a particular point of the garden, to which it somehow appeared he had been accustomed to come. Fanny received him somewhat coldly, and reproached him for having kept her waiting; this bit of anger was followed by a deep sigh—she saw Amesbury, and thought of Skrymegour.

"You sigh, Miss Vane," said Amesbury.

"I cannot help sighing," replied the young lady, "when I find those about whom I am interested and who are dear to me neglectful of their promises."

"Interested," whispered Amesbury, "am I indeed so blest? Oh! Fanny, where upon earth is there a being so pure, so single-minded, so generous as you?—Never doubt my sincerity—my devotion."

"Never," said Fanny, receiving—and, I believe, reciprocating a deep, quiet, serious pressure of Amesbury's hand; "never, never doubt mine."

It was getting dusk, and how this request was answered I do not pretend to say. What followed, seemed sufficiently impassioned to have been the result of one of those chaste salutes which, in the overflowing of faithful hearts, are sometimes adopted by way of ratification.

"If," said Amesbury, "you really love me, why hesitate? Let me throw myself at your mother's feet, own my affection, declare it mutual, and beg your hand."

If—oh these ifs!—if Fanny had taken Amesbury at his word—if she had permitted him to fulfil his intentions—all would have been well. But no. She liked him—liked to have him as a lover, and could not bear to be bereft of an admirer; and yet, somehow, she did not wish to be Mrs. Amesbury.

"No, no," said Fanny; "not now—to-morrow."

"Why," said Amesbury, "why defer it until to-morrow? What can be the use of delay?"

"Come to-morrow evening," said Fanny, "and I will tell you all. Go—go now, for heaven's sake; I hear footsteps."

"I obey you."

"Go, if you love me," said Fanny.

"To-morrow, then——"

"Yes, yes."

And Fanny hurried away Mr. Amesbury; and Mr. Amesbury obeyed the command which his beloved had issued. But little did Mr. Amesbury guess why he was thus forced off. It was just the hour when Mr. Sunderland—his rival, unconsciously—was expected. She saw him walking on the shingly beach just below the house. With the tact which she unquestionably possessed, she despatched one devoted admirer to make room for the next; and

"The last fool was as welcome as the former."

Sunderland was not slow to supply the place of his predecessor, little thinking that he had one. When he made his appearance, Fanny received him with coldness, and even refused to give him her hand. Sunderland was aware in a moment of the change in her manner; and, tenderly alive to the slightest variation in her sentimental barometer, he entreated her to let him know what she meant.

"Last night's ball, Mr. Sunderland," said Fanny. "Ask yourself."

"What did I do to offend you?" said Sunderland.

"Why," said Miss Vane, "while I was sitting next Captain Clifton, thinking of nothing but you, you chose to begin the most devoted conversation with Mrs. Dodman, the wife of the odious Collector of the Customs—a silly, vain, little, black-eyed woman, who thinks, because her grandfather was first cousin to an Irish baron, that she has a right to give herself airs."

"What!" exclaimed Sunderland, "are you jealous of Mrs. Dodman?"

"Jealous!" said Miss Vane; "no, I cannot say I am jealous; only I know that she is prettier than I can ever hope to be. Yet, still I believe you have too much good taste to be in love with a lady who wishes

all the world to be in love with *her*: I think I am tolerably safe there. Besides, how she dances! In my mind, to be attractive—I mean seriously attractive—a woman must be natural.”

“Like yourself, Fanny,” said Mr. Sunderland; and *he* became extremely tender.

“Do not endeavour to flatter me,” said Fanny. “It shows that a man has a very mean idea of a woman’s intellect when he thinks he shall win her by praising everything she says or does.”

“But why,” said Sunderland, “should you deny me the pleasure of distinguishing you from other women?”

“Because,” said Fanny blushing, “I should be too proud to be like the generality of women.”

“Like!” exclaimed Sunderland. “For heaven’s sake, do not put yourself on such a level.—Fanny, all this is idleness. Why should I conceal my feelings? My heart is yours. I have no hope, no thought, no wish unconnected with you. Will you——”

“Stop,” interrupted Fanny; “let us remain as we are.”

“Why?” said Sunderland. “Marriage will strengthen the affections which bind me to you. One word settles my destiny, and secures my happiness.”

“Secures!” said Fanny. “What! Mr. Sunderland, do you doubt my sincerity?”

“No; but once assured, I should be certain,” said Sunderland. “Besides, Fanny, there *are* reasons connected with my family which induce me——”

“Stay,” exclaimed Fanny; “I hear my mother’s voice: she is calling me.”

“I hear nothing but somebody playing on a key-bugle,” said Sunderland.

“I must go,” said Fanny; “they don’t know where I am. It is getting dark; so pray go. If you really have any regard for me, go.”

“Whatever you wish,” said Sunderland, “is to me a command.”

The sound of the bugle which had caught Sunderland’s ear seemed most particularly to have attracted Fanny’s attention, and her greatest assiduity was increased in order to get rid of the said Sunderland, upon whom she impressed her dreadful apprehension of the anger of her mother, to which she should be certainly exposed if she were detected in an evening walk on their twenty-yards’ terrace. Sunderland saw the delicacy and difficulty of her situation, and obeyed her commands with all possible expedition.

The bugle was sounded by Captain Clifton, who was in the habit of announcing his proximity to Vane’s house by its shrill note—a note to which all the tender sympathies of Miss Fanny vibrantly responded; yet, such was her alarm and confusion at hearing it so very near her, under such embarrassing circumstances, that, instead of lingering until the gallant officer reached the gate opposite to that by which Sunderland had retired, the fickle fair one walked directly towards the house, not, however, forgetting that, by returning thence to her favourite promenade, she should avoid the chance of exciting the Captain’s suspicions that she had been so recently engaged in a *tête-à-tête* with a rival, even if he had detected his departure.

Mr. and Mrs. Vane, it may be as well to observe, being a particularly domestic couple, were in the nightly habit of playing that interesting and exciting game called backgammon. Absorbed in the mystery of sixes, aces, four and two, five and three, aces, sixes, blottings, hittings, and gammonings, all external objects faded from their minds and memories; and the moment it grew sufficiently dark to have lights, they sat themselves down to their sport, leaving their artless daughter to gaze upon the moon and the stars, or anything else she liked better, and soliloquize by herself, or, as it appears, converse with others, just as might best suit her fancy.

In order, however, to dispel any little apprehensions they might entertain for her perfect safety, it was her custom, during the summer and autumnal evenings which they passed at the sea-side, to walk every now and then to the windows of the little drawing-room which opened on to the lawn, and look in for a moment, inquire who was winning—as if she cared—and then, having received a warning from her mother to “mind she did not catch cold in the night air,” return again to her walk. This manœuvre she had successfully performed when she approached the gallant Captain, who was just on the point of blowing a second flourish upon his portable instrument, in hopes of hurrying her appearance.

“Are you there, Captain Clifton?” said Fanny, who of her three suitors really seemed to like the gallant officer best.

“Where have you been so long?” said Clifton.

“Listening to lectures from mamma, and sermons from papa,” said the veracious beauty; “but when I heard the sound of your bugle, all they said was lost upon me—I heard but that——”

“And the rattling of their dice-boxes,” said Clifton.

“They have only just taken to that diversion,” said Fanny, “which gave me the opportunity to slip away. Oh, how wrongly I am acting, Captain Clifton!—how rash is the conduct I am pursuing! You will learn to hate me for my boldness.”

“What imprudence—what rashness can there possibly be in an innocent conversation with one whose every feeling centres in you? Do you doubt my sincerity?” said the Captain.

“Not for a moment,” said Fanny, who trembled, or seemed to tremble, as he took her hand; “but I am sure I do wrong when I meet you in this manner, because I do it by stealth; I conceal the truth from my father and mother, and I should not do that, if it were not wrong.”

“Amiable simplicity!” exclaimed Clifton—“what purity of feeling! what sensitive delicacy!”

“It must not continue,” said Fanny, “you must abstain from these visits—indeed you must.”

“Rather let me ensure myself the right to enjoy them,” said Clifton, in a voice half-suppressed by feeling and agitation; “let this moment decide my fate—you know my fortune—you know my family—be mine—mine eternally.”

The Captain caught the bewitching Fanny in his arms just in time to save her from falling to the ground—Such was her agitation, that she softly uttered the words “Spare me,” and fainted.

Clifton was of course alarmed at the scene which he had so unex-

pectedly produced—in vain he tried to restore her by removing her ringlets from her forehead, so that the evening breeze might play upon her yet inanimate countenance—her cheeks were cold, yet her hands burned, and Clifton began to feel doubtful whether it would not be absolutely necessary to remove her into the house—resolving, if he took that step, instantly to declare himself to her father, and put an end to a life of feverish anxiety which he had been for the last three weeks leading. Accordingly, he drew her towards the lawn in front of the windows, and was on the point of calling for aid, when Fanny, much to his delight, suddenly recovered from her fit.

“What on earth are you going to do?” said the innocent girl; “betray my weakness to my parents?”

“No, no, Fanny,” said Clifton; “I am going to avow my affection, and to claim your hand of——”

“Captain Clifton,” said Fanny, in a tone of indignation, “how you can justify the conduct which has placed me in this situation I am at a loss to anticipate.”

“Love—love—love,” said Clifton.

“I must not hear this language,” said Fanny; “least of all at this moment.”

“Why not?—you have confessed——”

“Not I,” interrupted Fanny.

And hereabouts the rattling of the backgammon-boxes abruptly ceased, and a cry of “Fanny, Fanny,” was heard from the drawing-room windows.

“Mercy on me, my father’s voice!” said the agitated girl; “let me go—let me fly.”

“Tell me angelic girl,” said Clifton—“one word—one syllable—am I loved?”

“You are forgiven,” said Fanny, with a look and in a tone of indescribable sweetness.

The Captain, who was a man of the world, thought he knew what that meant, and as she bounded towards her anxious parents impressed one kiss—upon her hand. The moment she was out of sight, however, he felt that her manner was not exactly that which went to assure him of her affections. There appeared a hesitation, an unwillingness to yield up her heart, and he involuntarily muttered to himself—yet loudly enough, as it proved, to be heard—“Why, why will she not decide?”

The question was a strange one under all the circumstances, for it could refer but to one person, and the reference was particularly interesting to him who overheard it. It turned out that Mr. Sunderland, in passing again by the terrace-walk, had heard the sound of the backgammon-boxes still going on, and knowing the habit of strolling in which Miss Vane indulged during its continuance, thought he might as well steal another five minutes’ conversation—which, as everybody knows, is above all times in the world most charming in the evening. The sharp rattle of the instruments of play was distinctly audible at a distance, but as he approached they ceased to sound, and when he entered the gate all he could distinguish was Fanny’s figure flitting over the grass. Had he been one minute sooner, or had Mr. Vane played backgammon one minute longer, he might have seen something more. As it was, he was

retiring, but hearing a voice close to him, and hearing such interesting words muttered, he stopped and turned, and in a tone equally subdued, said, "Who's there?"

"Surely," said Clifton, "that's Charles Sunderland."

"Aye, aye, Sir," said Sunderland, nautically, "what the deuce are you doing here?"

"I have been taking a walk," said Clifton.

"So have I," said Sunderland, "but you seem to be somewhat excited—what has happened?"

"Nothing," said Clifton.

"I overheard your words," replied Sunderland.

"They meant nothing."

"I am glad of it," said Sunderland, "I thought perhaps you might be cruising on my ground."

"As how?" said the Captain.

"Why, to be candid," said Sunderland, "I flatter myself I am a happy man; although I cannot say that my affair is definitively settled, but—of course it is strictly confidential—I have fallen in with, as you would say at sea, one of the simplest, gayest, liveliest girls in Christendom—none of your blue dragons of perfection—not a bit of a Phoenix about her—all gentleness, softness, and amiability. I am in hopes that a day or two will terminate my suspense. She has, in point of fact, confessed enough to make me happy."

"I congratulate you," said Clifton, "and at the same time sympathize with you. I have arrived at exactly the same point with a being precisely such as you describe—withheld, perhaps, by timidity from finally accepting me she has implied all that I could desire."

"That is odd, and yet agreeable," said Sunderland. "Friends should always run in parallels. I wish you joy."

"And I you, most sincerely," said Clifton; "as we are in confidence and cannot be rivals, who is your adorable?"

"The daughter of this house," said Sunderland. "The all-accomplished Fanny Vane."

"Capital!" exclaimed the Captain. "Come, come, you have been listening, else you would not have hit it off so well. Oh, now, don't deny it; if you hadn't overheard our conversation, you never could have suspected it."

"Suspect what?" said Sunderland.

"Why, that Fanny Vane and I are all but—if not quite—engaged," replied Clifton. "She loves me,—owns it,—and I am sure she could not deceive."

"Fanny Vane and you nearly engaged!" cried Sunderland. "If that be the case, Clifton, we are both duped, deceived, and jilted."

"That I never can believe," said Clifton. "I have just parted from her, and all her heart and soul were mine."

"But I parted from her half an hour since," said Sunderland, "and she was equally devoted to me. Tell me, was it you whom I heard blowing a bugle horn?"

"It was,—the concerted signal of my approach," said Clifton.

"The case is too clear for doubt," replied his rival. "Let us settle the affair in a summary way. Let us go up to the house and confront her. But stay;—we are interrupted. Who is this?"



"Jack Amesbury, as I live!" said the Captain. "Amesbury?"

"Well," said Amesbury; "who is there?"

"Sunderland and I," said the Captain. "What, are you upon the same errand? Are you in love with Miss Fanny Vane, too?"

"Too!" said Amesbury: "how do you mean *too*?"

"Why," said Sunderland, "the gallant Captain and I are under the impression that she is extremely fond of both of us, as we—aye, both of us—are of her."

"You!" exclaimed Amesbury. "Why,—what does *this* mean? Can she have deceived me into the belief that I am the only man in the world about whom she is interested?"

"I believe we are all pretty much in the same predicament," said Clifton.

"If so," said Amesbury, "the sooner we set ourselves right the better."

"But how to do so is the question," said Sunderland.

"I'll prove the case in an instant," said Amesbury. "I told her that if I heard anything which looked favourably towards the conclusion of our affair—in which she professed herself most deeply absorbed—I would clap my hands three times in front of the house, when she would instantly come out to me, provided it was before supper, at which favourite meal her father's old Skrymegour, her relation and intended husband, is to be present. I hate bragging, either in myself or others; but, if she answer that signal, you will be satisfied that I have not puffed myself off extravagantly."

From this extremely fair proposition who could possibly dissent? Accordingly, Clifton having concealed himself amongst the shrubs on the right hand of the lane, and Sunderland ensconced himself amidst those on the left, Amesbury gave the appointed taps with his hand. A pause ensued.

"An evident failure," whispered Clifton.

"All will end well," replied Sunderland.

But lo! and behold in as short a space of time as could bring her to the spot, thither came Fanny Vane. As she approached, Amesbury also withdrew into the bosquet.

"Where are you?" said Fanny. "Do you doubt me now,—now that I risk everything to fulfil my promise? Where are you?"

"Here," said Clifton, stepping from the cluster on the right.

"Here," exclaimed Sunderland, popping out from the bushes on the left.

"Here," vociferated Amesbury, walking directly up the middle of the lawn.

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Fanny. "I am terrified to death."

"There can be no cause for alarm, Miss Vane," said Amesbury.

"In the society of three men who love you equally well, and whom you equally love, you can be in no great danger."

"I cannot explain this at the moment," said Fanny. "I cannot, on the instant, make you enter into my feelings, or sympathize with my sufferings: to-morrow you shall hear all."

"Why not now?" said Sunderland.

At this moment the garden gate again was thrown open, and who

should walk in but Mr. Lemuel Skrymegour himself, punctual to his engagement at the supper, after which his happiness was to be decided by the final arrangements for his marriage with Miss Fanny Vane. He, conscious of his right of way, rang the bell lustily, and passed on without taking any notice of the four persons so deeply implicated in the affair, and proceeding to the door of the house, which gave, equally with the drawing-room windows, to the lawn, found it instantly opened by a servant with a candle in his hand. In the hall was Vane ready to receive him, and Mrs. Vane was not far behind her husband; the candle, however, threw so strong a light upon the white drapery of Fanny, that she could not effect a retreat, while the three lovers, feeling no disposition whatever to flinch from the *dénouement*, maintained their ground steadily.

The old gentleman was warmly welcomed, and having received the *accolades* of Mr. and Mrs. Vane, turned to look for his intended, when, to the dismay and consternation of her astonished parents, there she stood outside the door, attended by the three complaining suitors.

"What is the meaning of this, Miss Fanny?" said Vane. "What are you doing in the garden at this time of night, and who are these,—eh?"

"Friends," said Skrymegour.

"Fanny, Fanny!" said Mrs. Vane, holding up her hand fist-wise.

"That's it," said Skrymegour, taking her by the hand.

"Leave me alone, Sir," said Fanny.

"Sulky?" said Skrymegour.

"No," said Fanny, sobbing.

"Shy?" said Skrymegour.

"You should be too happy," said Vane.

"So I think," said his wife. "I say nothing more."

"Take Mr. Skrymegour's hand, Miss," exclaimed her mother; "or—"

"Don't hurry Miss Fanny," said Sunderland.

"Miss Fanny will obey you," whispered Amesbury.

"We'll retire," said Clifton.

"Eh!" said Skrymegour.

"Well, Miss?" cried Mrs. Vane.

"Speak, Miss," said her father.

"Oh! pity, pity!" exclaimed Fanny, bursting into tears. "I will do anything you wish—and die!"

Saying which she rushed into the house, followed by her mother. Skrymegour, in his quaint way, entreated the three beaux to come in and join them,—much to Vane's horror, lest they should accept the invitation,—of that, however, there was no fear. The coquette had been unkennelled, and the dupes of her fickleness beat a retreat—Captain Clifton indulging himself in a flourish upon his horn, which must have sounded disagreeably ominous to the old bridegroom elect. On that very day fortnight, Fanny became Mrs. Skrymegour.

"A just illustration," said Captain Clifton, "of the French Proverb—'QUI COURT PLUSIEURS LIEVRES, NE PREND QU'UN RAT.'"

## STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS.

"The rose—the glorious rose is gone."—*Lays of Many Lands.*

BRING flowers to crown the cup and lute,—  
 Bring flowers,—the bride is near;  
 Bring flowers to soothe the captive's cell,  
 Bring flowers to strew the bier!  
 Bring flowers! thus said the lovely song;  
 And shall they not be brought  
 To her who linked the offering  
 With feeling and with thought?

BRING flowers,—the perfumed and the pure,—  
 Those with the morning dew,  
 A sigh in every fragrant leaf,  
 A tear on every hue.  
 So pure, so sweet thy life has been,  
 So filling earth and air  
 With odours and with loveliness,  
 Till common scenes grew fair.

Thy song around our daily path  
 Flung beauty born of dreams,  
 That shadows on the actual world  
 The spirit's sunny gleams.  
 Mysterious influence, that to earth  
 Brings down the heaven above,  
 And fills the universal heart  
 With universal love.

Such gifts were thine,—as from the block,  
 The unformed and the cold,  
 The sculptor calls to breathing life  
 Some shape of perfect mould,  
 So thou from common thoughts and things  
 Didst call a charmed song,  
 Which on a sweet and swelling tide  
 Bore the full soul along.

And thou from far and foreign lands  
 Didst bring back many a tone,  
 And giving such new music still,  
 A music of thine own.

A lofty strain of generous thoughts,  
And yet subdued and sweet,—  
An angel's song, who sings of earth,  
Whose cares are at his feet.

And yet thy song is sorrowful,  
Its beauty is not bloom;  
The hopes of which it breathes, are hopes  
That look beyond the tomb.

Thy song is sorrowful as winds  
That wander o'er the plain,  
And ask for summer's vanished flowers,  
And ask for them in vain.

Ah ! dearly purchased is the gift,  
The gift of song like thine ;  
A fated doom is hers who stands  
The priestess of the shrine.

The crowd—they only see the crown,  
They only hear the hymn ;—  
They mark not that the cheek is pale,  
And that the eye is dim.

Wound to a pitch too exquisite,  
The soul's fine chords are wrung ;  
With misery and melody  
They are too highly strung.

The heart is made too sensitive  
Life's daily pain to bear ;  
It beats in music, but it beats  
Beneath a deep despair.

It never meets the love it paints,  
The love for which it pines ;  
Too much of Heaven is in the faith  
That such a heart enshrines.

The meteor wreath the poet wears  
Must make a lonely lot ;  
It dazzles, only to divide  
From those who wear it not.

Didst thou not tremble at thy fame,  
And loathe its bitter prize,  
While what to others triumph seemed,  
To thee was sacrifice ?

*Stanzas on the Death of Mrs. Hemans.*

Oh, Flower brought from Paradise  
To this cold world of ours,  
Shadows of beauty such as thine  
Recall thy native bowers.

Let others thank thee—'twas for them  
Thy soft leaves thou didst wreath ;  
The red rose wastes itself in sighs  
Whose sweetness others breathe !  
And they have thanked thee—many a lip  
Has asked of thine for words,  
When thoughts, life's finer thoughts, have touched  
The spirit's inmost chords.

How many loved and honoured thee  
Who only knew thy name ;  
Which o'er the weary working world  
Like starry music came !  
With what still hours of calm delight  
Thy songs and image blend ;  
I cannot choose but think thou wert  
An old familiar friend.

The charm that dwelt in songs of thine  
My inmost spirit moved ;  
And yet I feel as thou hadst been  
Not half enough beloved.

They say that thou wert faint, and worn  
With suffering and with care ;  
What music must have filled the soul  
That had so much to spare !

Oh, weary One ! since thou art laid  
Within thy mother's breast—  
The green, the quiet mother-earth—  
Thrice blessed be thy rest !  
Thy heart is left within our hearts,  
Although life's pang is o'er ;  
But the quick tears are in my eyes,  
And I can write no more.

## THE ENGLISH ORCHESTRA.

## THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE country musician, when he arrives in London, goes first to the Opera, and is enchanted by talent of a foreign growth; next to the English theatres, where he is disappointed by the inferiority of native singers and music, and finally flits from concert to concert, in the thick of the season, to feed on the stimulating music of Italy, tempered now and then only by a solo from one of our great instrumentalists. He returns to his home year after year to descant upon the merits of the Malibran or Grisi of the season, and to deplore the mediocrity of his country—when chance, or rather good fortune, introduces him to the Philharmonic, and he finds himself suddenly transported into the true sphere of his country's musical excellence—into an inspired realm of which he scarcely suspected the existence. He mixes with an audience whose real incentive for being present is their fondness for music, he hears an orchestra whose sole cause of combination was zeal for the noblest interests of art, and he feels all the elevating enjoyment which genius and enthusiasm rightly and successfully applied are capable of bestowing, as well as that species of commendable patriotism which exults in the supremacy of native talent.

The Philharmonic Society, though of short life—comparatively but little known, and not at all appreciated, out of London—has been at once the nursery and the theatre of instrumental music in England. It is not, strictly speaking, a public concert, as the number of its members and subscribers are limited. Yet we feel we shall be pardoned by its supporters for disclosing some of its details, with a view to adding our mite towards the diffusion of the love of art in the best sense, which they have done so much to promote.

The great schools and institutions of the Continent have, in most cases, been established by Government itself, and superintended by men of veteran talent and celebrity. The Philharmonic, on the contrary, originated with a few individuals, and has been fostered into its present state of maturity solely by the warmth of their enthusiasm, and the sacrifice of their time. Previous to its formation, instrumental music had been long in a languishing state. The following is the opening paragraph of the first prospectus:—"The want of encouragement which has for many years past been experienced by that species of music which called forth the efforts, and displayed the genius of the greatest masters, and the almost utter neglect into which instrumental pieces in general have fallen, have long been sources of regret to the real amateur and to the well-educated professor; a regret that, though it has hitherto proved unavailing, has not extinguished the hope that persevering exertions may yet restore to the world those compositions which have excited so much delight, and rekindle in the public mind that taste for excellence in instrumental music which has so long remained in a latent state."

The framers, however, of this resolution were far from perceiving that they were paying the way for the reformation rather than the restoration of instrumental music. The works of the old masters were, however beautiful of their kind, beginning to be felt as highly-wrought fetters to

the increasing powers of the performer, and the improved capabilities of his instrument; the publication of Haydn's symphonies had given a new impetus to composition—Mozart had taught the language proper to each instrument—and our Lindleys, our Nicholsons, our Harpers, and our Willmans, felt there was a scope more worthy of their powers than the subordinate station of accompanists. Under these circumstances, then, was the Philharmonic Society set on foot by Mr. John Cramer, Mr. Dance, and Mr. Corri; and the laws then promulgated have undergone no material alteration\*. This happened in 1813, and in the short space of twenty-two years the Society has risen into the first of its class, and possessing the most splendid orchestra in Europe. Such a combination of rare talent as now composes this orchestra will probably never be excelled; it is perhaps touching its zenith; but even should it, after a few years, retrograde, it will have established such a standard of excellence in the country, as must be certain to keep up the aspirations of its artists to a high level.

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\* Of these laws, we add a digest, which will give the reader a general idea of the manner in which the Society is carried on, and of the immense utility it must be as a school to the young professor.

"The primary object of the Philharmonic Society is the encouragement of the superior branches of music, by the establishment of a concert, and combining therein the highest talents that can be procured, for the purpose of forming a full and complete orchestra."

The Society consists of forty members, in whom is vested the property and government of the Society; and of fifty associates, from whom every new member is chosen by ballot. Every member must be twenty-one years of age, must be *bonâ fide* a professor of music, must be proposed by three Members in writing, and must have a majority of two-thirds of the members present in his favour. Seven Directors are chosen yearly from among the Members, three of whom must not have served the office the preceding season. They have the power of making engagements, managing the concerts, and making the concert bills, &c. A Treasurer is chosen yearly—there are also two Auditors, a Secretary, and a Librarian. The subscription is four guineas, for which a ticket for the eight concerts is procured—the families of subscribers paying two guineas a-piece. Each Director and the Conductor has two tickets nightly, and the Leader one. No tickets, except these, are transferable. Foreign professors of great eminence may be elected Honorary Members, by a majority of Members, after being proposed by five, which gives them a free admission for the season. A limited number of female professors are admitted to subscribe upon the same terms and in the same manner as Associates, and are allowed to introduce a resident member of their families at the concerts, on the same terms as those fixed for the families of Members. At the rehearsals, the families of the Members and Associates who are subscribers to the concerts are admitted. The cheapness of these concerts, and the means thus afforded to the young professor for the best study of his art, are here made apparent. At their commencement the Members lent their services gratuitously, but the funds of the Society are now in a condition to grant a salary to each performer; with the exception of the Conductors, we believe every performer is paid. The Society is also in possession of a fine library.

We add a list of the original Members and Associates; and we beg of our readers to observe, as a proof of the low ebb at which orchestral music then stood, that eighteen out of the thirty Members, and twelve out of the twenty-five Associates, are composers, singers, and pianoforte players:—

*Members.*—Messrs. Ashe, C. Ashley, Attwood, Ayrton, Bartleman, Berger, Bishop, Blake, Clementi, R. Cooke, P. A. Corri, Cramer, F. Cramer, Dance, Graeff, Griffin, Hill, Horsley, W. Knyvett, Moralt, Neate, Novello, Potter, Salomon, Sherrington, Shield, Sir G. Smart, Viotti, S. Webbe, jun., Yanewicz.

*Associates.*—Messrs. Beale, Bontempo, Bruguier, Burrowes, Cudmore, H. Gattie, Hawes, C. Horn, Hunter, Kellner, Kramer, Latour, Lord, Meves, P. Meyer, C. Meyer, Mori, Naldi, Peile, T. Rawlings, Saffery, C. Smith, Spagnoletti, Vaccari, T. Welsh.

Many causes have operated to give to the Philharmonic Society that pre-eminence which is freely awarded it by the finest judges, native and foreign. On the Continent—especially in Germany, where each division of the empire is looked upon as the country (or *Fatherland*, to use the expressive term of the inhabitants)—every town has its band and its concert, and they are all good to a certain point. But in England, the focus which ultimately concentrates every ray of genius is the metropolis: London is the only sphere in which talent either has, or thinks it has, room for its expansion. The consequence is, that in London, as is everywhere the case, the finest talents have risen to the top, and have remained so long in undisturbed combination in the Philharmonic, that the most complete amalgamation (if we may so use the term) has ensued, producing a similarity of feeling individually, and a ductility and adhesion generally, that renders the whole band susceptible to every, the slightest shade of expression; makes every impulse act in common, and places the performers in active co-operation with each other, and complete obedience to the conductor. There is no distinction of rank in this orchestra\*: instead of the Ripieni being composed, as in other large bands, of players who can be depended upon only in so far as they will go with the stream, they consist of musicians rendered steady by long experience, and adding to every requisite in execution, a general knowledge of composition, orchestral effects, and classical music. It is this which bestows equalization of power, and a concentration that makes it appear as if every bow were moved by one arm—every wind instrument touched by one lip. The musician who hears the Philharmonic band for the first time, feels that he hears also for the first time that melodious conversation of instruments which art in its perfection ought to produce—not mere melody and sound, of which the single effect on the mind is excitement—but a language that is understood by every hearer, and has the means, like varied eloquence, of addressing itself to every feeling by turns.

No single organ of sound can compete with the human voice†, but no combination of voices could produce an equal effect to a fine band; because, in addition to the sameness of tone, the words give a certain direction to the feelings, while in instrumental music, although there

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\* By this we do not mean to state that there is no difference of station, but talent only raises a performer to the first stands, and below these all are on the same level. The leader of the one night takes his place among the Ripieni of the next, and it is this perfect accordance among themselves, this generous acknowledgment of fellow excellence, that has afforded the Society the no common boast of having continued, without a fear of dissolution, longer than any Society, with the exception of the Ancient Concert, ever existing in England before. In the third year of its formation the only attempt at opposition was made, but it died a natural death.

† We would have it distinctly understood that we neither wish to depreciate vocal music, nor to exalt instrumental unduly. Each has its proper sphere, each its points of superiority, and we confess that we regret to witness the species of hostility that is nourished between the singers and instrumentalists at the Philharmonic. The surpassing brilliancy of the band makes even the finest singing flat. The singers are aware of this, and they are also aware that their hearers, both *behind* and *before* them, can justly appreciate all that they do. The instrumentalists are, perhaps, proudly conscious that they “are upon their own ground,” and in accompaniment they make the singers feel this; but they ought to be aware that they can quite afford to make concessions, and that it would neither lower their dignity, nor take from the perfection of their concert, to accompany as well as they do everything else.



must be a distinct character appertaining to the whole, everybody is allowed to be grave or gay after his own fashion, and we have been frequently amused by watching, during a standard symphony, by what different means the same result was produced, according to temperament: Thus, for example, Beethoven's pastoral symphony would, to the classical scholar, bring back the poetry of Virgil and Horace—to the cultivated English reader, Shakspeare's beautiful creations might be imaged forth—scenes actually witnessed would fill the fancy of others, and the poet and enthusiast would probably create. We have seen all this occurring amongst a Philharmonic audience; but nowhere else, because nowhere else is the illusion so perfectly sustained—nowhere else are we borne along so easily, so gracefully on the "waves of melody," that even their fall cannot dispel our dreams.

With such powers as are possessed by instrumentalists at the present day, and with the rapid improvement that has hitherto taken place in instrumental composition, it is impossible to set limits to its progress; no branch of art ever rose more swiftly to perfection than instrumental composition, and that through the agency of a few. A century ago, the symphony was not in existence; three short lives—Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven—have proved sufficient to bring it to maturity. They have, too, though following one another, chosen each his own path. To Haydn's unity and clearness of design, grace of expression, and scrupulous restriction within the sympathies of his audience, succeeded Mozart's rich and stimulating harmonies, varied and impassioned feeling, and boldness in attempting new effects. Beethoven's characteristics are extreme simplicity of melody, extreme contrast, and daring originality. And thus each master is calculated to excite a different train of feelings in the performers, to draw out different powers, and to assist thereby in developing instrumental perfection in every style—an advantage which has been peculiarly felt by the Philharmonic, inasmuch as they have been the chief means of bringing the three masters into general celebrity. Spohr is not so easily analysed; as an individual violinist, he exacts more sometimes than any *body* of players are capable of, and as a thorough master of science he introduces these difficulties, to produce effects that exist, perhaps, only in his own imagination. He does not stop to consider the possibility, or rather probability of failure, but writes as if for a quartett party, not for a full orchestra. He is before his age, and his works will, we venture to predict, be short-lived as to popularity. Still it is scarcely to be regretted that his genius has thus, in some degree, overshot the mark, because it has afforded the Philharmonic a noble opportunity of displaying its extraordinary powers in the successful performance, after only two general rehearsals, of his last and loftiest work, the symphony on Pfeiffer's *Ode to Sound*, which was played on the first night of the season.

This symphony has given rise to a species of controversy as to how far the real province of descriptive music extends. Its effect on the audience was very various. Those who enjoy music as much by association as for itself, preferred their old friends, Haydn and Mozart; the simple musician admired it only according to the *rules of composition*, but those who read music in alliance with poetry, whether it be linked with words or not, found no interruption to their enjoyment in the translation of the ode appended to the bill for the evening, and traced perhaps

more in Spohr than in the poet himself, because one modulation will frequently describe what it takes a whole stanza to explain. But criticisms clashed on the subject, and one writer hazarded the opinion that "the legitimate domain of instrumental music was the vague and indefinite\*." Now this principle (without stopping to inquire into its validity) would, if carried out to its extent, prohibit descriptive music of every kind, and a principle is nothing worth if not suited for universal adoption. According to such doctrine, Haydn's vividly descriptive symphony to "In splendour bright," would awaken no positive ideas in the mind, or present no actual picture to the imagination; but we contend, that although every individual in an audience would, as we have before observed, see it differently, according to temperament, yet every one *would* see the sun rise in some way or other. The critic who is so fond of the "vague and indefinite," might choose to fancy it rising through a London fog, but fancy it he would. The really legitimate end of instrumental music is to produce simultaneous and vivid general impressions; minute detail renders it frivolous, and lowers it from its proper dignity, but every step which is taken towards making its descriptions clear and striking ought to be looked upon by the artist in the same light as a philosopher regards a discovery in science. If authority will go any way to establish the legitimacy of descriptive music, we may recollect that Haydn began it in the symphony, and confessed that he worked on "a little story." Beethoven has proved what it may effect in his pastoral symphony, and the only question appears to be, whether Spohr has, in the present instance, chosen a suitable subject, and whether he interpreted it faithfully. The latter can only rest a matter of opinion with those who heard it; of the former we shall afford our readers an opportunity of judging, as the ode, it should seem, is well estimated in Germany, and deservedly so, and the translation published by the Philharmonic was scarcely sufficient to do it justice†. We have thus briefly looked through the causes which have led to the establish-

\* The "Atlas," in which the article we allude to appeared after the first Philharmonic, has indulged, with other papers, in a series of violent critiques against the Society through the season. The writers belong to a class of critics who, by sheltering themselves behind two or three well-established names, think both to avoid the plexity of examining new titles to celebrity, and to strike awe into their victims—as children alarm their companions by the terrors of a mask. But they have yet to learn that slippancy carries no weight with it, and that the strictest justice may be tempered. Some of them evidently possess musical knowledge, which makes us regret the more that the cause of criticism should be injured by such a perversion of abilities, which ought to be applied to promoting its "legitimate end"—the improvement of art, not the insult of artists.

† ODE TO SOUND.—(Translated from Pfeiffer.)

" In loneliness the young world lay  
Amid spring's vernal glow,  
Man unenlighten'd trod his way  
Its silent pictures through;  
Wild impulse still his only guide,  
His heart as yet unstrung,  
For him love's language was untried,  
And nature had no tongue.

" Almighty goodness now the spell unbound,  
And breathed into the human heart in sound!  
Love found a voice its magic to express,  
And whisper'd in man's heart its power to bless.

ment and keeping up of this magnificent assemblage of talent, and to its superiority over (we believe we may say *all*) others of the same kind ; let us now consider the advantages it has bestowed. First, then, it has instituted a standard of taste in this country, both as to solo and concerted playing, from which there is no appeal, and which must for ever vindicate our claim to superiority as a really musical, though not a vocally musical, nation. In the next place, it has kept together a band through whose agency the provincial music-meetings have been organized, for there can be no doubt that without such veterans in every depart-

The nightingale her greeting chaunted nigh,  
The forest murmur'd forth its harmony ;—  
Zephyr first waked the sigh within his breast,  
The purling fountain lull'd him into rest.  
Exalted now by holier breathings, see  
The soul, from every earthly bondage free,  
Rises triumphant to the realms on high,  
And courts the dreams of immortality !

“ Hail, holy Sound ! the voice of peace  
Sent from a world unknown,—  
Till life and all its toils shall cease,  
Oh, be thou still our own !  
'Mid the light sorrows of the child  
Yet on its mother's knee,  
Thou sheddest down thy influence mild,  
Changing his grief to glee.  
Breathing around his cradled head,  
To charm his infant rest,  
Ambrosial dreams are o'er him shed  
In gentle songs express.

“ 'Tis thine in the circles of youth to resound,  
Its delights to inspire and enhance,  
In thy voice the forebodings of sorrow are drown'd,  
As it echoes along the light dance.  
Away from the brow its dark shadows are chased,  
Bright flashes the jubilant mind,  
While borne on thy waves, in its frolicsome haste,  
The foot seems to rival the wind.

“ When night's still veil is drawn above,  
The lip of passion breathes thy tone.  
Pouring the fullness of its love  
Into one answering heart alone.  
Hail, sacred Sound ! accents of love,  
Whose magic power alone can dare  
To bid the coldest bosom move,  
And sooth the lover's last despair.

“ But to the phrenzied tumult of the fight  
Thou callest him with spirit-stirring might,  
Teaching the warrior to despise his life,  
When the loud trumpet urges to the strife.  
Care—fear—and peril fade before his eye  
With the first blast of warlike harmony :  
He presses blindly onward through his foes,  
And with a blood-stain'd laurel twines his brows.  
Yet, if thou draw him fearlessly along  
To daring deeds by battle-cry and song,  
Thou canst recall him when the fight is o'er  
By the soft voice of peace, and bid him soar  
Upon devotion's wing ; the conquering band  
Will at thy voice before heaven's footstool stand,  
And suddenly the tide of triumph stem,  
Humbly to thank the God who champion'd them.

ment as the Philharmonic alone can supply, to take the first stands, these festivals could never have been carried into effect as they are at present. The immense stimulus given to art throughout the country by their means, and the consequent sources of benefit and enjoyment that have been opened, we need scarcely stop to comment upon. Last, but not least, the Philharmonic may be looked upon as the only solid *point d'appui* for talent in England. Here it is welcomed, and appreciated, and acquires its best reward in the authority which places it at once upon its proper level, and in the applause of kindred spirits. It is the nucleus round which all that is best and highest in art aggregates. May it long retain the power, which hangs pretty much (we say it out of no disrespect to rising talent) on the lives of its present supporters!

The Philharmonic, however, has its enemies,—secret enemies,—for neither are their grounds of attack sufficiently strong, nor their reasons for it sufficiently clear to admit of openness. Yet, *as the rats are said to forsake a vessel* at the approach of danger, the cavillings even of such frivolous critics should not be despised. Though, as we have said, at its zenith, the society ought not, for the sake of the art, to lose one iota of the high character it now holds. Its performers and performances should all be *first rate*; but we could point out both instrumental solos and songs, besides a concerted piece or two, that have been admitted with too much facility during this season, while perhaps the taste of their more than half professional audience might be better cultivated, and their knowledge enlarged by a more extended research for music that is less known, especially amongst that for stringed instruments. We would also suggest one alteration in the arrangement of the bill,—that the most striking or attractive symphony of the evening should begin the *second* act instead of the first. The approach to languor that is perceptible in the audience when this piece is over, point out clearly that its place should be later in the evening. In conclusion, we shall say to the directors of the Philharmonic, that in their hands still rests the real musical reputation of the country, and, for the sake of that reputation, they must neither lose their high ground by good-natured concessions nor satiate the public appetite by too constant an adherence to old favourites. The medium is difficult, but it must be found and followed.

“ Hail, holy Sound ! thy plaintive tone  
Follows the weary in his gloom,  
When, sever'd from the world, alone  
He sinks into the silent tomb.  
Thou breath’st into the languid ears  
Of the bereaved,—a welcome guest ;  
Unto the tearless giving tears,  
Whisp’ring ‘ the lost one shall be blest.’

“ Hail, holy sound ! Oh, be thou of the dreams  
Of that mysterious realm that o’er us gleams,  
Or but the child of endless space, unknown,  
Untried, a messenger of peace sent down,—  
Forsake me not !—but in thy breathings bland  
Glad me with tidings of thy lovely land,  
And waft me to the home that gave thee birth,  
Spite of the chains that bind me down to earth.”

We do not offer this as a *literal* translation, but it is a faithful transfer of the poet’s *ideas* from his own language to ours ; and we think our readers will agree with us, that it is as suitable a canvass for musical painting as Dryden’s *Alexander’s Feast*, or Milton’s *Allegro*.

## TO THE MONKEY THAT DESCENDED IN A PARACHUTE\*.

"Teach me like thee, in various nature wise,  
To fall with dignity, with temper rise."—POPE.

## INTRODUCTORY SONNET.

Milton ! thou should'st be living at this hour."  
Thine 'twas, oh ! Prince of Poesy, to sing  
Of Satan's scarce imaginable spring,  
Horrid descent, through space : and of the flower  
Of Human hope that fell in Eden's bower.  
Oh ! that the smallest feather of thy wing  
For me were left ; or that a wish could bring  
To my dry pen one drop of thy rich shower.  
Then might I tell, and taste of Fame's sweet fruit,  
Not of descents that dazzle and appal,  
Of spirits doom'd and stars that downward shoot,—  
Of Lucifer,—or angel-flights at all ;  
Not of the fall of *Man*, but of a brute :  
Oh ! then might I relate—the Monkey's Fall !

Oh ! for a line as long as his renown,  
Or equal to the height at which he sat,  
(Ye short hexameters, come up to that !)  
But yester-eve, above the tiptoe town ;  
Eager before to see him mounting up,  
More eager now to see him toppling down,  
With Death to sup !  
Few minutes then had pass'd, since I had seen  
The creature, there like Mahomet's coffin hung,  
Borne round the gardens with a conscious mein  
That spoke as with a tongue,  
And seem'd in native dialect to say—  
" I, and two *human* things, ascend to-day !"  
And from his car of wire he freely flung  
Glances to all the fair, and grins to men,  
With nutshells now and then.  
" 'Tis no mere monkey that you here survey,"  
(By looks said he,)  
" The lion of the gardens you may see  
Even in me !  
Who listens to the roaring of the *others* ?  
Or minds the Hungarian brothers ?  
They may for once confess themselves defeated.  
And as for *Green*--he's really too conceited,  
If he believes on him these thousands wait ;  
I pity his poor human vanity.  
I am the hero of Victoria's *fête*,  
Whate'er *my* fate, on coming down, may be."  
And so he was ! Oh, parish of St. James,  
Oh, Court, exulting in your bright attire,  
How he eclipsed your gaudiest dukes and dames !  
Oh, Aristocracy ! were *he* your sire,

On the occasion of the fête given at the Surrey Zoological Gardens in honour of the birth-day of the Princess Victoria.

You might have worn a crimson robe with grace,  
But, henceforth, be the crimson in your face.  
The wearer of *that* suit a king was born,—

So had we sworn.

Yet how submissive !—see how he submits ;

As little pride as fear

Cometh his philosophic spirit near :

Just like a seer

He sits.

See, to his car they chain him, to its bottom—

Pronounce “ a sentence,” bid “ prepare,”

Yet no wish ‘scapes him that the bears had got ‘em !

How would a little *biped* work his grinders,

And storm, and shriek, and fear,

And kick, and curse his binders !

But *he*—he leaves them almost unupbraided,

He in no clap-trap call on freedom raves,

When thus the subject’s liberty ‘s invaded ;

Nor once cries “ Britons never will be slaves !”

Nor talks of equal rights and equal laws,

Nor rants about his “ cause ;”

Nor promises to read

Dread lessons to the tyrannizing factions ;

Nor threatens Mr. Cross with fifty actions ;

But lets his *foes* proceed,

And never says a word about “ proceedings.”

His doctrine still—though doom’d to such a distance

From all his hopes of future fun and feedings—

Passive obedience and non-resistance !

Spare him, oh ! spare the creature yet, good Cross ;

He is aggrieved, and you’ll be sorely grieved.—

Think what must be your loss,

If the false parachute should come down closed !

State—and the statement may be well believed—

The principal performer’s *indisposed*.

What evil has he done

That he should be the one !

Why have him “ taken up ?” You never can

Possess the right—he may be maim’d past cure ;

Before he makes this dread ascent for man,

You of his own assent should feel secure.

“ You *bought* him, he is yours ?” Why, that is true,

And this idea in your mind may swim,

That *he* should willingly come down for you,

Because *you* came down handsomely for him !

No more, break off ! Mercy, you plead too late,—

The cords are loosen’d, the balloon is up !

Up, up it goeth at a glorious rate,

And with it draws, depending from a line\*

E’en as the thread of spider frail and fine,

The Feature of the Fête.

Oh ! he hath surely drain’d life’s latest cup !

We gaze with mingled feelings ! with the scoff

There comes a shudder, pity checks the gibe :

Never was monkey yet so “ taken off,”

Even when Landseer took off all the tribe !

On, on, they eastward sweep, and still they soar,

And lessen more and more ;

*To the Monkey that descended in a Parachute.*

The monkey swings with them where'er they go,—  
How can we treat our "poor relation" so!

"Sweet little cherub" sitting up aloft,  
With Green above you and with green below,  
'Twixt man and man, may your descent be slow,  
Your tumble soft!

What are his thoughts?—that he shall go, perhaps,  
Back to his woods, and kinsmen for him grieving;  
Or, as he rises, thinks what little chaps

He now is leaving.

Ha! he *returns*,—for see, that spider's thread  
Is severing from the car;—Green now leaves go;  
The height appears at least a mile or so!  
Down, down the Monkey comes, and o'er his head  
The parachute—*unspread*!  
Is he alive, or no?

His rocket-flight must surely end in gloom.

Another moment,—now you can descry

His snow white plume

In the blue sky;—

No wonder the "white feather" he is showing—  
Gods! how he's going.

Now nearer see him, looking like a doll,

Not to be class'd, I fear, with breathing things.

Pinion'd,—ah! would instead that he had *wings*!

What was thy fall to this, oh son of Sol?

But see, look quick, how moves the parachute!

The air has caught, and opens every flute,—

Lo! 'tis expanded o'er the little brute!

How exquisite the gentleness, the grace,

The novel beauty of that calm descending!

Keep it, sweet clement, at this same pace,

And we will scarcely fear an evil ending!

Less awful grows the space;

One almost sees his face,

Peering about in little fright or pain,

Alone with his umbrella, without rein.

Nearer the earth!—safe, almost safe is he,

Much musing on his vehicle's easy action,—

For what should monkeys know of "gravity,"

Though something of "attraction?"

An instant more,—and now the farthest tree

Concealeth the airy-voyager from view:

Again he's on the earth!

Now is it mourning, Mr. Cross, or mirth?

Soon, soon as feet can fly a mile or two,

He's here,—alive—unhurt—most gently hurl'd,—

The living Monkey that has seen the World.

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All who would moralize life's ups and downs,  
The rise of caps and bells, the fall of clowns,  
To thee, full many an admiring trope owe,  
Illustrious Jacopo!

## THE GIPSY OF SARDIS.

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" And thou art far,  
 Asia ! who, when my being overflowed,  
 Wert like a golden chalice to bright wine,  
 Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust."

SHELLEY'S *Prometheus*.

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OUR tents were pitched in the vestibule of the house of Cræsus, on the natural terrace which was once the imperial site of Sardis. A hump-backed Dutch artist, who had been in the service of Lady Hester Stanhope as a draughtsman, and who had lingered about between Jerusalem and the Nile till he was as much at home in the East as a Hajji or a crocodile ; an Englishman qualifying himself for "The Travellers' ;" a Smyrniote merchant in figs and opium ; Job Smith (my inseparable shadow), and myself, composed a party at this time (August, 1834), rambling about Asia Minor in turbans and Turkish saddles, and pitching our tents, and cooking our *pilau*, wherever it pleased Heaven and the inexorable *Suridji*, who was our guide and caterer.

I thought at the time that I would compound to abandon all the romance of that renowned spot, for a clean shirt and something softer than a marble frustum for a pillow ; but in the distance of memory, and myself at this present in a deep morocco chair in the Library at "The Travellers' ;" that same scene in the ruins of Sardis does not seem destitute of interest.

It was about four in the lazy summer afternoon. We had arrived at Sardis at mid-day, and after a quarrel whether we should eat immediately or wait till the fashionable hour of three, the wooden dish containing two chickens buried in a tumulus of rice, shaped (in compliment to the spirit of the spot) like the Mound of Alyattis in the plain below, was placed in the centre of a marble pedestal ; and with Job and the Dutchman seated on the prostrate column dislodged for our benefit, and the remainder of the party squatted in the high grass, which grew in the royal palace as if it had no memory of the foot-prints of the Kings of Lydia, we spooned away at the saturated rice, and pulled the smothered chickens to pieces with an independence of knives and forks that was worthy of the "certain poor man in Attica." Old Solon himself, who stood, we will suppose, while reproving the ostentatious Monarch, at the base of that very column now ridden astride by an inhabitant of a country of which he never dreamed (at least it strikes me there is no mention of the Yankees in his philosophy),—the old greybeard of the Academy himself, I say, would have been edified at the primitive simplicity of our repast. The salt ~~we~~ would have asked if it was Attic) was contained in a ragged play-bill, which the Dutchman had purloined as a specimen of modern Greek, from the side of a house in Corfu ; the mustard was in a cracked powder-horn, which had been slung at the breast of old Whalley the regicide, in the American revolution, and which Job had brought from the Green Mountains, and held, till its present base uses, in religious veneration ; the ham (I should have mentioned that respectable *entremet* before) was half enveloped in a copy of the "Morn-



ing Post," and the bread, which had been seven days out from Smyrna, and had been kept warm in the Suridji's saddle-bags twelve hours in the twenty-four, lay in *dissecta membra* around the marble table, with marks of vain but persevering attacks in its nibbled edges. The luxury of our larder was comprised in a flask which had once held Harvey's sauce, and though the last drop had served as a condiment to a roasted kid some three months before, in the Acropolis at Athens, we still clung to it with affectionate remembrance, and it was offered and refused daily around the table for the melancholy pleasure of hearing the mention of its name. It was unlucky that the only thing which the place afforded of the best quality, and in sufficient quantities, was precisely the one thing in the world for which no individual of the party had any particular relish—water! It was brought in a gourd from the bed of the "golden-sanded Pactolus," rippling away to the plain within pistol-shot of our dining-room; but, to the shame of our simplicity I must record, that a high-shouldered jug of the rough wine of Samos, trodden out by the feet of the lovely slaves of the Ægean, and bought for a farthing the bottle, went oftener to the unclassical lips of the company. Methinks, now, (the wind east in London, and the day wet and abominable,) I could barter the dinner that I shall presently discuss, with its *suite* of sherries and anchovy, to kneel down by that golden river in the sunshine, and drink a draught of pure lymph under the sky of effeminate Asia. Yet, when I was there—so rarely do we recognize Happiness till she is gone—I wished myself (where I had never been) in "merry England." "Merry," quotha? Scratch it out, and write *comfortable*. I have seen none "merry" in England, save those who have most cause to be sad—the abandoned of themselves and the world!

Out of the reach of ladies and the laws of society, the most refined persons return very much to the natural instincts from which they have departed in the progress of civilization. Job rolled off the marble column when there was nothing more to eat, and went to sleep with the marks of the Samian wine turning up the corners of his mouth like the salacious grin of a satyr; the Dutchman got his hump into a hollow, and buried his head in the long grass with the same obedience to the prompting of nature, and *idem* the Suridji and the fig-merchant, leaving me seated alone among the promiscuous ruins of Sardis and the dinner. The dish of philosophy I had with myself on that occasion will appear as a *rechauffé* in my novel (I intend to write one); but meantime I may as well give you the practical inference;—that, as sleeping after dinner is evidently Nature's law, Washington Irving is highly excusable for the practice, and he would be a friend of reason who should introduce couches and coffee at that somnolent period, the digestive nap taking the place of the indigestible politics usually forced upon the company on the disappearance of the ladies. Why should the world be wedded for ever to these bigoted inconveniences!

The grand track from the south and west of Asia Minor passes along the plain between the lofty Acropolis of Sardis and the tombs of her kings; and with the snore of travellers from five different nations in my ear, I sat and counted the camels in one of the immense caravans never out of sight in the valley of the Hermus. The long procession of those brown monsters wound slowly past on their way to Smyrna, their enormous burthens covered with coloured trappings and swaying backward and

forward with their disjointed gait, and their turbaned masters dozing on the backs of the small asses of the East, leading each a score by the tether at his back; the tinkling of their hundred bells swarmed up through the hot air of the afternoon with the drowsiest of monotones; the native oleanders, slender-leaved and tall, and just now in all their glory, with a colour in their bright flowers stolen from the bleeding lips of Houris, brightened the plains of Lydia like the flush of sunset lying low on the earth; the black goats of uncounted herds browsed along the ancient Sarabat, with their bearded faces turned every one to the faintly-coming wind; the eagles (that abound now in the mountains from which Sardis and a hundred silent cities once scared their bold progenitors) sailed slowly and fearlessly around the airy citadel that flung open its gates to the Lacedæmonian; and gradually as you may have lost yourself in this tangled paragraph, dear reader, my senses became confused among the objects it enumerates, and I fell asleep with the speech of Solon in my ears, and my back to the crumbling portico of Cræsus.

The Dutchman was drawing my picture when I awoke, the sun was setting, and Job and the Suridji were making tea. I am not a very picturesque object, generally speaking, but done as a wild Arab lying at the base of a column in a white turban, with a stork's nest over my head, I am not so ill-looking as you would suppose. As the Dutchman drew for *gelt*, and hoped to sell his picture to some traveller at Smyrna who would take that opportunity to affirm in his book that he had been at Sardis, (as *vide* his own sketch,) I do not despair of seeing myself yet in lithograph. And, talking of pictures, I would give something now if I had engaged that hump-backed draughtsman to make me a sketch of Job, squat on his hams before a fire in the corner of the wall, and making tea in a tin pot with a "malignant and turbaned Turk," feeding the blaze with the dry thorn of Syria.\* It would have been a consolation to his respectable mother, whom he left in the Green Mountains, (wondering what he could have to do with following such a scapegrace as myself through the world,) to have seen him in the turban of a Hajji taking his tea quietly in ancient Lydia. The green turban, I may as well say, now that he is dead, (I buried him in the empty sarcophagus\* of Themistocles on the shore of the Piræus, with a heap of Attic salt under his head, and a new stone cover,)—the sign of the Hajji, I say, belonged more properly to myself; for though it was Job who went bodily to Jerusalem, (leaving me ill of a fig-fever at Smyrna,) the sanctity of the pilgrimage by the Mahomedan law falls on him who provides the pilgrim with scallop-shell and sandals, aptly figured forth in this case, we will suppose, by the sixty American dollars paid by myself for his voyage to Jaffa and back. The Suridji was a Hajji, too, and it was amusing to see Job, who respected every man's religious opinions,

\* It has the peculiarity of a *hooked* thorn alternating with the straight, and it is difficult to touch it without lacerating the hands. It is the common thorn of the East, and it is supposed that our Saviour's crown at his crucifixion was made of it.

† Some commentator on the "Life of Themistocles" remarks that "there is the true *Attic salt* in most of his retorts and sayings." It is a little singular that his double sarcophagus, which is set in the rock on the shore of Attica, is nearly filled with the natural deposite of salt from the sea which washes into it. It lies on the shore of the Piræus like snow.

and had a little vanity besides in sharing with the Turk\* the dignity of a pilgrimage to the sacred city, washing his knees and elbows at the hour of prayer, and considerably, but very much to his own inconvenience, transferring the ham of the unclean beast from the Mussulmah's saddle-bags to his own. It was a delicate sacrifice to a pagan's prejudices worthy of Socrates or a Christian.

## II.

In all simple states of society, sunset is the hour of better angels. The traveller in the desert remembers his home,—the sea-tost boy his mother and her last words,—the Turk talks, for a wonder, and the chattering Greek is silent, for the same,—the Italian forgets his moustache, and hums *la patria*,—and the Englishman delivers himself of the society of his companions, and “takes a walk.” It is something in the influences of the hour, and I shall take trouble, some day, to maintain that morn, noon, and midnight have their ministry as well, and exercise each an unobserved but salutary and peculiar office on the feelings.

We all separated “after tea:” the Suridji was off to find a tethering place for his horses; the Englishman strolled away by himself to a group of the “tents of Kedar” far down in the valley with their herds and herdsmen; the Smyrniote merchant sat by the camel-track at the foot of the hill waiting for the passing of a caravan; the Green Mountaineer was wandering around the ruins of the apostolic church; the Dutchman was sketching the two Ionic shafts of the fair temple of Cybele; and I, with a passion for running water which I have elsewhere alluded to, idled up the green bank of the Pactolus, dreaming sometimes of Gyges and Alexander, and sometimes of *you*, dear Mary!

I passed Job on my way, for the four walls over which the “Angel of the Church of Sardis” kept his brooding watch in the days of the Apocalypse stand not far from the swelling bank of the Pactolus, and nearly in a line between it and the Palace of Cræsus. I must say that my heart almost stood still with awe as I stepped over the threshold. In the next moment, the strong and never-wasting under-current of early religious feeling rushed back on me, and I involuntarily uncovered my head, and felt myself stricken with the spell of holy ground. My friend, who was never without the Bible that was his mother’s parting gift, sat on the end of the broken wall of the vestibule with the sacred volume open at the Revelations in his hand.

“I think, Philip,” said he, as I stood looking at him in silence, “I think my mother will have been told by an angel that I am here.”

He spoke with a solemnity that, spite of every other feeling, seemed to me as weighty and true as prophecy.

“Listen, Philip,” said he; “it will be something to tell your mother, as well as mine, that we have read the Apocalypse together in the Church of Sardis.”

I listened with what I never thought to have heard in Asia—my

\* The Mussulmen make pilgrimages to Jerusalem, and pray at all the places consecrated to our Saviour and the Virgin, except only the tomb of Christ, which they do not acknowledge. They believe that Christ did not die, but ascended alive into Heaven, leaving the likeness of his face to Judas, who was crucified for him.

mother's voice loud at my heart, as I had heard it in prayer in my childhood :—

“ Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments ; and they shall walk with me in white : for they are worthy.”

I strolled on. A little farther up the Pactolus stood the Temple of Cybele. The church to which “ He” spoke “ who hath the seven Spirits of God and the seven stars,” was a small and humble ruin of brick and mortar ; but of the Temple of the Heathen Mother of the World remained two fair columns of marble with their curiously-carved capitals, and the earth around was strewn with the gigantic frustra of an edifice, stately even in the fragments of its prostration. I saw for a moment the religion of Jupiter and of Christ with the eyes of Croesus and the philosopher from Athens ; and then I turned to the living nations that I had left to wander among these dead empires, and looking still on the eloquent monuments of what these religions *were*, thought of them as they *are*, in wide-spread Christendom !

We visit Rome and Athens, and walk over the ruined temples of their gods of wood and stone, and take pride to ourselves that our imaginations awake the “ spirit of the spot.” But the primitive Church of Christ, over which an angel of God kept watch, whose undefiled members, if there is truth in holy writ, are now “ walking in white” before the face of the Almighty—a spot on which the Saviour and his Apostles prayed, and for whose weal, with the other churches of Asia, the sublime revelation was made to John—this, the while, is an almost unvisited shrine, and the “ classic” of Pagan idolatry is dearer to the memories of men than the holy antiquities of a religion they profess !

### III.

The Ionic capitals of the two fair columns of the fallen temple were still tinged with rosy light on the side toward the sunset, when the full moon, rising in the east, burnished the other like a shaft of silver. The two lights mingled in the sky in a twilight of opal.

“ Job,” said I, stooping to reach a handful of sand as we strolled up the western bank of the river, “ can you resolve me why the poets have chosen to call this pretty stream the ‘ golden-sanded Pactolus ? ’ Did you ever see sand of a duller grey ? ”

“ As easy as give you a reason,” answered Job, “ why we found the ‘ *turbidus Hermus* ’ yesterday the clearest stream we have forded—why I am no more beautiful than before, though I have bathed like Venus in the Scamander—why the pumice of Naxos no longer reduces the female bust to its virgin proportions—and why Smyrna and Malta are *not* the best places for figs and oranges ! ”

“ And why the old King of Lydia, who possessed the invisible ring, and kept a devil in his dog's collar, lies quietly under the earth in the plain below us, and his ring and his devil were not bequeathed to his successors. What a pleasant auxiliary to sin must have been that invisible ring ! Spirit of Gyges, thrust thy finger out of the earth, and commit it once more to a mortal ! Sit down, my dear monster, and let us speculate in this bright moonshine on the enormities we would commit.”

As Job was proceeding, in a cautious periphrasis, to rebuke my irreverent familiarity with the Prince of Darkness and his works, the twi-

light had deepened, and my eye was caught by a steady light twinkling far above us in the ascending bed of the river. The green valley wound down from the rear of the Acropolis, and the single frowning tower stood in broken and strong relief against the sky, and from the mass of shadow below peered out, like a star from a cloud-rack, the steady blaze of a lamp.

"Allons! Job!" said I, making sure of an adventure, "let us see for whose pleasure a lamp is lit in the solitude of this ruined city."

"I could not answer to your honoured mother," said my scrupulous friend, "if I did not remind you that this is a spot much frequented by robbers, and that probably no honest man harbours at that inconvenient altitude."

I made a leap over a half-buried frieze that had served me as a pillow, and commenced the ascent.

"I could as ill answer to your anxious parent," said Job, following with uncommon alacrity, "if I did not partake your dangers when they are inevitable."

We scrambled up with some difficulty in the darkness, now rolling into an unseen hollow, now stumbling over a block of marble, held fast one moment by the lacerating hooked thorn of Syria, and the next brought to a stand-still by impenetrable thickets of brushwood. With a half-hour's toil, however, we stood on a clear platform of grass, panting and hot, and as I was suggesting to Job that we had possibly got too high, he laid his hand on my arm, and, with a sign of silence, drew me down on the grass beside him.

In a small fairy amphitheatre, half-encircled by a bend of the Pac-tolus, and lying a few feet below the small platform from which we looked, lay six low tents, disposed in a crescent opposite to that of the stream, and enclosing a circular area of bright and dewy grass, of scarce ten feet in diameter. The tents were round, and laced neatly with wicker-work, with their curtain-doors opening inward upon the circle. In the largest one, which faced nearly down the valley, hung a small iron lamp of an antique shape, with a wick alight in one of its two projecting extremities, and beneath it swung a basket cradle suspended between two stakes, and kept in motion by a woman apparently of about forty, whose beauty, but for another more attractive object, would have rewarded us alone for our toil. The other tents were closed, and seemed unoccupied, but the curtains of the one into which our eyes were now straining with intense eagerness, was looped entirely back to give admission to the cool night-air, and, in and out, between the light of the lamp and the full moon, stole on naked feet a girl of fifteen, whose exquisite symmetry and unconscious but divine grace of movement filled my sense of beauty as it had never been filled by the divinest chisel of the Tribune. She was of the height and mould of the younger water-nymph in Gibson's *Hylas*\*, with limbs and lips that, had I created and warmed her to life like Pygmalion, I should have just hesitated whether or not they wanted another half-shade of fulness. The large shawl of the

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\* A group that will be immortal in the love and wonder of the world, when the divine hand of this English *Praxiteles* has long passed from the earth. Two more exquisite shapes of women than those lily-crowned nymphs never lay in the womb—of marble or human mother. Rome is brighter for them.

East, which was attached to her girdle, and in more guarded hours concealed all but her eyes, hung in loose folds from her waist to her heels, leaving her bust and smoothly-rounded shoulders entirely bare, and in strong relief even upon her clear brown skin, the flakes of her glossy and raven hair floated over her back, and swept around her with the grace of a cloud in her indolent motions. A short petticoat of striped Brusa silk stretched to her knees, and below appeared the full trowser of the East, of the same material, narrowed at the ankle, and bound with what looked in the moonlight an anklet of silver. A profusion of rings on her fingers, and a gold sequin on her forehead, suspended from a coloured fillet, completed her dress, and left nothing to be added by the prude or the painter. She was at that ravishing and divinest moment of female life, when almost the next hour would complete her womanhood—like the lotus ere it lays back to the prying moonlight the snowy leaf nearest its heart.

She was employed in filling a large jar which stood at the back of the tent, with water from the Pactolus, and as she turned with her emptied pitcher, and came under the full blaze of the lamp in her way outward, treading lightly lest she should disturb the slumber of the child in the cradle, and pressing her two round hands closely to the sides of the vessel, the gradual compression of my arm by the bony hand which still held it for sympathy, satisfied me that my own leaping pulse of admiration found an answering beat in the bosom of my friend. A silent nod from the woman, whose Greek profile was turned to us under the lamp-light, informed the lovely water-bearer that her labours were at an end; and with a gesture expressive of heat, she drew out the shawl from her girdle, untied the short petticoat, and threw them aside, and then tripping out into the moonlight, with only the full silken trowsers from her waist to her ankles, she sat down on the brink of the small stream, and with her feet in the water, dropped her head on her knees, and sat as motionless as marble.

"Gibson should see her now," I whispered to Job, "with the glance of the moonlight on that dimpled and polished back, and her almost glittering hair veiling her about in such masses, like folds of gossamer!"

"And those slender fingers clasped over her knees, and the air of melancholy repose which is breathed into her attitude, and which seems inseparable from those indolent Asiatics. She is probably a gipsy."

The noise of the water dashing over a small cascade a little farther up the stream had covered our approach, and rendered our whispers inaudible. Job's conjecture was probably right, and we had stumbled on a small encampment of gipsies,—the men possibly asleep in those closed tents, or possibly absent at Smyrna. After a little consultation, I agreed with Job that it would be impolitic to alarm the camp at night, and resolving on a visit in the morning, we quietly and unobserved withdrew from our position, and descended to our own tents in the ruins of the palace.

#### IV.

The Suridji had given us our spiced coffee in the small china cups and filagree holders, and we sat discussing, to the great annoyance of the storks over our heads, whether we should loiter another day at Sardis, or eat melons at noon at Casabar on our way to Constantinople. To the

very great surprise of the Dutchman, who wished to stay to finish his drawings, Job and myself voted for remaining—a view of the subject which was in direct contradiction to our vote of the preceding evening. The Englishman, who was always in a hurry, flew into a passion, and went off with the phlegmatic Suridji to look after his horse, and having disposed of our Smyrniote, by seeing a caravan (which was not to be seen) coming southward from Mount Tmolus, I and my monster started for the encampment of the gipsies.

As we rounded the battered wall of the Christian church, a woman stepped out from the shadow. Through a tattered dress, and under a turban of soiled cotton set far over her forehead, and throwing a deep shadow into her eyes, I recognized at once the gipsy woman whom we had seen sitting by the cradle.

“*Buon giorno, Signori,*” she said, making a kind of salaam, and relieving me at once by the Italian salutation of my fears of being unintelligible. \*

Job gave her the good morning, but she looked at him with a very unsatisfactory glance, and coming close to my ear, she wished me to speak to her out of the hearing of “*il mio domestico!*”

“*Amico piu tosto!*” I added immediately with a consideration for Job’s feelings, which, I must do myself the justice to say, I always manifested, except in very elegant society. I gave myself the greater credit in this case, as, in my impatience to know the nature of the gipsy’s communication, I might be excused for caring little at the moment whether my friend was taken for a gentleman or a gentleman’s gentleman.

The gipsy looked vexed at her mistake, and with a half-apologetic inclination to Job, she drew me into the shade of the ruin, and perused my face with great earnestness. The same to yourself, thought I, as I gave back her glance, and searched for her meaning in two as liquid and loving eyes as ever looked out of the gates of the Prophet’s Paradise for the coming of a young believer. It was a face that *had been* divine, and in the hands of a lady of fashion would have still made a *bello rifacimento*.

“*Inglese?*” she said at last.

“No, *Madrè—Americano.*”

She looked disappointed.

“And where are you going, *filio mio?*”

“To Stamboul.”

“*Benissimo!*” she answered, and her face brightened. “Do you want a servant?”

“Unless it is yourself, no!”

“It is my son.”

It was on my lips to ask if he was like her daughter, but an air of uneasiness and mystery in her manner put me on the reserve, and I kept my knowledge to myself. She persevered in her suit, and at last the truth came out, that her boy was bound on an errand to Constantinople, and she wished safe-conduct for him. The rest of the troop, she said, were at Smyrna, and she was left in care of the tents with the boy and an infant child. As she did not mention the girl—who, from the resemblance, was evidently her daughter—I thought it unwise to allude to our discovery, and promising that, if the boy was mounted, every possible care should be taken of him, I told her the hour on the follow-

ing morning when we should be in the saddle, and rid myself of her with the intention of stealing a march on the camp.

I took rather a circuitous route, but the gipsy was there before me, and apparently alone. She had sent the boy to the plains for a horse, and though I presumed that the loveliest creature in Asia was concealed in one or the other of those small tents, the curtains were closely tied, and I could find no apology for intruding either my eyes or my inquiries. The handsome Zingara, too, began to look rather becomingly *fière*, and as I had left Job behind, and was always naturally afraid of a woman, I reluctantly felt myself under the necessity of comprehending her last injunction, and with a promise that the boy should join us before we reached the foot of Mount Sypilus, she fairly bowed me off the premises. I could have forsworn my complexion and studied palmistry for a gipsy, had the devil then tempted me!

V.

We struck our tents at sun-rise, and were soon dashing on through the oleanders upon the broad plain of the Hermus, the dew lying upon their bright vermeil flowers like the pellucid gum on the petals of the ice-plant, and Nature, and my five companions, in their gayest humour. I was not. My thoughts were of moonlight and the Pactolus, and two round feet ankle-deep in running water. Job rode up to my side.

"My dear Phil! take notice you are nearing Mount Sypilus, in which the magnetic ore was first discovered."

"It acts negatively on me, my dear chum! for I drag a lengthening chain from the other direction."

Silence once more, and the bright red flowers still fled backward in our career. Job rode up again.

"You must excuse my interrupting your reverie, but I thought you would like to know that the town where we sleep to-night is the residence of the 'Beys of Oglou,' mentioned in the 'Bride of Abydos.'"

No answer, and the bright red blossoms still flew scattered in our path as our steeds flew through the coppice, and the shovel-like blades of the Turkish stirrups cut into them right and left in the irregular gallop. Job rode again to my side.

"My dear Philip, did you know that this town of Magnesia was once the capital of the Turkish empire,—the city of Timour the Tartar?"

"Well!"

"And did you know that when Themistocles was in exile, and Artaxerxes presented him with the tribute of three cities to provide the necessities of life, Magnesia\* found him in bread?"

"And Lampsacus in wine. Don't bore me, Job!"

We sped on. As we neared Casabar toward noon, and (spite of romance) I was beginning to think with complacency upon the melons for which the town is famous, a rattling of hoofs behind put our horses upon their mettle, and in another moment a boy dashed into the midst of our career, and reining up with a fine display of horsemanship, put the promised token into my hand. He was mounted on a small Arabian mare, remarkable for nothing but a thin and fiery nostril, and a most

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\* Not pronounced as in the apothecary's shop. It is a fine large town at the foot of Mount Sypilus.



lavish action, and his jacket and turban were fitted to a shape and head that could not well be disguised. The beauty of the gipsy camp was beside me!

It was as well for myself-command that I had sworn Job to secrecy in case of the boy's joining us, and that I had given the old gipsy, as a token, a very voluminous and closely-written letter of my mother's. In the twenty minutes which the reading of so apparently "lengthy" a document would occupy, I had leisure to resume my self-control, and resolve on my own course of conduct toward the fair masquerader. My travelling companions were not a little astonished to see me receive a letter by courier in the heart of Asia, but that was for their own digestion. All the information I condescended to give was, that the boy was sent to my charge on his road to Constantinople; and as Job displayed no astonishment, and entered simply into my arrangements, and I was the only person in the company who could communicate with the Suridji (I had picked up a little modern Greek in the Morea), they were compelled (the Dutchman, John Bull, and the fig-merchant) to content themselves with such theories on the subject as Heaven might supply them withal.

How Job and myself speculated apart on what could be the errand of this fair creature to Constantinople—how beautifully she rode and sustained her character as a boy—how I requested her, though she spoke Italian like her mother, never to open her lips in any Christian language to my companions—how she slept at my feet at the khans, and rode at my side on the journey, and, at the end of seven days, arriving at Scutari and beholding across the Bosphorus the golden spires of Stamboul, how she looked at me with tears in her unfathomable eyes, and spurred her fleet Arab to his speed to conceal her emotion, and how I felt that I could bury myself with her in the Vizier's tomb we were passing at the moment, and be fed on rice with a goule's bodkin, if so alone we might not be parted—all these are matters which would make sundry respectable chapters in a novel, but of which you are spared the particulars in a magazine. There was a convenience both to the dramatist and the audience in the "*cetera intus agentur*" of the Romans.

## VI.

We emerged from the pinnacled cypresses of the cemetery overlooking Constantinople, and dismounting from my horse, I climbed upon the gilded turban crowning the mausoleum of a royal Ichoglan (a sultan's page—honoured more in his burial than in his life), and feasted my eyes on the desecrated but princely-fair birthright of the Palæologi. The *Nekropolis*—the city of the dead—on the outermost tomb of whose gloomy precincts I had profanely mounted, stands high and black over the Bosphorus on one side, while on the other, upon similar eminences, stand the gleaming minarets and latticed gardens of a matchless city of the living—as if, while Europe flung up her laughing and breathing child to the sun, expiring Asia, the bereaved empress of the world, lifted her dead to the same Heavens in majestic and speechless sorrow.

But oh, how fairer than Venice in her waters,—than Florence and Rome in their hills and habitations,—than all the cities of the world in that which is most their pride and glory,—is this fairest metropolis of the Mahomets. With its two hundred mosques, each with a golden

sheaf of minarets laying their pointed fingers against the stars, and encircled with the fretted galleries of the callers to prayer, like the hand of a cardinal with its costly ring,—with its seraglio gardens washed on one side by the sea and on the other by the gentle stream that glides out of the “Valley of Sweet Waters;”—men-of-war on one side, flaunting their red pennants over the nightingale’s nest which sings for the delight of a princess, and the swift caïque on the other gliding in protected waters, where the same imprisoned fair one might fling into it a flower, (so slender is the dividing cape that shuts in the bay,)—with its Bosphorus, its radiant and unmatched Bosphorus,—the most richly-gemmed river within the span of the sun, extending with its fringe of palaces and castles from sea to sea, and reflecting in its glassy eddies a pomp and sumptuousness of costume and architecture which exceeds even your boyish dreams of Bagdad and the caliphs,—Constantinople, I say, with its turbaned and bright-garmented population,—its swarming sea and rivers,—its columns, and aqueducts, and strange ships of the East,—its impenetrable seraglio, and its close-shuttered harems,—its beczestein and its Hippodrome,—Constantinople lay before me! If the star I had worshipped had descended to my hand out of the sky,—if my unapproachable and yearning dream of woman’s beauty had been bodied forth warm and real,—if the missing star in the heel of Serpentarius, and the lost sister of the Pleiades had waltzed back together to their places,—if poets were once more prophets, not felons, and books were read for the good that is in them, not for the evil,—if Love and Truth had been seen again, or any impossible or improbable thing had come to pass,—I should not have felt more thrillingly than now the emotions of surprise and wonder!

While I stood upon the marble turban of the Ichoglan, my companions had descended the street of Scutari, and I was left alone with the gipsy. She sat on her Arab with her head bowed to his neck, and when I withdrew my eye from the scene I have faintly described, the tear-drops were glistening in the flowing mane, and her breast was heaving under her embroidered jacket with uncontrollable grief. I jumped to the ground, and taking her head between my hands, pressed her wet cheek to my lips.

“We part here, Signor,” said she, winding around her head the masses of hair that had escaped from her turban, and raising herself in the saddle as if to go on.

“I hope not, Maimuna!”

She bent her moist eyes on me with a look of earnest inquiry.

“You are forbidden to intrust me with your errand to Constantinople, and you have kept your word to your mother. But whatever that errand may be, I hope it does not involve your personal liberty?”

She looked embarrassed, but did not answer.

“You are very young to be trusted so far from your mother, Maimuna!”

“Signor, si!”

“But I think she can scarce have loved you so well as I do to have suffered you to come here alone!”

“She intrusted me to you, Signor.”

“I was well reminded of my promise. I had given my word to the gipsy that I would leave her child at the Persian fountain of Tophana.

Maimuna was evidently under a control stronger than the love I half-hoped and half-feared I had awakened.

"Andiamo!" she said, dropping her head upon her bosom with the tears pouring once more over it like rain, and, driving her stirrups with abandoned energy into the sides of her Arabian, she dashed headlong down the uneven streets of Scutari, and in a few minutes we stood on the limit of Asia.

We left our horses in the "silver city,"\* crossing to the "golden" in a caique, and with Maimuna in my bosom, and every contending emotion at work in my heart, the scene about me still made an indelible impression on my memory. The star-shaped bay, a mile perhaps in diameter, was one swarm of boats of every most slender and graceful form, the caikjees, in their silken shirts and vari-coloured turbans, driving them through the water with a speed and skill which put to shame the gondolier of Venice, and almost the Indian in his canoe; the gilded lattices and belvideres of the scraglio, and the cypresses and flowering trees that mingle their gay and sad foliage above them, were already so near, that I could count the roses upon the bars, and see the moving of the trees in the evening wind; the muezzins were calling to sunset-prayer, their voices coming clear and prolonged over the water; the men-of-war in the mouth of the Bosphorus were lowering their blood-red flags; the shore we were approaching was thronged with veiled women, and bearded old men, and boys with the yellow slipper and red skull-cap of the East; and, watching our approach, stood apart, a group of Jews and Armenians, marked by their costume for an inferior race, but looking to my cosmopolite eye as noble in their black robes and towering caps as the haughty Mussulman that stood aloof from their company.

We set foot in Constantinople. It was the suburb of Tophana, and the Suridji pointed out to Maimuna, as we landed, a fountain of inlaid marble and brass, around whose projecting frieze were traced inscriptions in the Persian. She sprang to my hand.

"Remember, Maimuna!" I said, "that I offer you a mother and a home in another and a happier land. I will not interfere with your duty, but when your errand is done, you may find me if you will. Farewell."

With a passionate kiss in the palm of my hand, and one beaming look of love and sorrow in her large and lustrous eyes, the gipsy turned to the fountain, and striking suddenly to the left around the mosque of Sultan Selim, she plunged into the narrow street running along the water-side to Galata.

## VI.

We had wandered out from our semi-European, semi-Turkish lodgings on the third morning after our arrival in Constantinople, and picking our way listlessly over the bad pavement of the suburb of Pera, stood at last in the small burying-ground at the summit of the hill, disputing amicably upon what quarter of the fair city beneath us we should bestow our share in the bliss of that June morning.

"It is a heavenly day," said Job, sitting down unthinkingly upon a

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\* Galata, the suburb on the European side, was the *Chrysopolis*, and Scutari, on the Asian, the *Argentopolis* of the ancients.

large sculptured turban that formed the head-stone to the grave of some once-wealthy Pagan, and looking off wistfully toward the green summit of Bulgurlu.

The difference between Job and myself was a mania, on his part for green fields, and on mine for human faces. I knew very well that his remark was a leader to some proposition for a stroll over the wilder hills of the Bosphorus, and I was determined that he should enjoy, instead, the pleasure of sympathy in my never-tiring amusement of wandering in the crowded bazaars on the other side of the water. The only way to accomplish it was to appear to yield the point, and then rally upon his generosity. I had that delicacy for his feelings (I had brought him all the way from the Green Mountains at my own expense), never to carry my measures too ostentatiously.

Job was looking south, and my face was as resolutely turned north. We must take a caique in any case at Galata (lying just below us), but if we turned the prow south in the first instance, farewell at every stroke to the city! Whereas a northern course took us straight up the Golden Horn, and I could appear to change my mind at any moment, and land immediately in a street leading to the bazaars. Luckily, while I was devising an errand to go up the channel instead of down, a small red flag appeared gliding through the forest of masts around the curve of the water side at Tophana, and, in a moment more, a high-pooed vessel, with the carved railings and outlandish rigging of the ships from the far East, shot out into the middle of the bay with the strong current of the Bosphorus, and squaring her lattine sail, she rounded a vessel lying at anchor with the flag of Palestine, and steered with a fair wind up the channel of the Golden Horn. A second look at her deck disclosed to me a crowd of people, mostly women, standing amid-ships, and the supposition with which I was about inducing Job to take a caique and pull up the harbour after her seemed to me now almost a certainty.

"It is a slave-ship from Trebizond, ten to one, my dear Job!"

He slid off the marble turban which he had profaned so unscrupulously, and the next minute we passed the gate that divides the European from the commercial suburb, and were plunging down the steep and narrow streets of Galata with a haste that, to the slippered and shuffling Turks we met or left behind, seemed probably little short of madness. Of a hundred slender and tossing caiques lying in the disturbed waters of the bay, we selected the slenderest and best manned; and getting Job in with the usual imminent danger of driving his long legs through the bottom of the egg-shell craft, we took in one of the obsequious Jews who swarm about the pier as interpreters, coiled our legs under us in the hollow womb of the caique, and shot away like a nautilus after the slaver.

The deep-lying river that coils around the throbbing heart of Constantinople is a place of as delicate navigation as a Venetian lagoon on a festa, or a soirée of middling authors. The Turk, like your plain-spoken friend, rows backward, and with ten thousand egg-shells swarming about him in every direction, and his own prow rounded off in a pretty iron point, an extra piastre for speed draws down curses on the caikec and the Christian dogs who pay him for the holes he lets into his neighbours' boats, which is only equalled in bitterness and profusion by the execrations which follow what is called "speaking your mind." The Jew

laughed, as Jews do since Shylock, at the misfortunes of his oppressors; and, in the exercise of his vocation, translated us the oaths as they came in right and left—most of them very gratuitous attacks on those (as Job gravely remarked) of whom they could know very little,—our respected mothers.

The slackening vessel lost her way as she got opposite the bazaar of dried fruits, and, as her yards came down by the run, she put up her helm, and ran her towering prow between a piratical-looking Egyptian craft, and a black and bluff English collier, inscribed appropriately on the stern as the "Snow-drop" from Newcastle. Down plumped her anchor, and in the next moment the Jew hailed her by our orders, and my conjecture was proved to be right. She was from Trebizond, with slaves and spices.

"What would they do if we were to climb up her side?" I asked of the Israelite.

He stretched up his crouching neck till his twisted beard hung clear off like a waterfall from his chin, and looked through the carved railing very intently.

"The slaves are Georgians," he answered after a while, "and if there were no Turkish purchasers on board, they might simply order you down again."

"And if there were——"

"The women would be considered damaged by a Christian eye, and the slave-merchant might shoot you or pitch you overboard."

"Is that all?" said Job, evolving his length very deliberately from its coil, and offering me a hand the next moment from the deck of the slaver. Whether the precedence he took in all dangers arose from affection for me, or from a praiseworthy indifference to the fate of such a trumpery collection as his own body and limbs, I have never decided to my own satisfaction.

In the confusion of port-officers and boats alongside, all hailing and crying out together, we stood on the outer side of the deck unobserved, and I was soon intently occupied in watching the surprise and wonder of the pretty toys who found themselves for the first time in the heart of a great city. The owner of their charms, whichever of a dozen villainous Turks I saw about them it might be, had no time to pay them very particular attention, and dropping their dirty veils about their shoulders, they stood open-mouthed and staring—ten or twelve rosy damsels in their teens, with eyes as deep as a well, and almost as large and liquid. Their features were all good, their skins without a flaw, hair abundant, and figures of a healthy plumpness—looking, with the exception of their eyes, which were very oriental and magnificent, like the great, fat, pie-eating, yawning boarding-school misses one sees over a hedge at Hampstead. It was delicious to see their excessive astonishment at the splendours of the Golden Horn—they from the desert mountains of Georgia or Circassia, and the scene about them (mosques, minarets, people, and men-of-war all together) probably the most brilliant and striking in the world. I was busy following their eyes and trying to divine their impressions, when Job seized me by the arm. An old Turk had just entered the vessel from the land-side, and was assisting a closely-veiled female to mount after him. Half a glance satisfied me that it was the gipsy of Sardis—the lovely companion of our journey to Constantinople.

"Maimuna!" I exclaimed, darting forward on the instant.

A heavy hand struck me back as I touched her, and as I returned the blow, the swarthy crew of Arabs closed about us, and we were hurried with a most unceremonious haste to the side of the vessel. I scarce know, between my indignation and the stunning effect of the blow I had received, how I got into the caique, but we were pulling fast up the Golden Horn by the time I could speak, and in half an hour were set ashore on the green bank of the Barbyces, bound on a solitary ramble up the Valley of Sweet Waters.

VII.

The art of printing was introduced into the Mahommedan Empire in the reign of Achmet III. and Louis XV. I seldom state a statistical fact, but this is one I happen to know, and I mention it because the most fanciful and romantic abode with which I am acquainted in the world was originally built to contain the first printing-press brought from the Court of Versailles by Mehemet Effendi, Ambassador from the "Brother of the Sun." It is now a *maison de plaisance* for the Sultan's favourite women, and in all the dreams of perfect felicity which visit those who have once seen it, it rises as the Paradise of retreats from the world.

The serai of Khyat-Khana is a building of gold and marble, dropped down unfenced upon the greensward in the middle of a long emerald valley, more like some fairy vision, conjured and forgotten to be dissolved, than a house to live in, real, weather-proof, and to be seen for the value of one and sixpence. The Barbyces falls over the lip of a sea-shell (a marble cascade sculptured in that pretty device), sending up its spray and its perpetual music close under the gilded lattice of the Sultana, and following it back with the eye, like a silver thread in a broidery of green velvet, it comes stealing down through miles of the tenderest verdure, without tree or shrub upon its borders, but shut in with the seclusion of an enchanted stream and valley by mountains which rise in abrupt precipices from the edges of its carpet of grass, and fling their irregular shadows across it at every hour save high noon—sacred in the East to the sleep of beauty and idleness.

In the loving month of May it is death to set foot in the Khyat-Khana. The ascending caique is stopped in the Golden Horn, and on the point of every hill is stationed a mounted eunuch with drawn sabre. The Arab steeds of the Sultan are picketed on the low-lying grass of the valley, and his hundred Circassians come from their perfumed chambers in the seraglio, and sun their untold loveliness on the velvet banks of the Barbyces. From the Golden Horn to Belgrade, twelve miles of greensward, (sheltered like a vein of ore in the bosom of the earth, and winding away after the course of that pebbly river, unseen, save by the eye of the sun and stars,) are sacred in this passion-born month from the foot of man, and, riding in their scaffold *arubas* with the many-coloured ribands floating back from the horns of their bullocks, and their own snowy veils dropped from their guarded shoulders and deep-dyed lips, wander, from sunrise to sunset, these caged birds of a Sultan's delight, longing as wildly (who shall doubt?) to pass that guarded barrier into the forbidden world, as we, who sigh for them without, to fly from falsehood and wrong, and forget that same world in their bosoms!

How few are content! How restless are even the most spoiled

children of Fortune! How inevitably the heart sighs for that which it has not, even though its only want is a cloud on its perpetual sunshine! We were not of those—Job and I—for we were of that school of philosophers\* who “had little and wanted nothing;” but we agreed, as we sat upon the marble bridge sprung like a wind-lifted cobweb over the Barbysses, that the envy of a human heart would poison even the content of a beggar! He is a fool who is sheltered from hunger and cold and still complains of Fortune; but he is only not a slave or a seraph, who, feeling on the innermost fibre of his sensibility the icy breath of Malice, utters his eternal malison on the fiend who can neither be grappled with nor avoided. I could make a Paradise with loveliness and sunshine, if Envy could be forbidden at the gate!

We had walked around the Serai and tried all its entrances in vain, when Job spied, under the shelter of the southern hill, a blood-red flag flying at the top of a small tent of the Prophet's green—doubtless concealing the Kervas, who kept his lonely guard over the precincts. I sent my friend with a “pinch of piastres” to tempt the trowsered infidel to our will, and he soon came shuffling in his unmilitary slippers, with keys, which, the month before, were guarded like the lamp of Aladdin. We entered. We rambled over the chambers of the chosen Houris of the East; we looked through their lattices, and laid the palms of our hands on the silken cushions dimmed in oval spots by the moisture of their cheeks as they slept; we could see by the tarnished gold, breast-high at the windows, where they had pressed to the slender lattices to look forth upon the valley; and Job, more watchfully alive to the thrilling traces of beauty, showed me in the diamond-shaped bars the marks of their moist fingers and the stain as of lips between, betraying where they had clung and laid their faces against the trellice in the indolent attitude of gazers from a wearisome prison. Mirrors and ottomans were the only furniture; and never, for me, would the wand of Cornelius Agrippa have been more welcome, than to wave back into those senseless mirrors the images of beauty they had lost.

I sat down on a raised corner of the divan, probably the privileged seat of the favourite of the hour. Job stood with his lips apart, brooding in speechless poeticalness on his own thoughts.

“Do you think, after all,” said I, reverting to the matter-of-fact vein of my own mind, which was paramount usually to the romantic; “do you think really, Job, that the Zuleikas and Fatimas who have by turns pressed this silken cushion with their crossed feet were not probably inferior in attraction to the most third-rate belle of New England? How long would you love a woman that could neither read, nor write, nor think five minutes on any given theme? The utmost exertion of intellect in the loveliest of these deep-eyed Circassians is probably the language of flowers, and, good heavens! think how one of your *della Cruscan* sentiments would be lost upon her! And yet here you are, ready to go mad with romantic fancies about women that were never taught even their letters.”

Job began to hum a stave of his favourite song, which was always a sign that he was vexed and disenchanted of himself.

“How little women think,” said I, proceeding with my unsentimental vein, while Job looked out of the window and the Kervas smoked his pipe on the sultana's ottoman; “how little women think that the birch

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\* With a difference, “*nihil est, nihil de est,*” was their motto.

and the dark closet, and the thumbed and dog-eared spelling-book, (or whatever else more refined, torments their tender years in the shape of education,) was, after all, the ground-work and secret of their fascination over men! What a process it is to arrive at love! ‘D-o-g, dog,—c-a-t, cat!’ If you had not learned *this*, bright Lady Melicent, I fear Captain Augustus Fitz-Somerset would never have sat, as I saw him last night, cutting your initials with a diamond ring on the purple claret-glass which had just poured a bumper to your beauty!”

“You are not far wrong,” said Job, after a long pause, during which I had delivered myself, unheard, of the above practical apostrophe; “you are not far wrong, *quoad* the women of New England. They would be considerable bores if they had not learned, in their days of bread-and-butter, to read, write, and reason. But, for the woman of the softer South and East, I am by no means clear that education would not be inconsistent with the genius of the clime. Take yourself back to Italy, for example, where, for two mortal years, you philandered up and down between Venice and Amalfi, never out of the sunshine or away from the feet of women, and, in all that precious episode of your youth, never guilty, I will venture to presume, of either suggesting or expressing a new thought. And the reason is, not that the imagination is dull, but that nobody thinks, except upon exigency, in these latitudes. It would be violent and inapt to the spirit of the hour. Indolence, voluptuous indolence, of body and mind, (the latter at the same time lying broad awake in its chamber, and alive to every pleasurable image that passes uncalled before its windows,) is the genius, the only genius, of the night and day. What would be so discordant as an argument by moonlight in the Coliseum? What so ill-bred and atrocious as the destruction by logic of the most loose-spun theory by the murmuring fountains of the Pamfili? To live is enough in these lands of the sun. But *merely* to live in ours is to be bound, Prometheus-like, to a rock with a vulture at our vitals. Even in the most passionate intercourse of love in your northern clime, you read to your mistress, or she sings to you, or you think it necessary to drive or ride; but I know nothing that would more have astonished your Venetian *bionda* than, when the lamp was lit in the gondola that you might see her beauty on the lagune in the starless night, to have pulled a book from your pocket, and read even a tale of love from Boccaccio. And that is why I could be more content to be a pipe-bearer in Asia than a schoolmaster in Vermont, or, sooner than a judge’s ermine in England, to wear a scrivener’s rags, and sit in the shade of a portico, writing love-letters for the peasant-girls of Rome. Talk of republics,—your only land of equality is that in which to breathe is the supreme happiness. The monarch throws open his window for the air that comes to him past the brow of a lazzaroni, and the wine on the patrician’s lip intoxicates less than the water from the fountain that is free to all, though it gush from the marble bosom of a nymph. If I were to make a world, I would have the climate of Greece, and no knowledge that did not come by intuition. Men and women should grow wise enough, as the flowers grow fair enough, with sunshine and air, and they should follow their instincts like the birds, and go from sweet to sweet with as little reason or trouble. Exertion should be a misdemeanor, and desire of action, if it were not too monstrous to require legislation, should be treason to the state.”

“Long live King Job!”

SLINGSBY.

(To be continued.)



## WEEDS AND FLOWERS.—NO. I.

## 1.—HOW TO THRIVE AT COURT.

*Manuel.* Look at yon rascal heliotropes ! The sun  
Brings forth rank weeds to-day. Behold, where climbs  
A parasite bard to our new favourite's ear !  
And there—a broad-faced, simple, staring rogue  
Bleats out an useless lie.

*Friend.* Scorn catch the villain !

*Manuel.* He has no truth.

*Friend.* He has no *wit*. Such fellows  
Spur their dull, stumbling tongues, until come forth  
Fictions so weak that none believe 'em.—Pah !  
I love a huge, strong, firm, unblushing lie,  
One that would take a town——

*Manuel.* I understand.

*Friend.* One that's improbable—impossible—  
Where none can see the end, or prove it false.

*Manuel.* What, Old Mohammed (when the pigeon pick'd  
The peas from out his ears) did please you better,  
Than if he had minced his fables into bits,  
Below the cunning of a conjuror ?

*Friend.* I do confess it ; and I counsel you,—  
Give your imagination wing to-day.  
You have a present for the favourite :  
Deck it in splendid words. A homely gift  
(Though Phidias-carved) will lend your suit no help.  
He comes ! Remember what I say. Speak high,—  
Give your words way.

*Manuel.* I'll try what I can do.

(COUNT enters, dictating to a Clerk.)

*Count.* So, put it down at length—nothing omit.  
'Tis of much moment, Sir : A dinner spoil'd  
Is so much time made mournful,—this, at the least ;—  
But here, where a *king* is feasted, we must be  
As ceremonious and particular—  
Nay, Sir, much more so—than if we did feed  
The shrine o' the church with incense. See it done.

[Clerk exit.]

*Friend.* Now is the time, Sir. Offer him your present.

*Manuel.* My Lord !—(He sees me not.)

*Count.* How is 't with Manuel ?

Well, Sir ? How is your sister, fair Valeria ?

*Manuel.* My lord, I have been free with you.  
Hearing that you did feast the king to-day,  
I have sent you an Indian bird, stuck full of spices,  
To ornament your board. 'Tis a rare dainty,  
Living upon the Himalayan tops,  
And caught as seldom as the Phoenix was.  
None save the kings of Delhi, once a year,  
(Upon their high-wrought coronation days,)  
E'er eat of 't ; upon which occasions, they  
Grow wild in its praises o'er their Shiraz wine,

And issue edicts, that whoe'er shall taste 't,  
Beneath the rank of monarch, straight shall die.

*Count.* A million thanks, excellent Manuel!

It is the very wonder I would have.

And edicts 'gainst it? 'Twill be doubly sweet.

Good Manuel, I thank thee. Come to me

To-morrow—anytime. If I can serve thee?

*Manuel.* I thank your Lordship. Yes: some other time,—  
When you have leisure—

*Count.* It is done, good Manuel.

Sleep soundly: it is granted. Fare you well!

[*Exit.*]

*Friend.* Now where's your parchment list of services?

Your wounds? your losses? Pshaw!—prop up thy merit

With gold, and presents, and fine words,—and *then*

'Twill stand like Cohorn's bastions. Let the courtiers

Blow blasts of slander on thee,—thou'lt survive;

When, hadst thou been no more than what thou art,

(An able soldier, a deserving man,)

Dismay and ruin had o'ertaken thee.

## 2. SONG.

Whilst April lasts, I'll love thee, dear,

And dwell on thy sweet voice;

And when May comes loud laughing here,

In love I'll still rejoice;

Rejoice, and through the warm May noon

Still love thee as before;

Till Summer leads in dazzling June,

And then—I'll love thee more.

And thus, from spring to summer morn,

I'll love, and so remain,

When Autumn blows her sullen horn,

And Winter brings her rain.

No autumn shall the soul decline,

No winter touch the heart;

But Love, the planet, still shall shine,

Though earth's best days depart.

## 3. THE PLEASURES OF AN HEIR.

[*Juan, a Soldier of Fortune, becomes possessed of great wealth and rank, on the death of his brother.*]

*Pedro.* Welcome, my Lord.

*Juan.* (*To himself.*) I look around, in vain.

Dull Memory cannot find the ancient track

Wherein I wandered. I see nothing left.

The wizard's tower—the bittern-haunted mere—

The two great elms, between whose trunks I swung

(Laughing at Heaven beneath their cloudy hair)—

And all the joy of life—the innocence—

Are gone!—and whither?

*Pedro.* Welcome to Burgos, Sir.

*Juan.* Is't Pedro? no?

*Pedro.* Yes, your old servant, Sir.

*Juan.* Take all the thanks I have: as yet, I am  
But rich in sorrow. What a mournful calm  
Hangeth, methinks, upon this house, and clothes  
The very air with grief! As we pass'd in,  
The birds sang nought but melancholy tunes,  
And the pines answer'd the sad wind with sighs,  
Doubling its sorrow.

*Pedro.* All must die at last.

*Juan.* That's certain: yet, Death's a strange spirit, and hath  
A Janus face. One side is dark with frowns;  
T'other like sunny day. Once, I could meet  
The phantom grim, and laugh. The grave was then  
E'er open by me. Now, high blossoming hopes  
Should branch out 'tween me and my hollow home,  
Hiding its nearness. Do I shake?

*Pedro.* Not so, Sir.

Your eye looks sparkling still, and free from dread.  
*Juan.* Then it belies my heart; for that is sad.  
'Tis true I once could well have laid me down—  
Down in the dust, and been content to die:  
But that was when my brother, like a king,  
Lorded it here, in Burgos. I, the while,  
A needy soldier, carved my bloody way  
To safety, or in peace ate bitter bread.  
But *now*, my brother lord is in the grave,  
(Peace to't!) and I am, as he was,—a Prince,  
I feel a shudder when I think that death  
May pull the silken pillow from my head,  
And let me down to ruin.

#### 4. INSCRIPTION.

*(For two Sister Trees.)*

These Trees, now growing here in freshest earth,  
Memorials are of two fair sisters' birth.  
The slips from which they sprang, and still spring free,  
Were cut in autumn from the self-same tree;  
And so each twain are sisters. We, who now  
Inscribe this tablet-stone, have breathed a vow,  
That should our children die, these trees shall fall.  
Pray therefore, from your hearts, sweet strangers all,—  
Pray gently, without end, that axe or knife  
May never come and cut the green twins' life;  
But that, through all the seasons, sun and breeze  
May nourish them by sure and fair degrees;  
Till each (its century of summers past)  
May sigh to drop its leaves, and rest at last.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE..

MR. PAYNE COLLIER's publication of some "New Facts regarding the Life of Shakspeare" has called back my attention to a subject, from which other circumstances had unwillingly withdrawn me. I shall prefix to the following chapters of the Confessions of Shakspeare, a few remarks on these discoveries, in the hope of more immediately interesting the reader in the great subject they refer to. The "facts" are unquestionably of importance, if only as a proof that such earnest and laudable zeal as Mr. Collier's, if well directed, may get its reward. It is a pity that it has come so late. But it is with this as with other things. We waste our opportunities till they cannot be recalled, and fix our desires most intently on what it is too late to attain. Four folio editions of the works of Shakspeare were published to satisfy the demands of his admirers in the century which followed his death; but no one asked for, and no one furnished unasked, a single explanatory note, or the annexation of a particle of biographical anecdote. This was because so many of his relatives still survived, that the information was to be had for asking! During the greater part of this period nothing could exceed the popularity of Shakspeare's plays. His plays were the only delight of playgoers, the only salvation of the property of managers, the closet companions of the studies of monarchs. Leonard Digges protests that the audiences—

"would not brook a line  
Of tedious, though well-labour'd Catiline;  
Sejanus, too, was irksome; they priz'd more  
'Honest' Iago, or the jealous Moor.

\* \* \* \* \*

E'en the 'Fox' and 'Alchemist,' at a friend's desire  
Acted, have scarce defray'd the sea-coal fire,  
And door-keepers; when let but Falstaff come,  
Hal, Poins, the rest, you scarce shall have a room;  
All is so pester'd. Let but Beatrice  
And Benedick be seen, and in a trice  
The cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full—"

—yet of him, by whose wonderful influence all men, whether in grief or gladness, were thus made better and happier, no one knew anything, nor cared to know! Shakspeare's sister, Joan Hart, lived till 1646; Mrs. Hall, his favourite daughter, lived till 1649; his second daughter, Judith, was living at Stratford in 1662; and Lady Bernard, his granddaughter, did not die till 1670. A few words from Mrs. Hall would have greater value now than the hundred volumes of ponderous feebleness amassed by "commentators." So infinite has been the labour, and so trifling the reward!

Mr. Collier's discoveries relate chiefly to the pecuniary circumstances of Shakspeare. It will be recollected that I gave a statement in the first paper of this series by which it appeared that, in a list of the sharers and actors of the Blackfriars theatre, in 1596, Shakspeare's name stood

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\* Such was the popularity of Shakspeare in 1627, that, in the April of that year, the King's Company, then playing at Blackfriars, purchased the interference of the Master of the Revels to prevent the players of the Red Bull theatre from performing any of his productions.

fifth. From the names, however, that stood before him it could not, with any certainty, be gathered from this circumstance that it was decisive of anything like prosperous circumstances. Mr. Collier now produces, from the MSS. at Bridgewater-house, the names of the company of sixteen sharers seven years earlier, at the close of 1589, in which Shakspeare's name also appears, but as low as twelfth upon the list. When it is recollected, therefore, that only four sharers held a rank subordinate to his at this period, and only three at the next date within our knowledge (that of 1596), and that such men as Kempe and Armin, who were of very low repute—the buffoons, in fact, of the company—have places in these lists,—I do not think we have any reason to consider Shakspeare's position in the world as at all considerable during these years,—or that his life was not meanwhile, as I shall have occasion to show in one of the chapters of these Confessions, even supposing the evidence admitted of a progressive advancement into consideration, thwarted by many obstacles, and attended with the severest struggles; with poverty, with contumely, and neglect. The possession of half a share, it is shown by one of Mr. Collier's discoveries, was sufficient to entitle its owner to rank as a shareholder, and the value of this, exaggerated by the possessor's own estimate, ranks little higher than about a hundred pounds. Up to 1596, in fact, I maintain, and shall show by evidence more emphatic than Mr. Collier's (Shakspeare's own), that the worldly circumstances of this great writer were anything but easy. I believe the commencement of his fortune to have been his acquaintance with the Lord Southampton, and the influence it won for him among persons "of worship."

When Shakspeare arrived in London in 1586, it is certain that, desirous of winning his way quietly and unobtrusively—mistrustful perhaps of even his wonderful genius—he offered his services to the managers of the Blackfriars' Theatre, as willing, in addition to his duties of acting, to alter plays, and amend or re-write scenes. "Titus Andronicus" may have had the first bold strengthening of his hand. Sure I am that when Marlowe heard some of the new portions of that tragedy, he must have felt, for the first time, his own "mighty line" in danger. With envy of this sort Shakspeare had certainly to struggle. His labour on "Titus Andronicus" fitted him, we may imagine, for the gigantic sketch of Talbot, which he inserted in the old play that now passes for the first part of "Henry the Sixth." It would be interesting, if this were a fitting opportunity, to mark the progressive changes in his manner of altering the plays submitted to him, as he grew more self-possessed and conscious of his power. "Pericles" I take to have been the first in which he suffered his genius to have a perfect scope. The sweetness, delicacy of sentiment, ease and truth, observable throughout this production, are extreme. In it are to be seen first developed to any extent a peculiarity in the rhythm of Shakspeare, which has been noticed by Mr. Coleridge. Examined narrowly, by this alone, his alterations (which are very extensive) may be seen to half a line. I allude to the exquisite perfection he reached in the flowing continuity of interchangeable pauses. His varied images "symbolical of moral truth," as Coleridge says, thrusting by and seeming to trip up each other, from an impetuosity of thought, produce a metre which is always flowing from one verse into the other, and seldom closes with the tenth syllable of the line. The success of

"Pericles" may have given Shakspeare the "share" we now find him in possession of, while it stimulated him to original efforts. The second and third parts of "Henry the Sixth" were the result, and these were followed by "Richard the Second," and "Richard the Third." Spenser, about this time, in a passage which cannot be misunderstood, alludes to his fondness for these high historical subjects, and characterises him as one

"Whose muse, full of high thoughts' invention,  
Doth, *like himself*," heroically sound."

I have little doubt that it was the circumstance of his having shown this fondness for heroic subjects, to which he was first indebted for the attentions of the chivalrous Earl of Southampton, and to these, as I have already said, I am inclined to attribute his increasing weight among the players at a period so early. Taking the matter in this view, it is natural he should have felt the odium and annoyance of his personal position still more bitterly. (as we shall see he must have done;) and that the difficulties in his profession, which continued for some time to beset him, must have eaten into his heart with a more corroding sorrow. Of the public, that

"Huge-siz'd monster of ingratitude,"

he could not be certain. His fellow-writers and actors had already assailed him. Greene, in his "Grot's-worth of Wit," had sneered at him as the bombaster out of a blank verse, (in allusion, as I fancy, to "Titus Andronicus," and Talbot,) and as the "only Shake-scene in the country." Chettle, who published this pamphlet, accompanied it with a statement about Greene, which was meant as a discouragement of Shakspeare. He calls him a man of "singular pleasance," and, "*to no man's disgrace be it spoken, the only comedian of a vulgar writer in this country.*" This was towards the end of 1592. About this time, however, I take Shakspeare's acquaintance with Southampton to have commenced. Mark the effect it had. Chettle, who had published Greene's impertinence, and added to it an impertinence of his own, now (within a year of the affront) comes forward with an "apology." He withdraws his phrases of offence. He says in their disproof—"myself hath scene his demeanour *no less civil than excellent* in the qualitie he professes. *Besides, divers of worship* have reported his uprightness of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art." It is easy to perceive the source of this unwilling praise, and to fancy how little the pleasure was it could give to Shakspeare. No wonder we find him speaking, as I shall shortly show he does, on the subject of his art, and the untoward difficulties of his life. We may fancy them, though in one sense improved, in another embittered, by this alliance with Lord Southampton. His gratitude, however, was due no less, and accordingly, in 1593, he publicly proclaimed it by the dedication of his poem of "Venus and Adonis," and, in 1594, by that of the "Rape of Lucrece." "*The warrant I have of your honourable disposition,*" he says in the latter, "not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. *What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours.* Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life,

\* Shake Spear!

still lengthened with happiness." Setting aside the exaggerated courtesy of the time, Shakspeare here refers unquestionably to services conferred upon him. Greater services were to follow. In 1596, as I have shown, we can scarcely presume him to have been other than struggling still with difficulty and opposition. Two or three years after this, I believe him to have first emerged from that sort of dependence which accompanies such struggles. It is clear that his chief source of remuneration must have been in his authorship; yet, in 1598, if Malone's researches are to be taken, and they are generally our best guide, he did not produce a single play. What was the cause of this? I believe it to be at least a reasonable supposition, that it was at this time the Lord Southampton had, as Rowe states on the authority of Sir William Davenant, given the poet a thousand pounds, "*to enable him to go through with a purchase which he had heard our poet had a mind to,*" and that this purchase was no other than that considerable share in theatrical property which it must be presumed he was in possession of in 1602, when James the First granted to Laurence Fletcher and Shakspeare, as leaders of the Chamberlain's Company, the patent for playing at the Globe in the summer, and Blackfriars in the winter. Mr. Collier himself says, there is no sufficient reason to deny this gift.

Here, then, I would draw the line in Shakspeare's pecuniary circumstances. Up to this period he must have felt dependent; working, as it were, without reward; finding it difficult to avail himself even of what he earned; striving to make the best of his troubles, but unable to keep them aloof, or to tempt them to leave his door. But once "set afloat" in his circumstances, his course was a triumphant one. He was then indeed, as Daniel the poet, in one of Mr. Collier's recently discovered papers, peevishly describes him—"The author of playes now daily presented on the public stage of London, and the possessor of no small gaines." In 1602, he produced "Hamlet," and then, for the first time daring to indulge the thought of a closing life of quiet independence in his native town, he bought his house of New Place with a hundred and seven acres of land;—delighted, as we may imagine, to anticipate his departure from scenes which, if they had witnessed his triumph, had witnessed also his exceeding trouble; and venturing at that moment to think the enjoyment of an actual estate in Warwickshire, better than any reliance on the

"Estate which wits inherit after death,"

which he never much troubled himself about at any time. Within the five years that succeeded, he produced, among many of his greatest plays, "Othello," "Lear," and "Macbeth," and in the proceeds which reverted to him out of the profits of the theatres where they were acted, and in which he had become so considerable a sharer, we may now indeed trace his advancement in the world. He had availed himself of his first opportunity of quitting the stage. After representing the "majesty of buried Denmark," he took his name from the list of actors. He gave up the ghost, as we may say. Mr. Collier's recent discoveries materially assist us in the further inquiry into his circumstances. No further doubt, indeed, can possibly rest upon them, from the date of this period of his life. Among the fines preserved at the Chapter House, there is a document relative to the purchase by him, in 1603, of a messuage with barn, granary, garden, and orchard, at Stratford-on-Avon, for 50*l.*; which Mr. Collier produces. It was before known, that

in 1605 Shakspeare gave 440*l.* for the lease of a moiety of great and small tithes of Stratford. Mr. Collier completes our sum of information on this head by producing another document of a very remarkable kind, discovered by him among the papers of Lord Ellesmere at Bridgewater House. The Corporation of London, as it was well known, had a continued grudge against what they deemed the nuisance of the Blackfriars Theatre, and made repeated efforts to get the players removed. These efforts were for some years unsuccessful, till at last a proposition seems to have been entertained for buying out the shares and properties of the theatre, and so getting rid of the nuisance in that expensive way. The document in question purports accordingly to be the statement of the precise sum claimed by each sharer, on his share and other property, and seems to have been laid, with other documents relating to the subject, before Lord Ellesmere, then Lord Chancellor. I quote Shakspeare's claim:—"Item. W. Shakspeare asketh for the Wardrobe and properties of the same play house 500*l.* li and for his 4 shares, the same as his fellowes Burbadge and Fletcher viz 933*l.* li. 6*s.* 8*d.*—1433*l.* li. 6*s.* 8*d.*."—his own estimate, it will be recollected; and stated, of course, at its very highest amount, both for the sake of the compensation claimed generally by the company, and of throwing as many obstacles as possible in the way of the citizens, who had sought to annoy them. Still it is curious and important in a high degree, and may be received as the most authentic testimony on the point it refers to, that we have yet obtained. If the shares are taken, as stated in another part of the document, to have produced on an average, "one year with another," 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, the twenty shares into which the theatre seems to have been divided, would net an annual sum of 666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, or something less than 3400*l.* of our present money. Shakspeare's annual income, therefore, from the receipts of the Blackfriars Theatre at this date, without the amount paid him for the use of his wardrobe and properties, would be 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* Add that amount, with the actual sums received by him on the production of his new plays, to his profits upon the same number of shares which he of course held (the two theatres were one concern) in the Globe—and we shall not be disposed to call Mr. Collier's estimate an exaggerated one, which fixes the yearly income of the poet at 300*l.*, which is not far short of 1500*l.* of our present money. Proportionate we may conceive the consideration to have been, in which he was henceforward held, for to his death the "yellow slave" continued to minister to him—(whose service, as *about this time* he bitterly described it—

"Will knit and break religions, bless the accurs'd,  
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd, place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
With senators on the bench; this is it  
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;  
She whom the spital house, and ulcerous sores,  
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
To the April Day again")

—and Shakspeare died the richest man—the possessor, at least, as we believe, of the best and largest house—in his native town of Stratford-on-Avon.

I have thus endeavoured to draw the line from which this prosperity may be dated, because many of the Confessions which follow might



otherwise have confused the reader. In this, I think it will be found, I have on the whole succeeded. Mr. Collier himself, in the last and most interesting of his recent discoveries, furnishes a striking corroboration of my view. He has produced, from the same bundle of papers at Bridgewater House which was found to contain the documents relating to the disputes between the players and the corporation, the copy of a letter addressed, we must conclude, to Lord Ellesmere, in order to induce him to exert himself on behalf of the actors. Of the authenticity of this letter, from its internal evidence, I do not think a doubt should be entertained: nor will any one be hardy enough to dispute Mr. Collier's opinion that the initials at the close, H. S., stand for Henry Southampton—ever the constant friend and patron of Shakspeare, in whose continued good fortune the earl may be supposed to have taken a more than ordinary interest, if, as I have suggested, he was the person from whom its first impulse came. This letter is a personal introduction of Richard Burbadge and William Shakspeare by their names and professions, to the noble individual to whom it is addressed, in order that they might state to him their case, and interest him in behalf of the persecuted players. Lord Southampton begins by alluding to the many good offices he had received at Lord Ellesmere's hands. Their acquaintance is matter of history. After alluding to the subject of the introduction, the earl then says:—"These bearers are two of the chiefe of the company: one of them by name Richard Burbadge, who humbly sueth for your lordship's kind helpe, for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the word and the word to the action most admirably." "Hamlet" had been produced before this, as I have already mentioned; and Burbadge, not, as is commonly supposed, Joseph Taylor, was its original representative. Shakspeare is afterwards described:—"The other is a man no whit lesse deserving favor, AND MY ESPECIAL FRIENDE, till of late an actor of good account in the companie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English playes, which, as your lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Queene Elizabeth. when the companie was called upon to performe before her Ma<sup>tie</sup>. at Court at Christmas and Shrovetide." I disagree with Mr. Collier in fixing 1608 as the date of this letter, because, from the terms employed at its conclusion, it would seem to have reference to the dispute in an earlier stage—when the players were threatened with a gross injustice, and before the corporation had been brought to offer compensation. The document on which Mr. Collier founds his suggestion (the estimate of the value of the shares) appears to me, on the other hand, a virtual abandonment of anything like the accusation of injustice against the corporation. Fix the date of this letter a year or two earlier, and the passage which relates to Shakspeare's recent quitting of the stage confirms my view of the period of his departure. The letter concludes thus:—"This other hath to name William Shakspeare, and they are both of one countie, and indeede almost of one towne; both are right famous in their qualitties, though it longeth not to your lo. gravitie and wisdom to resort unto the places where they are wont to delight the publike care. Their trust and sute now is not to bee molested in their waye of life whereby they maintaine themselves and their wives and families (being both married and of good reputation) as well as the widowes and orphans of some of their

dead fellows.” The reader of this will perhaps have done me the favour to recollect, that in my first paper of this series I mentioned Burbadge, contrary to the received notion, as a Warwickshire man, and one of others from the same county, whose success in the Blackfriars theatre was likely to have given Shakspeare the first thought of trying his fortune there. This interesting letter, as we have seen, confirms this; and Mr. Collier now adds to it the sanction of his excellent opinion. Lord Southampton’s allusion to “gravity and wisdom” keeping away from theatres, is a pleasant confession for himself—of whom, at the period of Shakspeare’s greatest popularity, honest Mr. White wrote to Sir R. Sidney, that “my Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland pass away their time in London merely in going to plays every day.”

If it is thought that too great an effort has been made in these remarks to connect the worldly success of Shakspeare with the patronage of the young Earl of Southampton, instead of leaving it, as Mr. Collier does, to be considered altogether as the naturally progressive result of his genius and admirable industry,—let the judgment be suspended till the following Confessions are read. They are the completest, the most interesting, the noblest, records of the private history of Shakspeare that now remain to us—and I would keep them, if possible, undisturbed. When Lope de Vega was thought to be in the receipt of thousands of ducats from his dramatic writings, he was complaining to himself and to his son of ill usage, and neglect, and poverty—and his memory has been unjustly attacked for this. I would not have the same injustice done to his illustrious English contemporary. Genius is a grand thing, but it is in immortality alone that its possessors can build their secure reversion, or trust to their safe reward. Writers, the contemporaries of Shakspeare, and inferior in genius to him alone, have struggled almost hopelessly till they found rest in the grave. The only grand possessions they enjoyed, the only things in which they could delight or pride themselves, are still ours, imperishable and incorruptible! and for these, their thoughts and their verse, the only happy portion of what was theirs, they have become immortal. “Serene and smiling” are they now, though in the shades of death,

“Because on earth their names

In Fame’s eternal volume shine for aye—”

—but while they lived, their life was difficult and wretched, and the world to them, as to Marina, in delightful Pericles, “was as a lasting storm, hurrying them from their friends.” Marlow had such a life, and it closed in a sudden and frightful death. Ben Jonson, in the midst of Shakspeare’s successes, was living on the charity of a friend, as we ascertain from a memorandum which occurs in a private diary of the time. “Ben Jonson, the poet, now lives upon one Townsend, and scorns the world.” This, however, was beginning too soon to scorn it. It had not done with its benefactor. He lived to be obliged to write plays for his existence, with a brain girt round with pain, and to hear of their being hissed by the “inconstant multitude.” I might make out a melancholy list, but I shall close with the name of Massinger. Life was, indeed, to this eminent writer, a long wintry day, of “shadows, clouds, and darkness.” I recollect reading a letter of his to a person of the name of Henslow (a sort of pawnbroker; one who advanced money upon wearing apparel, the wardrobes of actors, till he enriched himself out of their necessities

with an enormous theatrical property), in which the unfortunate poet solicits the advance of a few pounds, to which he was in fact entitled, with the humility and self-abasement of a mendicant asking alms. The memorial of his mortality accords but too well with these passages in his life: "March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger."

I may add that on reference to the life of Massinger, I find, in this wretched solicitation for money, two persons, not unknown in that day as writers, nor forgotten now, Nathaniel Field and Robert Daborne, joined with the greater poet, and that the sum they implored was *five pounds*! I mention it, however, because it illustrates forcibly a point I have already touched on, and shall have greater occasion to allude to in a portion of these Confessions—I mean the uncertainty of theatrical property, which must have kept its owner, however apparently prosperous, in a continual state of anxiety and dread. These very persons, Robert Daborne and Nathaniel Field, whom we see in such great distress with Massinger in 1613 or 1614, had been sufficiently prosperous some five years before to apply for and obtain from the King a patent "to bring up and practise children in plaies by the name of the children of the Queen's revells"—a patent which is produced among Mr. Collier's recent discoveries, and the first draft of which contains, curiously enough, the name of Shakspeare—as if he had meant to join them in the first instance, but had afterwards been diverted from his intention. Another fact, incidentally mentioned by Mr. Collier, I shall avail myself of in further illustration. Some years after Shakspeare had sold his property in the theatres, and quitted London, the Privy Council itself seems to have "entertained the plan of removing the Playhouse (Blackfriars), and of making compensation to the parties." Mr. Collier produces the original report on the value of the property made accordingly by the aldermen of the ward and two other magistrates; from which it appears that the company of the actors themselves first put a gross sum of 16,000*l.* upon the Blackfriars Theatre and its appurtenances; that, being called upon for particulars, they advanced their claim to 21,990*l.*; but that the magistrates, "extraordinary as it may seem," subsequently reduced the whole demand to only 2900*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Such is the value, it may be remarked, in passing, of a player's estimate of his own property! But it will be unjust to glance any serious discredit, therefore, at what we have seen was Shakspeare's estimate. The truth is, that after he quitted London, theatrical property certainly declined, and continued to do so in the years which followed. I can scarcely consider, therefore, that the confusion which must have so sadly existed in the minds of these poor players, between what their property had been worth and its present worthlessness, is at all extraordinary. So early as 1615, when Shakspeare had only retired to Stratford two years, I find, in addition to the causes which must always render such property uncertain, a pretty plain reason for its more speedy decline in this instance. John Chamberlain, in writing to Sir Dudley Carleton, describes the plays then performing as "such poor stuff, that instead of delight, they send the auditors away with discontent." "Indeed," he continues, "our poets' brains and inventions are grown very dry, insomuch that of five new plays, there is not one that pleases, and therefore they are driven to furbish over their old, which stand them in best stead, and bring them most profit."

Shakspeare must have smiled if he heard this, sitting in his quiet retirement on the banks of the Avon!

## CHAPTER III.

## SHAKSPEARE'S MISTRESS.

I occupied the last chapter of these Confessions with a particular introduction to the two striking passages in the history of the life and thoughts of Shakspeare, which are illustrated in his Sonnets. I shall devote the present to as graphic a sketch as I am able to give of his connexion with the woman I have there recorded. A passion more remarkable in all respects was never, perhaps, felt by any heart, strong for suffering equally as for joy—and never, certainly, was a passion expressed with greater vividness or fervour; with a finer luxuriance of imagination, or a more trembling delicacy of sentiment; with so rapt a joy, or a despair so afflicting yet so noble!

It will startle the reader to see Shakspeare as he will now be presented, the victim of an unhappy and ill-starred love. In his dramatic writings he appears elevated above all this, as if he were a god. His lightly-moved, and all-conceiving spirit, as Goethe has exquisitely described the poet's, steps forth like the sun from night to day, and with easy and calm transition tunes his harp to joy or woe. Our laughter and our tears obey his will, all the resources of man's life and thought crowd round him at his pleasure, and at his bidding the world of imagination and the world of reality come spinning into a little space before us! If, as our life would but too sadly intimate, from the disproportion of its desires and attainments, we ordinary men, while fancying ourselves awake, do only dream,—how truly should we guess of the life of such a man as Shakspeare, that he must have passed that dream like one awake; viewing the strangest and most baffling of human incidents from an eminence where they never affected him; availing himself of them, in his character of teacher and prophet, of friend both to gods and men, only as a part of the past and the future; conscious of them always as of the existence of the actual world, which lies open in all its parts before him, but mixing himself up as little with them, as though between that world and him a great gulf were fixed. How often, indeed, have we actually thought this of Shakspeare, till we only of late discovered how falsely we had thought it. View him here!

The name of the mistress of Shakspeare remains unknown. It is impossible ever to discover a clue to it. Through many sonnets he has addressed to her, during a passion of several years, we have not even an allusion to her Christian name. There may have been some feeling of consideration and delicacy in this. The cynical style of literature had certainly at that time not come into vogue. Rousseau had not set the example, so well followed since, of publishing the confessions of others under the pretence of writing one's own. Veiled and nameless as she is, however, she lives for us, as she lived to Shakspeare, in the passionate joy and sorrow she awakened into life, to live in his verse, as it preyed upon his heart, for ever! These are indeed "true rights;" her existence is as actual as Shakspeare's own; it is no

“poet's rage  
*And stretched metre of an antique song*”

to which we owe it, but to that extraordinary fascination which the actual life of man can confess perhaps only once, and with which she swayed resistlessly the heart of the greatest writer of the world. What can have been the source of this power of fascination over a being so wonderful? Was it worthy?—could it have been unworthy? These are questions the reader shall answer. It has never yet been that imagination, passion, or self-will, were governed or controlled by reason: it will not be startling to find them ungoverned here. The mightiest and most intellectual of queens submits to be

“commanded  
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
 And does the meanest chares;”

and we may not claim for the greatest man, who once confesses such an influence, exception from the chances which govern the meanest. Intensity of feeling, indeed, is even more than ordinarily likely, in his case, to make up for disproportion of objects, should such disproportion exist. One thing, at least, we know: the personal charms of the mistress of Shakspeare were unquestionably great.

In one of his temporary separations from her, he draws upon the wealth of nature for materials to describe her beauty. The picture is a charming one, not in the memory of the lady alone, but in all the circumstances which attend it. The scene is—

“in the spring,  
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,  
*Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;*  
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.”

But neither the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell of flowers,

“Could make him any summer's story tell,  
*Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;*”

because, in her absence, the very birds seem mute to him; and, in spite of the flowers, it is winter still †. He cannot speak then of enjoyment, but sweetly chides them:—

“The forward violet thus did I chide:—  
 Sweet thief, whence did thou steal thy sweet that smells,  
 If not from my love's breath? The purple pride  
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.  
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
 And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:  
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
 One blushing shame, another white despair:  
 A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,  
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;  
 But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth,  
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
 But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee §.”

Before any one hastily condemns this for conceit, let him be sure that

\* Sonnet 17.

† Sonnet 98.

‡ Sonnet 97.

§ Sonnet 99.

he has experienced a true passion. Conceits, if these are to be called such, seem to me of the very essence of a deep and imaginative love. Here, at all events, are materials for an exquisite portrait, which (having added a few more touches to it) I shall leave the reader to complete. "My mistress' eyes are raven black\*," says the poet; and again, addressing them, he exclaims,—

"Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;  
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain†."

But this is anticipating. Pain has not yet visited the poet—the beautiful has not yet vanished, "to return not!" He has, in this, a lot such as how many have experienced! It is an old story. He loves, he implores, he obtains, he trusts, he is deceived! "Fair, kind, and true‡," is all his argument at first—three that "till now never kept seat in one §."

Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
Still constant in a wondrous excellence || "

On all sides he is, as he thinks, secure and happy. His own sincerity does not allow him to doubt the sincerity of her. He has accepted the favours of her love with a transport of gratitude; and upon the large faith of that moment alone he seems almost able to sustain himself thereafter. I could quote several sonnets in illustration of this, expressed in terms of unequalled tenderness, purity, and sweetness; but with an air of reliance on her truth, rather, perhaps, than that of certainty that she is true :—

"But what's so blessed fair that fears no blot;  
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know if not ¶."

A darker shadow of doubt at last falls over him. These are the things we most ardently pursue. A fancy which thwarts and disturbs us we cannot shake off; for we never try to do it. We strain our sight after it, aching as it is, should it ever threaten to leave us, and bring it back within the sphere of our vision in exaggerated colours. Shakspeare, finding himself in a position of fear and doubt, hurries to anticipate all evil. While uncertainty is with us, we can afford to be certain of the worst; it is only when the worst comes, that we would desperately reason it away. But mark, in this instance, the fine self-controlment of the poet's nature. Thinking she may be false; that the time will come when she shall no more greet him with "that sun, her eye;"—his first impulse is, that this may be his fault, not hers; that there may indeed be no sufficient cause why she should continue to love him, through all his ill-deservings\*\*. Against himself he uprears his hand, that he may "guard the seasons on her part††." He is content to believe her "too dear for his possessing:"—

"For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
And for that riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting‡‡."

\* Sonnet 127.

§ Sonnet 105.

\*\* Sonnet 49.

† Sonnet 132.

|| Sonnet 105.

†† Sonnet 40.

‡ Sonnet 105.

¶ Sonnet 92.

‡‡ Sonnet 87.

Let us not detract from the beauty of this sentiment, when we see it shaken before the nearer approach of what he fears; for that comes in a shape he had not dreamt of. She may have ceased to love him, but was she false with another? *Such had become the common talk.* Persons whom he meets in the street hint it to him, and commiserate him, and offer him advice with all the malice of their friendship! This is hard to bear. I can conceive the following written in the midst of gushes of tears—

“ If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
What means the world to say it is not so?  
If it be not, then love doth well denote  
Love’s eye is not so true as all men’s; no,  
How can it? *O how can love’s eye be true,  
That is so vex’d with watching and with tears!*” \*

But again, recovering himself, with that surviving faith and remoteness from things worldly, which may fall into the error at times of a child-like simplicity, but yet never fails to indicate at all times a mind of the very highest order, Shakspeare clings to the hope that she may still be “ honest.”

“ That thou art blam’d shall not be thy defect,  
For slander’s mark was ever yet the fair;  
The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
*A crow there flies in heaven’s sweetest air.*  
So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
Thy worth the greater.” †

Thus does affection seek to perpetuate itself, and so for itself it survives when every reasonable trust is gone! Shakspeare’s hope was vain. The next scene we are permitted to witness in this strange history of emotion, is one in which the abused heart of the lover, bursting with a suspicion now ripened, by increasing evidence, into certainty, cannot restrain itself from venting its reproaches. But how exquisitely tender they are, though expressed with a settled melancholy! He compares her transgression to the base clouds which he has noticed ride over the celestial face of a glorious morning, after it has been seen to

“ *Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye.*” ‡

The lady speaks repentingly, and with shame and sorrow. The poet’s grief, stronger for her than for himself, receives no consolation—

“ Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;  
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:  
The offender’s sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence’s cross.” §

In this there is no selfishness. Love sometimes wears its aspect. But while selfishness works on others for its own, love is anxious only for those others’ sake. To many, these reproaches of Shakspeare may seem unequal to the occasion: but they must recollect the “ strong toil of grace” with which he had to struggle, and the peculiar circumstances (they have been previously treated by the writer) under which it had been flung around him. The lady weeps, and is triumphant!

“ Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,  
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.” ||

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\* Sonnet 148.

† Sonnet 70.

‡ Sonnet 33.

§ Sonnet 34.

|| Sonnet 34.

Well had he made his Passionate Pilgrim exclaim—

*" Oh father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear ! "*

A victim to this witchcraft he now willingly yields. The lady improves her occasion. Her grief at being pardoned exceeds her grief under reproaches, and over the heart of Shakspeare she reseats tyrannous love upon a firmer throne. He becomes her apologist—and with what exquisite sweetness !

*" No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :  
Roses have thorns and silver fountains mud." \**

After this interview I can conceive the poet, removed from the immediate influence of her presence, summoning up before him all the hopes he had seen decay, and shuddering at the prospect which that vision opened ! Where was any hope for the future in the memory of the past ? Was he to enjoy only another fool's paradise, that he might find himself again the tool of her levity, her intrigue, her tears ! It is too late for a thrall to remonstrate, when he has confessed and submitted to his thralldom. He writes to her—a poor consolation !

*" So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
Like a deceived husband ; so love's face  
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new ;  
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :  
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
In many looks the false heart's history  
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,  
But heaven in thy creation did decree  
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell,  
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be ! " †*

Did Shakspeare, as he wrote these words, " like a deceived husband," glance back a thought to his house in Stratford-upon-Avon ? This I shall have occasion, in a subsequent chapter, to inquire into. Strange that at this very time his greatest contemporary, Lope de Vega, the Shakspeare of Spain, should have been, in the same shape of writing, confessing to himself his secret thoughts ; pouring forth in sonnets a miserable love, for which he saw no hope of return, and resenting the claims of a neglected wife.

*" Ay de aquel alma a padecer dispuesta  
Que espera su Rachel en la otra vida  
Y tiene a Lia para siempre en estra." ‡*

But what were now the " thoughts and the heart's workings " of the mistress of Shakspeare ? Did she prove herself worthy of his renewed trust ? Did she continue to hold within the influence of her extraordinary charms the devotion of the greatest man that the world had known ?

\* Sonnet 35.      † Sonnet 93.

‡ Ill fate is his

Who hopes for Rachel in the world to come,  
And chain'd to Leah drags his life in this.

Again, in a subsequent sonnet, he expresses the following thought :—

*But woe to him whose ill-placed hopes attend  
Another's life, and who, till that shall pass,  
In hopeless expectation wastes his own !*



The Duc de la Rochefoucault has a shrewd remark in his book, to the effect that many women there are who never have had one intrigue, few there are who have had only one. Shakspeare's mistress is no exception. Once surrendered to license, she soon abandoned herself to it! One of the most extraordinary women of her time she must certainly have been, to have "luxuriously picked out" such hearts as she did to place them beneath her feet! Shakspeare soon discovered she had an intrigue with one of his public associates, also an eminent poet\*; and had subsequently to endure the agony of knowing that the purity of the dearest friend he had on earth had been destroyed "by her foul pride†." Is this word "pride" the solution of such a woman's career? Or what other vice may it be? For to "love" (as she did) always proves the least error of a woman who *abandons* herself to the passion. "Viros," says Cicero, "ad unum quodque maleficium singulæ cupiditates impellunt; mulieres autem ad omnia maleficia cupiditas una ducit." Was it possible, during her intercourse with Shakspeare, whom she swayed with as extraordinary and true a passion as ever agitated man, that she did not herself experience its truth? Did she never try to *persuade herself* that it was real? In the early part of her connexion with him it is certain, as we have seen, she thought the continuance of his devotion a game at least worth playing for. Is it possible that she ever mistook that desire for a more real feeling? A woman of her tendency is perhaps more likely than any other to labour under the imperious necessity of being deeply and lastingly loved at least by one, whatever vanities she may choose to receive, or to bestow on, others. Or had the many vices which it is too clear she must have fallen into recklessly after her utter abandonment of virtue, entirely possessed their victim? Mrs. Jameson, in one of her most charming books, the "Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets," equally delightful for its taste and feeling, and for its exquisite intermingling of poetry and subtle criticism, has devoted a few lines to one or two of the sonnets in which this extraordinary woman is mentioned, and describes her as likely to have been "one of a class of females who do not always, in losing all right to our respect, lose also their claim to the admiration of the sex who wronged them, or the compassion of the gentler part of their own who have rejected them‡." I am much mistaken if she was one who would have submitted to "compassion." She is more of the Vittoria Corrombona order, and would have spurned it as that white devil did, or as Cleopatra spurned "the sober eye of dull Octavia."

Her infidelities, however, struck only by slow and unwilling degrees on the trusting heart of Shakspeare. Soon after the first reconciliation I have described, when he seems to have lived in the midst of cruel agitations of pleasure and suspicion,

"Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon

Doubting the filching age, will steal his pleasure §,"

a short separation took place. She left London, it is to be presumed,

\* Sonnets 80, 83, 86.

† Sonnet 144.

‡ "Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets. Biographical Sketches of Women celebrated in Ancient and Modern Poetry." By Mrs. Jameson. Second Edition, Vol. I. p. 240.

§ Sonnet 75

on some visit to the country. It is clear, from several sonnets\*, that she had given him a portrait of herself before she went, and desired him to keep the original

"With the gentle closure of his breast†!"

What powers of fascination this woman must have had! The original does indeed remain there, occupying that home till all was waste and void within it, and his own heart had no place of strength or refuge! It was during this absence he first discovered her connexion with some other eminent poet of the time. Here (as he ever does in speaking of himself) he teaches a lesson of noble modesty. He writes to her to say he had heard this—

"Oh, how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name‡."

Again,

"I am a worthless boat, •  
He of tall building, and of goodly pride§!"

He tells her, however, at the close, of one consolation, should the worst of his fears be realised—

"—if he thrive, and I be cast away,  
The worst was this—my love was my decay||!"

These fears were indeed realised, but yet he struggles with his passion. I now mark a change in her style of addressing him. Secure of him now past doubt, seeing how completely she has enslaved him, she assumes the language of reproach. There is wonderful consolation in this, when we feel we have been committing an injury. "He does not write so often." "Why?" Shakspeare answers, with an allusion to his new rival—

"When your countenance filled up his line,  
Then lack'd I matter—that enfeebled mine¶!"

In another sonnet, referring to the same reproach, he mingles most sweetly the language of love with a slight bitterness—

"There lives more life in one of your fair eyes  
Than both your poets can in praise devise\*\*!"

Another instance of this occurs, when, under cover of a jest, he intimates her strength of will—

"For nothing hold me so it please thee hold,  
That nothing me a something sweet to thee:  
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
And then thou lov'st me—for my name is WILL††."

But she has ascertained her success in this assumption of the language of offence, and does not fail to follow it up. He reasons against this in vain; he then calls her "tyrannous‡‡." She ceases, we may suppose, to upbraid him, but betrays coldness in her looks. Exquisitely natural is the change which follows from him—"Wound me," he says, "not with thine

\* Sonnet 47, &c. † Sonnet 48. • ‡ Sonnet 80. § Sonnet 80.

|| Sonnet 80.

¶ Sonnet 86.

\*\* Sonnet 83.

†† Sonnet 136. "Will" was the name by which Shakspeare always passed among his friends at the theatre. The older and more serious gentlemen were invariably addressed with dignity, such as "Mr. Bryan," "Mr. Pope," &c. But

"Marlow, renowned for his rare art and wit,  
Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit.  
Mellifluous Shakspeare, whose enchanting quill  
Commanded mirth and passion, was but Will!"

‡‡ Sonnet 131.

eye, but with thy tongue!" He calls on her for her reproaches; nay, he exclaims—

"Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,  
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside!"

Let us, if possible, not misjudge this bewildering passion. Stronger it seems to grow as the danger of loss comes nearer. In this woman, whoever she was, he seems to have fancied that he worshipped at least the image of a better nature; and if it is permitted us to find, in this unexpected view we have of Shakspeare in his fondest, and most passionate, and most despairing moments, that, divinely intellectual as he was, he was at heart also one of the most affectionate and sensitive of beings—we may forgive the weakness of our nature it betrays, for the strength with which it reassures us. Viewed for the purposes, and in sustainment of the hopes, of humanity, it is not a loss to know that "he who, in the omnipotence of genius, wielded the two worlds of reality and imagination in either hand—who was, in conception and in act, scarce less than a God, was in passion and suffering not more than a MAN."

She would seem to have granted his last bitter request in all the triumphant recklessness of 'ner nature. The poet is dissatisfied. We cannot dictate any mode of torture, and then thank the torturer for compliance. There is something touchingly *déchirant* in the natural and piteous contradiction the following gives to what he had before solicited:—

"Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press  
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain.  
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so†."

And yet he feels that these requests are needless,—and implores at last for "patience, tame to sufferance§." That is his only resource. Rousseau proposed in his "Emilius" to educate a perfectly reasonable being, one who should "LOVE AND BE WISE." Behold one of the wisest of men! There must be contradiction in these terms. LOVE AND SUFFER!! Try as he will to escape, he cannot. Wisdom does not help him. The same exquisite and delicious sensibility which had made his pleasure a transport, makes his disappointments agonies indescribable,—yet he endures them, and loves on. Whence, he passionately asks—

"Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
The more I hear and see just cause of hate||?"

Was it the very wonderful power of his imagination that did this? Was he able, as it were, to abstract evil from itself by combining it with all the forms of imagination? There was still in this woman, through all her successive sins and shames, a power of amazing fascination and beauty. This his fancy clung to. But her beauty she made common! Not the less was that beauty. Some one (the late Mr. Hazlitt, I believe) said of Peg Woffington that she flung away the gem of her beauty, but its value was not destroyed. So for the beauty of this woman (*quasi* beauty and for its power of fascination)—that even at last remained for the

\* Sonnet 139. † Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets, vol. i. p. 241.

‡ Sonnet 140.

§ Sonnet 58.

|| Sonnet 150.

poet. In the very dirt of London streets she may have flung that diamond, but still the poet could again for his imagination reclaim it, a diamond as it was lost. To all else he was obliged desperately to shut his eyes and to cheat himself into the fancy that "then do mine eyes best see\*." For this he was content that they should "behold and see not what they see†,"—that they should "what the best is, take the worst to be‡,"—and so "keep anchor'd in the bay where all men ride§." The "wide world's common-place||" she might have become, but yet for him she existed still,—so all-redeeming and all-powerful was the action of her beauty!

"How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame  
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!  
Oh! in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!  
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise:  
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.  
Oh! what a mansion have those vices got,  
Which for their habitation chose out thee ¶!"

Her accomplishments, too, must have been great,—her powers of entertainment, her fancies to adorn her beauty, must have made it indeed triumphant! She was certainly a sweet musician, and played Elizabeth's music, the virginals:—

"How oft when thou, my music, music play'st,  
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand! •

And he adds an exquisite line—

• "——— with those dancing chips  
O'er whom, thy fingers walk with gentle gait \*\*."

It will have been seen, by many of the recent passages I have quoted, that Shakspeare's persuasion not only of her faithlessness, but almost of her "commonness," now fully existed††. She had given him, indeed, too many fatal proofs of it. The last and bitterest seems to have been the betrayal of his young and passionately beloved friend into her power. Of this strange passage in the "story of this woman's days," and of the remarkable men with whom she has managed to associate herself for ever, I shall speak at greater length in the next Chapter of these Confessions, ON THE FRIEND OF SHAKSPEARE. It had the deepest effect of all upon the poet, though at first he struggles to contest with it. He thinks he must hate her: he tries all the excuses he can for that he

\* Sonnet 43.

† Sonnet 137.

‡ Sonnet 137.

§ Sonnet 137.

|| Sonnet 137.

• ¶ Sonnet 95.

\*\* Sonnet 128.

†† The descent was, as I have already remarked, a matter of course. "A woman, when she has once stepped astray, seldom pauses in her downward career till 'guilt grows fate, that was but choice before.'" There is a remarkable exception to this, however, in the case of Nell Gwynn—a most delightful account of whose life may be seen in the book from which the above observation is taken, "The Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second," by Mrs. Jameson. There, too, is Nell's glowing picture, among a set of loves and graces equally glowing, and only less bewitching. The book is a rich gallery. For the pleasantest and most characteristic sketches of them in the world see Sir Ralph Esher.

still loves her. Cruel is the agitation with which the passions of this love act, and react upon each other! But he submits again!—

“Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes\*!”

So difficult was it in Shakspeare to surrender even this habit of loving. But that seldom fails to remain in affectionate hearts, though the reason for it has been discovered imaginary, and to exist no more. Love has everlasting memories, and memories still carry in their train the possibility of having, what has been too sweet to part with utterly, again restored.

I may close here for the present the story of the mistress of Shakspeare. I shall have other occasions to render it more complete, but they occur in the subjects to which my succeeding chapters will be devoted, and must be treated of there. I may say here, however, before quitting it, that after her intrigue with his friend, the bitterness of their intercourse would seem to have been great on both sides. She has wronged him so deeply that nothing remains for her but to complete it by adding dislike to her injury, and thus visiting upon him in the last effectual shape the sin of her own injustice. This would seem to have been the end. This rankles in his breast, till it leaves him no more vain excuses for his passion. It becomes a raging “fever,” and he calls on “death to end it †.”

“Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
And frantic mad with ever more unrest;  
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen’s are,  
At random from the truth vainly express’d;  
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,  
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night‡.”

Tragedy, it has been said, opens the chambers of the human heart, by leaving nothing indifferent to us that can affect our common nature. “It excites our sensibility by exhibiting the passions wound up to the utmost pitch by the power of imagination, or the temptation of circumstances; and corrects their fatal excesses in ourselves by pointing to the greater extent of sufferings and of crimes to which they have led others.” How often has Shakspeare illustrated this in his amazing writings; behold him illustrating it in himself! See the chambers of his own heart open, “a sphere of humanity.” It is this which has induced me to endeavour to take advantage of the “key” with which he had himself “unlocked” that mighty heart. It is for others to determine whether I have succeeded§. Here, at least, is sufficient in these Confessions to balance their evil with good; the greatness of the one may serve to illustrate only an extreme desire for the other, and a determination to sustain that desire, at all events, through every shape of suffering. We have endured a DISCIPLINE OF HUMANITY.

The concluding chapters of these Confessions will be devoted to the “Friend of Shakspeare,” to the “Melancholy and Discontent of Shakspeare,” and to “Shakspeare’s Sense of his own Genius,” and the “Value he set upon Posthumous Fame.”

\* Sonnet 40.

† Sonnet 147.

‡ Sonnet 147.

§ I have at least had the honour of suggesting an article on the Sonnets of Shakspeare to an accomplished French writer; and I have to thank an able critic in the “Morning Herald” for an admirable notice of the subject.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO LITTLE  
PEDDLINGTON.

FELIX HOPPY, Esq., Master of the Ceremonies at Little Peddlington, has conferred upon the world in general, and upon me in particular, a never-sufficiently-to-be-appreciated favour, by the publication of the Little-Peddlington Guide. At the approach of the summer season,—that season when London (and since the pacification of Europe, all England) is declared to be unendurable by all those who fancy that they shall be happier anywhere than where they happen to be, and who possess the means and the opportunity of indulging in the experiment of change of place; at the approach of that season, this present, I found myself, like Othello, “perplexed in the extreme.” The self-proposed question, “And where shall I go *this* year?” I could not answer in any way to my satisfaction. I had visited, as I believed, every spot in Europe which celebrity, from some cause or other, had rendered attractive. I had climbed many thousands of feet up Mont Blanc, and had stood on the very summit of Greenwich Hill; I had “swam on a gondola” at Venice, and “patience” in a punt at Putney; had found my way through the dark and tangled forests of Germany, and lost it in the Maze at Hampton Court; bathed in the changing waters of the Rhône and in the *consistent* mud of Gravesend; beheld the fading glories of old Rome, and the rising splendours of New Kemp Town; I had heard the *Miserere* performed in the Sistine Chapel, and the hundred-and-fourth psalm sung by the charity-boys in Hampstead church; I had seen the Raphaels at Florence, the Corregios at Dresden, the Rembrandts at Rotterdam, and the camera-obscura at Margate; I had tasted of Caviare on the shores of the Black Sea, and of white-bait on the banks of Blackwall; I had travelled on a Russian sledge and in a Brentford omnibus; I had been everywhere (in Europe—the boundary of all my travelling projects), done everything, seen everything, heard everything, and tasted of everything. Novelty, and change of scene, are the idle man’s inducements to travel: for me there remained neither. I was—to use a melancholy phrase I once heard feelingly uttered by a young nobleman who had not then attained his twentieth year—*blasé sur tout!* Still the unanswerable question recurred—“And where shall I go *this* year?”

As for the hundredth time I exclaimed, “And where shall I go *this* year?” a packet was sent me by my bookseller, who has a general order to supply me with all voyages, travels, journeys, tours, road-books, guides, and atlases, as soon as published. The parcel contained new editions of “Denham’s Travels in Africa,” of “Humboldt’s in South America,” and of “Parry’s Voyages;” together with, just published, and wet from the press, “The Stranger’s Guide through Little Peddlington, by Felix Hoppy, Esq., M.C.” Throwing aside the rest as unimportant to my present purpose, I, on the instant, perused this last. No longer was I doubtful concerning my “whereabout.” Little Peddlington, thought I, must be a Paradise! And had not my desire to visit this heaven upon earth been sufficiently excited by the exquisite lines so aptly quoted by the M.C. from the charming poem of the “tuneful Jubb,”—

"Hail, Pedlingtonia! hail, thou favour'd spot!  
What's good is found in thee; what's not, is not!"—

had not the promise of so much to gratify as well the intellect as the senses induced me thither; a feeling of shame, the consciousness that the bitter reproof uttered by the M.C. himself applied in its fullest force to my case, would alone have urged me to make the *amende honorable* by an immediate journey to the place.

"Well may it be said," he exclaims, "that Englishmen are prone to explore foreign countries ere yet they are acquainted with their own; and many a one will talk ecstasically of the marble palaces of Venice and Herculaneum, who is ignorant of the beauties of Little-Pedlington."

True, true, indeed! and, myself standing in that predicament, I felt the sarcasm the more acutely. It was a suffering of a nature not long to be borne with patience; so I resolved to book a place for that same evening in the Little-Pedlington mail.

Not a little was my astonishment on learning that there was *no* mail to that celebrated place; but great indeed it was when I was informed that there was no public conveyance whatever *direct* thither! However, I found that the Winklemouth coach (which ran nearer to it than any other) would set me down at Poppleton-End; that there I should be pretty sure of meeting with some one who would carry my luggage to Squashmire-gate, a short three miles; and that from thence to Little-Pedlington, a distance of eight miles—there or thereabouts—a coach ran regularly three times a-week during the season. Too happy to get there in any manner, I took a place in the Winklemouth coach, and, shortly afterwards, was rattling on towards the goal of my desires.

Between four and five in the morning the coach pulled up at the corner of a narrow cart-road, of no very inviting appearance, the soil being of clay, and the holes and wheel-tracks filled with water by the late heavy rains. A slight drizzling rain was falling then. The country for miles round was a dead flat, and not a house or shelter of any kind, save here and there a tree, was to be seen.

"Poppleton-End, Sir," said the guard, as he let down the step.

"What! is *this* Poppleton-End?" said I.

"Yes, Sir," replied he (adding with a leer which clearly indicated that he was satisfied of the excellence of his joke), "and has been, time out of mind."

"But I have a heavy valise with me," said I, as I alighted.

"Yes, Sir," replied the guard, taking it down from the top of the coach, and placing it against the boundary-stone at the corner of the lane; "it is precious heavy indeed."

"Well—I was informed that I should find somebody here who would carry it to Squashmire-gate; but there is no person within sight, and I can't carry it myself."

"Why no, Sir; I don't very well see how you can; at least," continued he, in the same facetious tone, "it wouldn't be altogether pleasant. Hows'ever, Sir, you have a very good chance of Blind Bob coming up with his truck in about half-an-hour—or so."

I hate the phrase "or so." It is a cheat, an impostor, a specious rogue and an insidious. In all matters involving an inconvenience, I have invariably found that it is an aggravation of the original evil at least threefold. Thus, your "three miles, *or so*, farther," to the place

of your destination, after a wearisome walk in a strange country, may usually be computed at nine; "a guinea or so," in an uncertain charge; at three; if waiting the arrival of your bride, "an hour or so," at a day, a week, a year; if of your wife—but that is a case dependent upon peculiar circumstances.

"And pray, guard," inquired I, rather peevishly, "where am I to wait during that half-hour—or so?"

"Why, Sir, if you should chance to miss Blind Bob, you might perhaps find it a *leetle* awkward with that large trunk of your's; so if you'll take my advice, Sir, you'll wait where you are. Good morning, Sir. I don't think it will be much of a rain, Sir. All right, Bill; get on." So saying, he mounted the coach, and left me seated beneath my umbrella on the boundary-stone at Poppleton-End, at half-past four of the morning, in a drizzling rain.

They who travel much must be prepared to meet with difficulties; sometimes to encounter dangers: these carry a compensation with them in the excitement which they produce, and the high feelings they inspire. But one sinks under a tame and spiritless *inconvenience*: one's fortitude sneaks off, as it were, and one's temper oozes away. At five, at half-past five, at six o'clock, there I still sat, and not a human creature had come near me. The abominable rain, too! Rain! it was unworthy the name of rain. A good, honest, manly *shower*, which would have made one wet through-and-through in five seconds I could have borne without complaint; but to be made to suffer the intolerable sensation of *dampness merely*, by a snivelling, drivelling, mizzling, drizzling *sputter*, and that, too, by dint of the exercise of its petty spite for a full hour-and-a-half—! There are annoyances which, it is said, are of a nature to make a parson swear; but this would have set swearing the whole bench of Bishops, with their Graces of York and Canterbury at their head.

At length I perceived, at some distance down the lane, a man dragging along a truck, at what seemed to me a tolerably brisk pace, considering the state of the road. He drew it by means of a strap passing over his shoulders and across his chest: and he carried in his hand a stout staff, which he occasionally struck upon the ground, though apparently not for support. He was rather above the middle height, broad, square, and muscular,—a cart-horse of a fellow. On arriving within two steps of my resting-place, he stopped, and with a voice of ten-boatswain power, shouted—

"Any one here for Squash'ire-Gate?"

"Yes," said I, almost stunned by the report, "don't you see? I am here."

"I wish I could," said he; "but as I have lived Blind Bob all my life, Blind Bob I shall die."

The guard's description of my intended guide and carrier as "Blind Bob" had certainly not prepared me for the phenomenon I was now to witness. Had I, indeed, paid any attention to it, the utmost I should have expected, as a justification of it, would have been a deduction of fifty *per cent.* from the usual allowance of eyes, in the case of the party in question. But here was a guide stone-blind! \*

\* Many persons may have seen the blind man, who is (or lately was) frequently



"Blind!" I exclaimed; "under the circumstances you have chosen a strange occupation."

"We can't choose what we like in this world, Sir; if I warn't blind I'd never ha' chose to get my living by being a guide, that I promise you."

On my informing him that I had a portmanteau with me, and indicating the spot where it stood, he moved towards it, and, lifting it up, he tossed it, heavy as it was, over his shoulder into the truck, and instantly set forward towards Squashmire-Gate.

The "short three miles" turning out, as matter of course, to be "a long five," and the whole of the road for that agreeable distance being ankle-deep in mud, it was nearly nine o'clock when we came to the end of this portion of the journey. The conversation of my companion on the way might possibly have proved to be pleasant could I have afforded to purchase it at his price, which was—from the extraordinary loud tone of his voice—to suffer a smart box o' the ear at each word he uttered: this was beyond my power of endurance, so that, after a question and a remark or two, I remained silent. I called to mind a certain person who being accosted in the street by a blind clarionet-screacher with "Have pity on the poor blind," replied, "I would if I myself were deaf!"

Squashmire-Gate cannot, with strict regard to truth, be termed a pretty place; but as it puts forth no claim to that character, and as it is, moreover, the last stage on the road to Little Pedlington, it would be ungrateful as well as unjust to criticise it severely. It consists merely of a small public-house, of the most modest pretensions, situate on one side of a crooked road, slushy and miry; a small farriery on the other; a barn, a pig-sty, and a horse-trough. And such is Squashmire-Gate, where I was doomed to exist, as best I could, till the arrival of the coach—a term of three mortal hours!

Tell not me of the clock or of the dial as the true indicators of the progress of time. Nay, there are periods in every one's existence when the very sun himself is a "lying chronicler." There are occasions when, between his rising and his setting, months, years, ages, drag slowly along:—in hope, doubt, or anxiety—in sickness or in sorrow—or when waiting the arrival of the Little-Pedlington coach at such a place as Squashmire-Gate!

Well! breakfast would beguile the half of an hour; so I ordered breakfast, which I took to the accompaniment of a "concord of sweet sounds:" the squeaking of a child cutting its teeth, the croaking of a raven in a wicker cage, the creaking of the sign-board on its rusty hinges, the occasional braying of a donkey, and the ceaseless yelping of a cur confined in a cupboard.

Breakfast ended, and only half-past nine! What was to be done next? Are there any books in the house? No, not one. A newspaper? No. Then bring me pen, ink, and paper. They were "quite out" of paper, the cat had just broken the ink-bottle, and somehow they had mislaid the pen:—a circumstance the importance of which was considerably diminished by the two previous accidents.

I turned for amusement to the window-panes. There was not a line,

to be found at the "Bull" at Stroud, and who acted as *guide* to strangers across the country between that place and Mereworth. His services were scarcely ever required except on dark nights, when he led the way with a lantern in his hand.

nor a word, nor a letter, nor a scratch to be seen. The vulgar scribble upon the glass, by which one is usually offended at country inns, would to me, in my then desolate condition, have been delight ineffable. To have been informed that *J. P. and C. S. dined hear on the 15th off June*; or that *Ephraim Trist loves Jane Higs*; or that *Susan Miles is a beautifull cretear*; or even such tender exclamations as *O? Mariar? or O Poly!;*—this, the smallest information, would not only have been thankfully received, but it would have become to me matter of profound interest. But not a line, not a letter!

At length, after the lapse of considerable time, it came to be ten o'clock.

"And pray, my good woman," inquired I of the hostess, "is there no chance of the Little-Pedlington coach coming through earlier than twelve to-day?"

"Not earlier, Sir; indeed I shouldn't wonder if it's arter instead of afore, seeing the state of the roads?"

"What!" shouted Blind Bob, who was in the kitchen and overheard our short colloquy. "What! afore! and with them 'ere roads! The Lippleton 'Wonder' won't be here afore three to day. Bless you, it can't."

"Three!" I exclaimed. "It is impossible to remain here till three o'clock; I shall die of impatience and ennui. Can I have a chaise, or a gig?"

"No, Sir," replied the woman; "we have nothing of that sort. To be sure we have a one-horse kind of a cart"—here was a prospect of escape—"but our horse died Friday-week, and my good man hasn't yet been able to suit himself with another."

"Then," said I, "as the rain has ceased, I'll leave my portmanteau to be sent on by the 'Wonder,' and will walk the eight miles to Little-Pedlington."

"What!" again shouted my evil genius, for as such I now began to consider him; "eight mile? It's thirteen good mile any day of the year; and as you must go round by Lob's Farm, 'cause of the waters being out at Slush-lane, it's a pretty tightish seventeen just now."

Had it so chanced that Job had espoused Griselda, and I been the sole offspring of so propitious an union, sole inheritor of their joint wealth of patience, my whole patrimony would have been insufficient to answer the exorbitant demands now made upon it. To find my journey lengthening in nearly the proportion in which it ought to have diminished; to be mud-bound in a place like this, without a resource of any kind, corporeal or intellectual, to beguile the time; and, in aggravation of these annoyances, to be condemned to the ceaseless infliction of the combined yell, yelp, squeak, screech, and scream of the sick child, the sorry puppy, and the other performers, animate and inanimate, in the cruel concert which I have before alluded to! I know not how my imagined parents would have acted under a similar pressure of ills; but, for my part, I surrendered at discretion to the irresistible attack, and, striking the table with a force which caused the astonished tea-pot to leap an inch high—

"And must I," I exclaimed, "must I remain in this infernal place for the whole of this miserable day?"

The poor woman, evidently hurt at the opprobrious term which I had

cast upon her *village* (for such, I suppose, she considered Squashmire-Gate to be), slowly shook her head; and with a look of mild rebuke, and in a corresponding tone——

“Sir,” she said, “all the world can’t be Lippleton; if it *was*—it would be much too fine a place, and too good for us poor sinners to live in.”

I would not be thought to undervalue the great work of Felix Hoppy, Esq., M.C.; but admirable as it is for the elegance of its style, and unrivalled for the graphic (that, I believe, is the word now commonly in use upon these occasions), the graphic power of its descriptions, I declare that that one simply-eulogistic phrase of my hostess’s would as effectually have excited my desire to behold the beauties and the wonders of Little-Pedlington, as had already been accomplished by the more elaborate temptation offered by the illustrious Hoppy himself.

Although this was adding fuel to the fire of my impatience, I was at once overcome by the gentleness of the woman’s manner; and, unwilling that she should consider me as an incarnation of slander and detraction, I “explained,” somewhat after the Parliamentary fashion; assuring her that by the phrase “infernial place,” I meant nothing more than that it was the sweetest spot on earth, but that I was anxious to proceed on my journey. And now, having satisfied her that I meant no offence to Squashmire-Gate, “Consider,” said I, “consider that I have yet five hours to remain here: you cannot furnish me either with books, or paper, or with any earthly thing which would serve to lighten the time;” (adding, in the most imploring tone I could assume), “tell me, tell me what *can* I do to amuse myself?”

The landlady looked at me as if she felt my appeal in its fullest force; then fondly casting her eyes on the sick, squalling child, which she carried on her arm; then again looking at me, she said—“I’m sure I hardly know, Sir, *what* you can do; but if you would like to nurse baby for two or three hours you are heartily welcome, indeed you are, Sir.”

Nothing perhaps could more strikingly illustrate the forlorn and helpless condition to which I was reduced, than that it should have instigated one human being to venture such a proposal to another. Inviting as was the offer, I declined it—taking due credit to myself for so exemplary a display of self-denial.

“The weather cleared, and the impartial sun shed a portion of its brightness even upon the ugliness of Squashmire-Gate. The landlady seized the auspicious moment to vindicate the reputation of the place, and, leading me to the door, exclaimed in a tone of triumph, “*Now* look, Sir! It stands to reason, you know, that no place can look pretty in bad weather.”

Yet could I not exult in my position. Perhaps the first impression may have produced an unfavourable prejudice in my mind; yet, a barn, a horse-trough, a pig-sty, and a smithy, with here and there a stunted tree, were not materials out of which to extract beauty, or capable of exciting pleasurable emotions. No; in these my cooler moments of reflection, I still maintain that Squashmire-Gate is *not* a pretty place.

I walked, or rather waded, outside the house. I peeped into the pig-sty, looked into the barn, examined the smithy, and counted the ducks in the pond. Next, to vary my amusement, I began with the barn, then proceeded to inspect the pig-sty, then on to the duck-pond, and so forth.

But by the greatest possible exercise of my ingenuity, I could not force the time on beyond half-past eleven. "And here I must needs remain till three!" thought I.

Upon occasions like the present, when one happens to be coach-bound, or otherwise detained in a country-place, the church-yard is an infallible resource, and an epitaph-hunt will generally repay the labour of the chase.

I inquired whereabouts was the church.

"Just over at Hogsorton, Sir."

"And what's the distance to Hogsorton, Ma'am?"

"We call it five mile; but it may be five mile and a half."

"Hogsorton five and a half!" shouted Bob; "it's seven mile or so, any day."

The "or so" was sufficient; so I decided against a pilgrimage to Hogsorton.

"But la! Sir, how *could* I come to forget it?" exclaimed the landlady, upon the impulse of a sudden recollection; "there's Dribble-Hall you might see, if it warn't that the roads are so bad."

"And what, and where, is Dribble-Hall, pray?"

"La! Sir; have you never heard of Dribble-Hall, as belongs to Squire Dribble?" [I shall take a future opportunity of introducing my readers to Squire Dribble.] "Why, Sir," continued mine hostess, "folks come from far and near to see Dribble-Hall. Such picturs! and such statys! and such grounds! and such a person as the Squire himself is! Dear me; if it warn't for the roads——"

"Never mind the roads," said I (delighted at the chance of an agreeable mode of getting through this intolerable morning); "never mind the roads, if the place be within a reasonable distance."

"It's only two mile and a half," replied she.

"What!" roared Blind Bob; (I expected that, as usual, he was preparing to multiply the distance by three; but this time I was agreeably disappointed.) "What! two mile and a half! that's going by the road; but if the gentleman takes by the green gate, it an't much more than a mile."

"And pray, Bob, which way must I go?"

"Why, Sir, when you get out, keep on straight to the left till you come to the green gate—green gate, mind—and then turn smack to the right, and that takes you up to the house, across the Squire's meadows; but be sure you turn to the right as soon as ever you come to the green gate, or you'll chance to be getting back again to Poppleton-End."

"But when I have been at the pains of walking to Dribble-Hall, will the squire allow me to see his place?"

"O yes, Sir," replied the landlady, "and glad enough, too; for all that the house-maid—the house-keeper she is called at the Hall—who receives no wages, gets less than ten pound a-year from visitors, the squire is obliged to make good to her; whilst whatever she gets above that, he shares with her,—which is but fair, you know, Sir."

In a commercial country, where everything is considered relatively to its money-value, it certainly is "but fair" that noblemen and gentlemen, whose mansions and their contents are worth an inspection, should allow their servants to make a charge for the exhibition of them. I do not pretend that such a proceeding is noble, or dignified, or handsome, or,

indeed, altogether worthy of a person of high station; but merely and strictly that it is *fair*. We pay for seeing the lions in the Tower and in Wombwell's booth: a charge is made for showing the wax-work in Westminster Abbey and at Mrs. Salmon's rooms; and upon what principle, either of justice or equity, are we to expect that the Duke of A. or the Earl of Z., if they allow us to see their galleries or their grounds, should grant us such an indulgence *gratis*? The notion is preposterous. There are indeed certain thriftless proprietors of what are called show-houses who are so inconsiderate as to do this, but they form an exception to the general rule; and, happily for the honour and integrity of the maxim, "Give nothing for nothing," such instances of improvidence are not numerous. Yet I cannot help thinking that Squire Dribble pushes the practice a *little* too far, though he deserves some praise for honestly avowing the principle upon which it is founded.

Well; I set forth for Dribble-Hall, along a road which one might have imagined had been constructed of boot-jacks, for, at each step I took, my boots were half-drawn off my feet by the necessary effort of extricating them from the fœtigacious soil. Following Bob's directions, with punctuality equal to their precision, I kept to the *left*; but after walking—if struggling through such a road may be so termed—for considerably more than an hour, I had not arrived at a green gate,—the point at which I was to change my course for the *right*. Gates of all colours, black, white, and brown, I had passed, and occasionally a road branching off in a different direction; but no green gate had I seen. Nevertheless, confiding in the instructions of my blind guide, I proceeded; when lo! at the expiration of another hour, I found myself in the lane which I had traversed in the morning, about mid-way between Squashmire Gate and Poppleton-End! "O, Little-Pedlington!" thought I; "a paradise before the fall must thou be to compensate me for all that I have this day endured for thy sake!"

Disappointed, wearied, and vexed, I returned to my *hotel* at Squashmire Gate; and there, on a bench before the door, sat Blind Bob.

"Rascal!" I exclaimed; "how dared you thus deceive me? how dared you send me on this wild-goose chase?"

"Couldn't you find the Hall, Sir? I told you to keep to the left till you came to the green gate, and then——"

"I did keep to the left till here I am again; but the deuce a green gate is there the whole way."

"I think I ought to know best, Sir. Tell me of no green gate, indeed! Did you notice two tall poplars, with a gate between them, leading into a meadow?"

"I did,—a newly-painted *white* gate."

"White! nonsense, Sir, begging your pardon; what does that signify? That be the green gate, and has been always called so in these parts, time out o' mind. It's o' no use to be angry with me: it's no fault o' mine if Squire has taken and had it painted white."

Obdurate must be his heart who is not to be pacified by a reason, or something that sounds like one. Besides, Blind Bob's excuse was strengthened by the explanation of the landlady, who told me that, although the green gate had always served as a sort of road-guide, yet Squire Dribble being "a gentleman who looked sharply after his far-

things," had resolved that for the future it should be painted white—white paint being rather cheaper than green.

"Order dinner," said a generally-too-late friend with whom I had agreed to dine at a tavern one day; "Order dinner at six for half-past, and I will positively be with you at seven." The Little-Pedlington "Wonder" being expected up at three, it consequently arrived at half-past four. And "O! what damned minutes told I o'er" in that long interval!

The Little Pedlington "Wonder" was a heavy, lumbering coach, licensed to carry six inside and fourteen out; was drawn by two skinny horses, and driven by a coachman built after the exact fashion of the coach he drove, *id est*, lumbering and heavy.

"Full out, room for one in," was the coachman's reply to my question whether I could have a place. I expressed my disappointment at not having an outside place, as I should thus be deprived of obtaining the first possible view of Little Pedlington; nor was my disappointment diminished by Coachee's remark that that was, *indeed*, a sight!

"And how long will it be before you start, coachman?"

"About a quarter of an hour or so, Sir," was the reply.

"What!" bellowed forth my everlasting friend, Bob; "a quarter of an hour! You'll not get away from here afore six, Master Giles, and you know you won't."

Mr. Giles was part proprietor of the "Wonder" (the only coach on that road) which he drove up one day and down another; so, there being no opposition, he carried matters with a high hand, deferring to the wishes or the convenience of one only person that ever travelled by the "Wonder," which one was himself.

"Six!" said Giles, taking up the word of Blind Bob; "why, to be sure; mustn't I have a bit of summut to eat? and mustn't I rest a bit? and mustn't my cattle rest a bit? How *can* I get off afore six? My tits are tolerable good ones; but if I didn't give 'em a rest here and there, how'd ever they get on to Lippleton, I should like to know?"

Considering the appearance of his "tits," the load they had to drag, and the roads along which they were doomed to drag it, that question was, certainly, a poser." When I was told of the Little Pedlington "Wonder," my expectations were of a rapidity of progress second in degree only to that of flying; but in the present case, the sole claim which the vehicle could conscientiously make to the title was, that it could be prevailed upon to move at all. It was, therefore, not without trepidation that I ventured to inquire at *about* what time we were *likely* to get into Little Pedlington.

"Why," replied Giles, "we must take the long road this afternoon, on account of the waters; so we shan't get in *much* afore nine."

"And very fair travelling, too," said I, happy, at length, at knowing *when* this day of disagreeables was to terminate: "seventeen miles in three hours is not to be complained of—under the circumstances."

"What!" again shouted the inveterate Blind Bob; "nine! you'll not see Lippleton afore eleven to-night. Why, the "Wonder" never does more nor four mile an hour at the best o'times, and here's the long road to take, and as heavy as putty. Besides, won't you stop three

times more to rest the horses? I say you'll not see Lippleton afore eleven; it stands to reason, and you know you won't."

"Why, you stupid old fool," said Giles, "you say yourself I must stop three times to rest the horses: then how *can* I get in afore eleven? Some folks talk as if they were out of their common senses." Saying which, Giles entered the house; leaving me in some doubt whether the Fates might not have determined against my ever seeing Little Pedlington at all.

Something must be contrived to pass the time between this and six o'clock, and dinner was the only expedient that occurred to me. I called the landlady, who came, as usual, with that inevitable squalling child upon her arm. It was screaming as if it would have screamed its head off, and I could not avoid commencing my address by a profane parody on Shakespeare:—"First of all, my good woman, 'silence that dreadful child.'"

"La! Sir; consider you were once a child yourself," was her reply: a rebuke, by-the-by, which you invariably receive if you presume to complain of the performance of that the most intolerable music ever composed by Nature. Now, admitting the fact that I *was* once a child myself, it by no means follows as a necessary consequence that I was a squalling child: the justice, therefore, of applying the rebuke to me I am always disposed to question. On the other hand, if I did delight in that atrocious mode of exalting my voice, my present opinion is, that, for the comfort of society, I ought to have been, in some way or other—to use a favourite melo-dramatic phrase—"disposed of." I throw this out merely as a hint; though I by no means positively advise that it be acted upon in any manner that might be unpleasant to the rising generation. Query: Was King Herod, at heart, a wicked man?

Having, at the risk of a sore throat, contrived to scream louder than the child, I inquired what I could have for dinner.

"What would you like, Sir?"

"A boiled chicken."

"We have never a chicken, Sir; but would you like some eggs and bacon?"

"No. Can I have a lamb chop?"

"No, Sir; but our eggs and bacon is very nice."

"Or a cutlet—or a steak?"

"No, Sir; but we are remarkable *here* for our eggs and bacon."

"Have you any thing cold in your larder?"

"Not exactly, Sir; but I'm sure you will like our eggs and bacon."

"Then what *have* you got?"

"Why, Sir, we have got nothing but eggs and bacon."

"O!—then have the goodness to give me some eggs and bacon."

"I was sure you'd choose eggs and bacon, Sir; we are so famous for it."

Having finished my dinner, I thought it proper, for the good of the house, to inquire what wine I could have—of course, not expecting that my choice would be much perplexed by the variety offered.

"What would you like, Sir?"

"Some Port."

"We have no Port, Sir."

"A little Sherry, then."

"We don't keep Sherry, Sir; in short, we have so little call for wine, that we don't keep any of no kind."

"Then pray give me some lemonade."

"Yes, Sir. Do you—do you prefer it *with* lemon or without?"

"How!"

"Why—only we happen just now to be out of lemons."

Finding that I should be obliged to "malt it," I asked for—what, from its delicious flavour, is now becoming the rage with the drinkers of England's Own—Collins's Richmond Ale. Fortunately they could supply me with *that*, so I had but little cause to regret their being "out" of the rest.

At length the welcome moment for our departure arrived.

"I think," said Giles, as he clumsily clambered up to his box—"I think we shall have a little more rain yet."

"What!" for the last time cried our Job's comforter; "a little? You'll have rain enough to *drown* you long afore you're half way to Lippleton, and thunder along with it, mind if you don't. I can feel it in my head, and it stands to reason."

I took my place inside the coach; and now, being fairly on my road to that haven of bliss, Little Pedlington, I soon forgot all the past annoyances of the day. Yet was not my position one of absolute comfort. I was jammed in between two corpulent ladies—of whom one was suffering under a violent tooth-ache, and the other from head-ache. Opposite to me was a stout man with a strong Stilton cheese on his knee; another, saturated with the fumes of bad cigars with which he had been regaling himself; and the third had with him a packet of red herrings. Between the two ladies a constant dispute was maintained, as to whether the glasses should be up or down: she of the tooth declaring that if the windows were open the air would be the death of her; whilst the cephalagian as eagerly contended that she should incontestably expire from the heat if they were shut; and as the contest was carried on across me, I was in imminent danger of suffocation under the weight, not of the arguments, but the arguers. In addition to the compound of odours I have mentioned, one of the fair sufferers was using camphor and the other ether.

We proceeded at what might be the pace of a hearse in a hurry—something short of four miles an hour. At every hovel by the roadside Mr. Giles pulled up to enjoy his "tithe of talk" with its inhabitants. Remonstrance and entreaty on the part of us, the impatient travellers, were useless. He plainly told us, that as there was no opposition on the road, he had always had his own way; and that he saw no reason why he should be balked of it now. Then, he stopped at one small public-house to eat, and at the next to drink, and at another to rest. A long journey, fairly performed, is not an affair to complain of; but, oh! the torments of a short one prolonged by needless delay! At ten o'clock we had yet six miles of ours to accomplish. The night was dark; suddenly, as the sea-song has it, "the rain a deluge poured," and (to continue the quotation) "loud roared the dreadful thunder," when—within about two miles of Little Pedlington—crash! the pole broke. Whether or not the horses took fright, I have never had any means of ascertaining: certain it is, they



neither became unmanageable, nor did they run away; they were not in a state to do either; so like jaded, sensible horses as they were, they stood stock-still. After considerable delay, and many fruitless attempts to repair the accident, we were compelled to walk through a pelting shower the remainder of the way. As I approached the town, (though from the utter darkness I could not see it,) I felt as one feels on first beholding Rome, or as Buonaparte is said to have felt at the first sight of the Pyramids; and when, at length, I found myself in a bed-room at Scorewell's hotel, in High-street—forgetting all my by-gone troubles, I exultingly exclaimed—"And here I am in Little-Pedlington!"

Early the next morning—

But here I must pause.—All that follows will appear in the form of  
A JOURNAL KEPT DURING A RESIDENCE IN LITTLE-PEDDLINGTON.

## THE MODERN NOVELISTS.\*

### BRAMBLETYE HOUSE\*.

HAD *we* been "one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses," we should have been very apt, in the midst of the world's laughter over the little volume, to have appeared before the Lord Mayor for the time being, and recorded in affidavit, duly witnessed and registered, our resolve never thenceforward to use pen and ink in the public service. A man might reasonably feel at such a crisis, that in unknown fate there would succeed no moment like to that. Having wrought such a spell, prudence might suggest the breaking of his wand, lest it should ever lose the least of its magical properties. He might naturally conclude that he had done what he came into the world to do—that his task was performed, his destiny accomplished; that the era of quills and quires was past, save only in the inditing of a new advertisement to be prefixed to the four-and-seventieth edition, intimating that, having set at least *one* kingdom in a roar, "his object was fully attained!"

It is but too evident, however, (we have suspected the fact before) that Horace Smith is wiser than ourselves. *He* did not recoil from the sounds he had assisted to make, nor shrink from the responsibility of a solo, because he had won such precious honours in a duet. He was not afraid of himself. Instead of entrenching himself in a literary Castle of Indolence, with the vain view of taking care of his treasure of fame, he sallied forth, bent on winning more; and after "*Gaieties and Gravities*" infinite and irresistible, resolved to administer to the sharp appetite of the age what it most hungered for—a novel.

There was, however, a slip between our author's first cup and the public lip. The "*Gentleman in Black*" was consigned, as such a personage ought to be, to the flames; and if any gentleman went into mourning for him, it was not his parent, who, instead, immediately set to work, and built up a new fiction, in the historical form of "*Brambletye*

\* Forming Vols. VI. and VII. of the Collection.

House." The anecdote is most pleasantly related in the preface to this new edition, mixed up with admissions and compliments indicative of that candour and kindness of feeling for which Horace Smith has ever been as justly celebrated as for his humour and his wit. To this page of the new volumes, however, we may not further allude.

Brambletye House had the disadvantage of appearing contemporaneously with Sir Walter Scott's "Woodstock," which occupies the same site (as lawyers would say), and includes many of the same scenes and subjects. We need not aim at an estimate of the comparative merits of the two performances. They appeared about nine years ago. We have not read "Woodstock" since, and we remember it only in two or three of its leading features. Of "Brambletye House" we had a far more general recollection, previous to a perusal of it in its new form. Is it, therefore, of a higher standard of excellence? Perhaps not; nor need it be, to deserve its place in memory, and retain the reputation it has won. It is sprightlier, certainly; more agreeable in its general manner, more pointed in its style, and distinctly characteristic of its author, although he had accidentally chosen the particular subject, and had consciously adopted the general plan, of his illustrious rival.

This is assuredly one of the novels of the time that deserves its reprint for its own sake. It is one of those fictions which it is serviceable to the ends of "useful knowledge" to put into cheap circulation—if for nothing more than the fund of *fact* which they contain. It could hardly have aided the "schoolmaster" more, had it been written with no other view. There are in it the riches of many old books, the pleasant fruits of much dry and difficult reading. No little of its value consists in its embodying the results of deep and curious research into things historical, and in the literal truth with which these results are set before us. In its cheap form, it will furnish the most intelligible hints of history to hundreds of readers who most need them, and probably send as many more to the original sources. For this, among its more showy merits, it deserves a cordial welcome. This seems to be the quality of most of the novels of the author of Brambletye House. His genius as a novelist is of the veracious and graphic order—the graphic being sometimes sacrificed to the veracious—and the imaginative almost invariably. He "caricatures," perhaps, as little, or less, than any of the followers of Sir Walter Scott. He neither allows himself to elevate nor to degrade the characters and events he professes to portray. He rarely falsifies history, but generally illustrates it. His personages are paraphrases of the gentlemen of whom we have but glimpses in Hume or Clarendon, or the memoirs of the period.

It may be said that herein he must necessarily limit the interest of his books as novels, and loose his hold upon our sensibilities. Readers in general have not found it out, nor have we, in our second reading of Brambletye House. Occasionally the scene wants life; and though the people frequently say the same things which the originals did, these things, it may be, sound flat or feeble, by virtue of their literal truth. This is where a supply of the imaginative quality may be necessary to make us relish them; but this infused into them, they would no longer be the same things, or in keeping with the rest. For the most part, the interest is fully sustained by the real and distinct quality of the painting,

even when the superfluous details most distract and weaken attention by holding us from what we are impatient to come to. Our sympathies are absorbed by the earnest and skilful manner in which the characters are wrought out, even when the author's taste for costume and niceness of personal description are most in the way of our introduction to his bold delineations of humanity. Many of these drawbacks, indeed, are less apparent in some of his after-works than this—in none, perhaps, are his striking excellences more conspicuous. More power in point of construction, more skill in handling, more knowledge of effect in limiting the number of his characters and turning them to use, he has acquired with experience.

One of the best things in *Brambletye House* is—not Cromwell, though an earnest sketch—nor Charles the Despicable, though a showy one—nor the Protector's court, nor the King's, brilliant as it is—nor any individual courtier, Roundhead or Royalist—but the genuine old Dutch burgomaster, Beverning. He is genuine, and living still, and will live, notwithstanding his truly Dutch death. Winky Boss is a Sancho worthy of him; and the daughter of the delicious burgomaster, she whose lot is aptly imaged as that of a flying-fish among porpoises, is surely worthy of anything—but of being compared with her predecessor in love, and magnanimity, and sweetness, the unapproachable Rebecca. And what a noble portrait is that of Mrs. Walton, the sister of Cromwell! how gentle, but how grand! Her husband is too physically horrible; but their habitation—that most lonely, watery, and dismal of dwelling-places—it is the very spot, says a friend of ours, who has a lively relish for murders, where the genius called Cut-throat might have held his state.

One excellence of Horace Smith is, that he is advantageously opposed to those writers who are perpetually thrusting themselves into their stories, to the utter discomfiture of the *dramatis personæ*. His views of human nature, and his speculations on systems of morality, philosophy, and politics, are embodied in his delineation of character and his relation of events. You must gather what he thinks from what his heroes think, or from the spirit and purpose of his fictions! It is always easy to see that his opinions and sympathies are on the side of the oppressed, the suffering, the struggling: the manifestation of this he leaves to the development of his subject, and to the "moral" which may belong to it; but such is the tendency of his sentiment and feeling—as it was with Shakspeare; and as it always was—so we think, in spite of all assertion to the contrary—with Scott. There is always a great diversity of people in his books, and he makes them tell their own tales. There is always an incessant endeavour to work out the character of the original person, whoever he may be, and there is always an absence of pretence or affectation in doing it.

And yet, after all that we may say of Horace Smith's character as one of the most accomplished of our living writers, how far less is it than the most moderate of his friends may say of the sincerity, the warm-heartedness, and the generosity of his disposition!

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## ROMANCE OF A NIGHT.

“ Blindly judged.

Our noblest actions hang on their events,  
In doubtful equipoise 'twixt fame and infamy !”—*Shree's Alasco.*

How lovely is a spring morning ! not merely in its rural and poetical aspect, with the *obligato* accompaniment of glistening dew-drops, balmy breezes, and picturesque effects of landscape, but even in its artificial, unromantic, sophisticated, and cockney dress, where the first rosy tints of the dawn peep above tiled roofs and slated gables, while the rays of Phœbus can find nothing better worth gilding than unwieldy stacks of chimneys, with here and there a steeple of debatable architecture. What though no sound salutes the ear, save the rumble of some cab, whose jaded horse is lazily dragging his drowsy driver from the oft-repeated scene of nocturnal wrangle at Westminster, Terpsichorean revelry in Marylebone or St. George's, or literary boredom in May-fair ; what, though no refreshing fragrance woos the olfactory nerves, save what proceeds from Covent-garden-bound market-carts, bearing their daily tribute of fruit and flowers to that classic spot, the temple alike of Flora and Pomona,—what, though the vapours of yesternight's coals still hang like a curtain over the misty metropolis, and qualify with sober grey the pure azure of the empyrean ;—yet is the morning lovely, in spite of all that art and civilization have done to disfigure it, as a really pretty woman will still look pretty, even in an unbecoming nightcap.

But we, who can seldom “ babble of green fields,”—we, who are too old a subscriber to Hookham's, to resort to “ running brooks ” for “ books,”—we, who seek not for “ sermons in stones,”—but, God forgive us !—would too often eschew them from *sticks* in the pulpit,—and who have been rather too long on town to find “ good in every thing,”—we dearly love that doubtful dreamy hour, when the lamps in Regent-street begin to pale before the slowly-spreading dawn, and the lantern in the policeman's belt can no longer be mistaken for an *ignis-fatuus* by gentlemen whose conviviality has got the better of their eyesight and discretion. It is then that, as we slowly wend our way towards our domicile, with jaded step and drowsy air, our material man, or at least what remains of him after a night's waltzing, wrapped in a cloak which has “ braved ” for a dozen years, “ the shower and the breeze,” and crowned with a crush-hat of such venerable antiquity, that it may be designated as indescribable and *impalpable*—for shape it has none, and its outward surface may be seen, but it certainly is no longer *felt*,—then it is, that “ a change comes o'er the spirit of our dream,” and under the soothing influence of the hour, with its subdued light, and solemn tranquillity, we subside into a frame of mind more suited to our pretensions as a philosopher, and more prophetic of what posterity will expect from us ;—then it is that the *prestige* of the brilliant scene which we have just left, having passed away, when the intoxicating strains of Weippert no longer ring in our ears, and our vision is no longer dazzled by bright lamps, brighter jewels, and still brighter eyes,—our dreams of conquest and plans of flirtation give place to purer and holier thoughts ;—it is then we put the *cui bono* strongly to our hearts, and

with self-accusing justice interrogate our conscience whether indeed we have not gone a little too far with Lady A.?—whether our marked attentions have not almost compromised Mrs. B.—and finally ejaculate a pious aspiration, that poor dear Lady M. may not have taken *all* we said during that last galope, and afterwards in the cloaking-room, quite *à pied de la lettre*.

It was on one of the loveliest of these metropolitan mornings, in the early part of the month of May, that I (for it is time to drop the literary plurality of pronoun, so ill-suited to a personal narrative,) was returning home to my lodgings after a ball at Lady ——'s, in Portland-place, where the absence of a fair and favourite proficient in the kindred arts of dancing and flirtation, had cast a certain gloom over a scene which was undeniably brilliant, and would have been agreeable, if I had not been *tant soit peu* in love, and unable to put in execution that admirable precept of the French philosopher or moralist—

“Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime,  
Il faut aimer ce qu'on a.”

In fact, although there had been no lack of pretty faces, or, as my vanity whispered, amiable glances and encouraging smiles, the whole artillery of ball-room warfare had been wasted on a heart not fortified by stoicism, but defended by a foreign force that had recently taken possession. To me the *fête* had been “weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable.” My particular *rôle*, with all its accessories and adjuncts, had been completely *manqué*. The waistcoat which *she* had praised as becoming, had been selected in vain,—the *back-step* in the waltz unprofitably rehearsed in the morning—the bouquet, composed of all that was most rare, to secure which, I had driven before breakfast to Covent-garden, lay unheeded in my coat-pocket; and in short, ~~as~~ as sulky and *maussade* as possible.

In this discontented and uninteresting mood, I was sauntering lazily down Regent-street,—now wondering how people could be such fools as to stay out at balls till three o'clock in the morning,—now reckoning the hours that must elapse before the next opera-night, when I should have a chance of seeing my lady-love occupying a front seat in the dingy pit-box, in which her too-vigilant dragon of a mamma mounted guard during the alternate weeks,—and now, as the carriage of Prince T——d passed me, bearing the veteran diplomatist to Hanover-square, from his nightly rubber at the Travellers', speculating, in the innocence of my heart, on the vast importance of the political matters, which could have detained his excellency to such a late hour, in conference with his *confrères du protocole* at the Foreign Office,—when my attention was attracted by the sound of a female voice in tones of lamentation, and looking around me to see from whence they proceeded, I beheld an “elegantly dressed female,” seated on the steps of the Club-house,—I know not in what name it rejoices—at the corner of Jermyn-street, wringing her hands and exclaiming—“*Ah mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Que vais-je devenir! Que vais-je devenir!*”

Conceiving at first that she was only a “damsel fair and free,” suffering under the depressing influence of the blue demon of Geneva, I was about to pass on, and leave her to the benevolent attentions of some one of those salaried knights-errant, the rules of whose order oblige them to succour all distressed fair ones in such an emergency, and pro-

vide them with an asylum for the night in that hospitable retreat, commonly called the station-house—when she arrested my progress by a more direct appeal to my sympathies, and “*Mon bon Monsieur, pour l’amour de Dieu !*” saluted my ears, in accents too distinct and musical to admit of any doubts as to the sobriety of the person who uttered them.

Thus *interpellé*, I approached the interesting speaker, and on obtaining a nearer view of her, was gratified by the sight of one of the prettiest little faces that ever peeped from out the tulle, blonde, or gauze of a Parisian bonnet. It was one of those April countenances, which appear qualified to laugh and cry almost at the same moment; for as the tears fell from her dark, sparkling, and expressive eyes, a gentle smile played round her rosy lips, and disclosed a set of teeth whose mother-of-pearl hue might have put to shame the most highly-finished and accurately-imitated *ratehier* that ever issued from the laboratory of Monsieur Mallan. I was interested in spite of myself, and when she clasped a pair of very pretty gloveless hands in an attitude of graceful supplication, I felt the spirit of chivalry strong within me, and determined to assist the disconsolate fair to the best of my ability, *en tout bien et en tout honneur*.

“Madam,” said I, in French, and with my very best *Chausée d’Antin* accent, “may I request to know in what I may have it in my power to serve you?”

“Alas! Sir,” replied she, in the true style of ancient romance, “you see before you an unfortunate stranger,—*qui ne sait où donner de la tête*.”

“Madam,” rejoined I, “you may command me. If you have lost your way, I shall be too happy to give you the benefit of my experience in recovering it.”

The fair stranger here gave me a look which seemed to imply some doubt of my qualification as a guide; and, to say the truth, I believe my aspect, with all the accessories of crushed hat, dishevelled hair, and drooping shirt-collar, was not such as to inspire much confidence in my expressed intention of leading her into the right path. She had, however, but slight advantage over me in the article of dress. Her own toilette was anything but *soignée*, exhibiting, in fact, a degree of disorganization for which I was at a loss to account, without falling back on my original hypothesis respecting her.

“Where do you wish to go, Madam?” continued I, in as sober and matter-of-fact a manner as possible.

“Alas! Sir,” said she, “that is more than I can tell you.”

“With all deference,” said I, “I would suggest that that is an important preliminary, which it is highly expedient to arrange before a lady sets out on so early a walk; and if I may take the liberty of advising still farther, I should say, the best possible thing you can do, is to go home.”

“*Chez moi !*” exclaimed she. “*Mon Dieu !* I have no *chez moi*; and it is for that very reason that I have taken the liberty of troubling Monsieur!”

“I fear, Madam,” said I, “that I am not very likely to advance your views of domiciliation; but if you do not know where you are going, perhaps you will be able to inform me from whence you come.”

"Direct from Paris, Monsieur," answered she; "I arrived about an hour ago, by the Calais steam-boat."

She then proceeded to inform me, that the object of her visit to London was to rejoin her brother, who was an *artiste* of the Opera; that she had landed at some place, which, as well as I could make out from her pronunciation, seemed to be the Tower Stairs, and as soon as she had been released from the indiscreet curiosity of the *douaniers*, had consigned the custody of herself and portmanteau to a hackney cabman, who had undertaken to deliver her in safety at her brother's residence, the particulars of which were legibly displayed on a piece of paper which she had, with full confidence in the *loyauté* of the English character, entrusted to him for his guidance. But the perfidious charioteer, regardless of the duties of hospitality, oblivious of the important distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, and wholly insensible to the disgrace which he was about to entail on his "order," had driven her to the spot where I had found her; and having induced her to alight, in the full belief that she had arrived at her destination, he suddenly snatched from her hand the purse which she had produced for the purpose of paying his fare, and before she could recover from her astonishment at a *procédé si inouï*, drove off at rail-road speed, bearing with him the whole of her stock-in-trade, viz. her portmanteau and the aforesaid purse, the contents of which, it would seem, lost none of their value in his eyes from the difference in the currency. And thus she found herself, at three in the morning, on the *pavé* in Regent-street—unable to speak three words of English—without a *sol* in her possession—and reckoning amongst her misfortunes the loss of her brother's address, which she in vain attempted to recall to her memory, and which, at all events, she would have found it very difficult to articulate intelligibly. In this forlorn situation, she had appealed ineffectually to the benevolence of two or three *passans*, who had vouchsafed to her petition no other notice than the *G—d d—mn* with which her experience of the British residents in Paris had rendered her tolerably familiar; and such was her distress, that she was only restrained from going to throw herself at once into the river by her ignorance of the road which led to the water-side, when I appeared in the character of her good genius, and at the first glance, having discovered by my countenance that I should not be insensible to the claims of a forlorn stranger on my assistance and support, as a *galant homme*, she had ventured to solicit my advice, and throw herself on my generosity, &c. &c.

All this was of course very flattering to my vanity, but nevertheless rather embarrassing to my prudence; and however I might covet the reputation of a "squire of dames," I confess I was disposed to wish that my fair *incognita* had been less correct in her observations as a physiognomist, or that my features had been cast in a less attractive mould. To leave her to her fate however was impossible, as her story *might* be true, and I was bound in common humanity to give her the benefit of the doubt. But how to proceed was the question. The most obvious, though perhaps not the most chivalrous *démarche*, would be to look out for a policeman, and deliver her into his charge, requesting him to afford her the hospitality of the station-house, till such time as farther measures might be taken for the discovery of her friends. But, as good or ill luck decreed, not one of those exemplary functionaries was in sight;

and on my delicately hinting to my unfortunate companion the propriety of soliciting the intervention of the municipal authority in her favour, she was evidently much hurt at the idea of being placed in so very equivocal a position, which she declared would *compromise* her in a manner most distressing to her feelings, as well as those of her friends. "Could I but conduct her to her brother's house, that was all she required of me! She could not recollect the street; but it was somewhere *dans le quartier de l'Opéra*. D'ailleurs, I surely must know him, so distinguished an *artiste*, whose name was almost European! Monsieur Léchappé, *Coryphée dansant et premier pantomime du Théâtre de Sa Majesté le Roi de la Grande Bretagne*."

Unfortunately, the knowledge of the name and profession in which this "European" celebrity rejoiced, was of very little assistance to me in the temporary disposal of his sister, who, it seemed, was likely to remain on my hands until the re-opening of Seguin's shop, or the box-office at the King's Theatre, should enable me to direct her proceedings, or at least ascertain the correctness of her story. In the meantime, what was to be done? I did not like to rouse the people at any of the fashionable hotels, in order to solicit for my fair charge an asylum, which they would most probably refuse to an applicant coming "in such a questionable shape." To take her home to my own lodgings would not, I thought, be "quite correct;" and still less did I relish the idea of promenading about with her until eight or nine o'clock, which seemed to be the only remaining alternative. In this agreeable state of perplexity, I found myself insensibly continuing my route towards Craven-street, where I lodged, while the lady, whose misfortunes had certainly not deprived her of the faculty of speech, kept close by my side, and poured into my listless ears a variety of details concerning her birth, parentage, and education—life, character, and behaviour, which had very little interest for one whose chief anxiety it was to get rid of the fair narrator as politely, but as rapidly as possible.

At length we arrived at the corner of Waterloo-place, in Pall-Mall, where an itinerant tea-maker (so called by courtesy) had established her stall, and was dispensing some villanous decoction of sloe-leaves, &c., from a huge kettle or cauldron, to a select party of the most disreputable-looking characters of both sexes;—but no sooner had my fair companion set eyes on this perambulating tea-equipage,—to her a very *oasis* in the desert,—than exclaiming, "*Ah! c'est charmant*;" she requested that I would have the goodness to stop for one moment, while she refreshed herself with a cup of the restorative beverage,—declaring that she was ready to drop with thirst and exhaustion.

I was at first very unwilling to accede to her request, and strongly represented the indecorum of the proceeding; but she was unimpressible by argument, and, for aught I knew, might really be in want of some refreshment, which I had no other means of procuring for her at the moment. So, in an evil hour, I yielded; and she commenced operations in a style which was strongly corroborative of her alleged thirst. Cup after cup of the detestable mixture went down her throat with a rapidity that was perfectly astonishing, and Samuel Johnson himself might have wished to emulate the energy and perseverance with which she returned to the charge, and proved her admiration for his favourite hyson, by her devotion to its very unworthy representative.



At length she condescended to leave off; and I was in the act of drawing out my purse to pay for her bibulous indiscretions, when two gentlemen of a certain age made their appearance, issuing from the Opera Colonnade; and as they approached, I was horror-struck on recognising the features of my respected "Governor"—the most moral, correct, and decorous of his species,—and his intimate friend the Right Hon. —, an equally strict disciplinarian in all matters of propriety, and a little of a saint into the bargain. These brother patriots were wending their way slowly towards home, after a protracted debate in the House, and I felt that this exemplary discharge of an important public duty, in submitting to these constantly recurring vigils, contrasted rather unpleasantly for me, with the very equivocal species of recreation in which I appeared to be engaged. But this was not all. Anxious as I was to escape the notice and animadversion of my worthy parent—it was of still greater importance to me, that my charitable conduct should not be subject to misinterpretation on the part of Mr. —, who was a leading committee-man in all Bible Societies,—a regular frequenter of Exeter Hall meetings,—a parliamentary supporter of Sir Andrew Agnew; and, terrible reflection under the circumstances! the person on whom rested my principal hopes of official advancement,—he being *almost* pledged to obtain for me the situation of Provisional Vice-Deputy-Assistant-Under-Secretary to the Ecclesiastical Commission!

In the forlorn hope of avoiding observation, I hastily drew my hat over my face. But it was too late. The eyes of the "Governor" were of the most penetrating character, and had easily singled me out from the motley group by which I was surrounded. He had many virtues, but patience and equability of temper could not be reckoned amongst the number. His indignation knew no bounds on seeing me so oddly employed,—with my fair-foreigner hanging affectionately on my arm,—and darting towards me with a minacious gesture and flashing eyes, he apostrophised me in no gentle tones—

"So, Sir—very pretty, indeed!—Very pretty, upon my honour!—You shameless reprobate!—You bare-faced, good-for-nothing, incorrigible scamp!—Is this the way you are going on, after all your promises of amendment! I won't stand it, Sir!—you shall repent it to the last day of your life!—I'll have nothing more to say to you—I'll disinherit you—I'll cut you!—I'll—"

But here his "right honourable friend" interposed, to check this very boisterous display of paternal ire; and taking him by the arm, he led him gently away, having whispered some words of reason in his ear. But before he walked off, Mr. — turned towards me, and with a most apostolic solemnity of manner, and an ominous sternness of brow, said,

"Young gentleman! I am sorry, very sorry, to see you in such company; all things considered, I might have hoped that, at this particular time, you would have shown a little more regard for decorum. I have no right, of course, to take you to task; but I must say that I regret deeply, *on your own account*, that you should be so regardless of all propriety."

So saying, he moved on; and the Governor, heedless of my efforts at explanation, and my entreaties that he would stay to hear my defence, suffered himself to be walked off, in sullen silence, and left me to my fate!

In the meantime, my interesting and troublesome charge became every moment more troublesome and less interesting in my eyes; but as she was apparently wholly dependent on my good offices, I could not, of course, desert her. I was, however, very unwilling to incur any further opprobrium on her account, and sincerely desirous to deposit her in a place of safety! Under these circumstances I came to the conclusion, after much unpleasant deliberation with myself, that I would offer her an honourable retreat in my lodgings, until the arrival of the hour when she might have a chance of being put in communication with her friends. "I must trust to my good fortune," thought I, "to smuggle her out of the house, without being observed by my respectable and sour-tempered landlady; and, at all events, as Mrs. Simpkinson is a sensible woman, I dare say I should have no difficulty in making her understand the honest state of the case." Having thus made up my mind as to the course to be pursued, I saw no use in philandering about the streets any longer; so, having explained my purpose to the fair lady, I proceeded at a very rapid pace to Craven-street. But all the annoyances I had hitherto experienced about her, were as nothing compared with my vexation on discovering that I had come out without my latch-key! I could not obtain admission for myself without "knocking up" the house, and I confess every principle of modesty and decorum seemed to me to forbid a proceeding which, in my distressing position, was likely to be so unpleasantly animadverted upon. With a heavy heart, therefore, and eyes no less heavy, I resumed my wanderings; and, as a last resource, bethought me of a hotel not a hundred miles from the Adelphi, where I resolved to take my chance of a successful appeal to the hospitality of the proprietors in favour of my forlorn stranger.

*Chemin faisant*, I met one or two of the police, and was greatly tempted, in spite of the lady's remonstrances, to transfer my responsibility to a more legitimate quarter; but she seemed to have an instinctive horror of those formidable authorities, which, I confess, almost induced me to suspect that she had, at some period of her life, found herself *aux prises avec la justice*, and was consequently apprehensive of exciting reminiscences that might be too agonizing to her feelings. I therefore continued my route, growing at every step more silent and sulky—ruminating on the unpleasant consequences that might probably result from my rencontre with the "Governor" and his friend; but I soon found that destiny had not yet exhausted all her severity towards me, for I had not proceeded above a couple of hundred yards up the Strand, when I was suddenly confronted by another acquaintance, whom, of all men in the world, I least wished to meet in so embarrassing a crisis of my fate. This was my friend Harry Cobham, the brother of the too fascinating nymph whose absence from Lady ——'s ball had so grievously disturbed my equanimity; and as he was, to a certain extent, aware of the good understanding that existed between his sister and myself, and less averse to the prospect of my alliance than his more worldly mamma, it will readily be believed that I was not very anxious to obtain credit, in his eyes, for a species of *distraction* so contrary to the loyal duty I owed to my liege lady.

But my friend Harry was in no mood to play the moralist, having, apparently, just emerged from some scene of protracted revelry, in a state

of beatitude highly creditable to his own conviviality and the hospitality of his friends. His progress along the pavement was rather of a serpentine character, ever and anon declining a few degrees from the mathematical course—like that of the sun in the ecliptic; and my evil genius decreed that I should get the full benefit of one of these meandering movements, which brought him close up against me.

"Hollo! Ned, my boy! Is that you?" exclaimed he, with a hiccup, and stopping short in his eccentric career. "Whom have you got here? Ah! you sly old fox! Is this your mo—morality, I say? Who—who's your fair friend,—if I may make so bo—bold as to inquire?"

"Ah! *Mon dieu!* *Il est ivre!*" exclaimed my amiable companion. "*Quelle horreur!*"

"Wh—what's that you say, my dear?" continued the facetious Mr. Cobham. "Do you suppose I'm dr—drunk? Quite the reverse, my angel! I—I'm very re—mark—ably sober."

And a second hiccup afforded convincing evidence in support of his assertion.

"My dear Cobham," said I, anxious to get rid of him as quietly as possible, "pray don't detain us. You quite mistake—this is a most respectable young person—and I have promised to see her safe home."

"Well, my dear boy, you know there's safety in numbers. So—by your leave—and—her leave, I'll ma—make one of your party."

And suiting the action to the word, he staggered to the other side of her, and held out his arm, which however she declined taking; but he walked for some distance by her side, addressing her in a half-English half-French jargon, which at any other time would have excited my risible faculties.

At length he carried his assiduities so far as to chuck her under the chin; which polite demonstration of regard she resented by a box on the ear, given in a style which at once proclaimed the competency of the fair *insultée* to take her own part. It seemed, indeed, to be applied with a degree of *à-plomb* and precision that could only result from practice.

Cobham, however, was outrageous, and became so violent in his behaviour, that I felt bound to interfere in defence of the fair object of his mingled wrath and admiration. A sort of scuffle ensued; I had not the slightest intention of striking him, but a gentle *shove* which I was obliged to give him, in order to release the lady from his grasp, made him lose his very precarious equilibrium, and he came to the ground; while my fair friend began to scream, like Miss O'Neill in "*Belvidera*," and before I knew where I was, a couple of policemen ran up, springing their rattles, and flourishing their staves in the most minacious style imaginable.

Cobham started on his legs, completely sobered by the fall, but furious at the indignity which I had put upon him.

"Mr. —," exclaimed he, "with an oath, you shall answer for this before you are a day older."

"Whenever you please, Sir," answered I, driven to desperation.

"What's all this here row about?" quoth one of the policemen, in an authoritative tone. "Come, gen'lemen, you and this here lady must be pleased to walk off to the station-house."

But Cobham began to show fight, and the lady seemed equally disposed to resist this encroachment on the liberty of the subject. Where-

upon, observing that the municipal force had full occupation in reducing these two refractory individuals to obedience, I watched my opportunity and ran off at full speed, leaving my ill-omened acquaintance to shift for herself; nor did I once slacken my pace until I found myself at my own door in Craven-street.

But woful were the consequences of that eventful morning! About a week after, I was sitting at home, with my arm in a sling, (the result of a hostile rencontre on Wimbledon-Common with my friend Cobham,) when three letters were delivered to me, each being in answer to an apologetic and explanatory communication from myself to their respective writers. They shall speak for themselves.

The first was from my father—it was to the following effect:—

“Ned—you are an incorrigible dog! and your humbugging excuses only serve to aggravate your offences. From this day, your allowance is reduced one-half; and by the Lord Harry, if you don’t mend your manners, it shall be withdrawn altogether. Yours, &c.”

The second was from my official friend:—

“My dear Sir—I regret to say that I cannot be of any service to you in the matter to which your note refers. The Archbishop has this day appointed Mr. — Provisional-Vice-Deputy-Assistant-Under-Secretary to the Ecclesiastical Commission. As Mr. — is unquestionably a gentleman of high character, and *irreproachable morals*, you will at once see the impossibility of my interfering with his Grace’s appointment.

“Forgive me if I say that I trust what has occurred will be a salutary lesson; and that you may ere long be recalled to a becoming sense of the awful responsibility attached to the character of a Christian.

“I remain, dear Sir,

“Your sincere friend and servant,

The third was “the most unkindest cut of all.” It contained a small locket, and ran thus:—

“After what has occurred, you cannot be surprised that I hasten to return an ornament which I am painfully sensible I ought never to have accepted from you. Mamma was quite right, and I am justly punished for my neglect of her injunctions. I wish you every happiness, and hope, for your own sake, that you will reform. But we meet hereafter as common acquaintance.

Yours,

“EMILY.”

I tore up these three interesting documents into a thousand pieces, threw the locket on the hearth-stone, and stamped upon it until it was pulverized to atoms. But the past could not be recalled, and after washing down my grief and despair with a bottle of claret at the Athenæum, I turned into the Opera to revive my drooping spirits. The fair Emily and her mamma cut me dead from their pit-box, and I took refuge behind the scenes, where the first person I saw was the heroine of my unfortunate adventure dressed out “in very thin clothing, and but little of it,” for the ballet in which she was about to make her *début* as Mademoiselle Euphrosine, from l’Académie Royale de Musique. She.

was leaning against a side-scene, and listening coquettishly to the agreeable flattery of—my friend, Harry Cobham.

We had shaken hands on the ground, but Harry had not forgiven me, so I was not surprised that he turned away his head on my approach. But my indignation was aroused to the highest pitch, when Mademoiselle Euphrosine—the perfidious cause of all my misfortunes—stared me full in the face, with no other mark of recognition than a look of the most sovereign contempt.

Thus, in the space of one short hour, I lost my friend, my mistress,—who, by the by, had twenty thousand Consols at her own disposal,—my father's good graces, one-half of my allowance, and my hopes of an official appointment,—to say nothing of a shattered elbow,—all for the sake of a nymph who rewarded my services by the most flagrant ingratitude!

A more unmerited string of misfortunes could scarcely have fallen on a devoted head!—all resulting from my chivalrous disposition, and the amiable pliability of my temper! But one such lesson is sufficient. From that hour I have forsworn all benevolent interference in the cause of the fair sex; and, as Paul Pry has it, "If ever I do another good-natured thing in the course of my life—you'll see—that's all!"

C. H.

*March, 1835.*

## MARTIAL IN LONDON.

### *Retail Veracity.*

A DAME bought a comb for the crown of her head,  
And thus to the shopwoman cautiously said—  
"Well, here is the money, and send it me home;  
But are you quite sure 'tis a *Tortoise-shell* comb?"  
"Oh yes, 'tis the fellow of those on the shelf—  
My husband, Ma'am, brought it from *Torty* himself."

### *On the projected New Houses.*

Ye sons of Inigo and Wren,  
Exhaust not satire's quiver,  
By proving to unlearned men  
Which house should front the river.  
I hope that both may escape the flames,  
And live through countless years;  
But that which trenches on the Thames,  
Must be the House of *Piers*.

## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Accidents of the Month—Restoration of Shakspeare's Monument—Soldiers off Duty; Side-Arms—Barbarity on Ship-board—New Proof of Lunacy—The Factory System—The Ring and the Race-Course—Death of William Cobbett—His Modesty, the Member for Bath.

**ACCIDENTS OF THE MONTH.**—Winter was wont to be the high season of accidents by flood and field; horses broken-kneed or injured in the spine while skaiting through the streets of the metropolis; coaches overturned in every road that runs out of it, the passengers being invariably left buried in snow eight feet deep for eight days with only eight spoonsful of brandy between eight of them; wherries blocked up or crushed between two icebergs in the Thames, of a size not paralleled by any in the North Seas; and gallant youths taking involuntary cold-baths in the frozen Serpentine while cutting figures in forgetfulness of number one.

But a change has come over the spirit of our seasons. Winter has relented of late years; men and the mails are rarely now "knocked down with icy hammer;" snow-storms have become like angel visits, and there is hardly frost enough in the whole year to supply the English Opera audiences with their promised ice-creams during the season. July, however, seems to have taken up January's cast-off rigour, and shows no mercy to mankind. Accidents have increased as the old causes of them have disappeared. The papers during the past month have presented a fearful catalogue—in our recollection unprecedented—of calamities alike on land and water. We speak of occurrences in the metropolis, where coroners have been, to speak with the refined levity peculiar to Mrs. Butler, "as busy as the devil in a gale of wind."

The causes of this increase of our daily dish of horrors and afflictions are palpable enough, and ought to be as easy of removal. In the streets, the number of vehicles, private and public, seems to have augmented in exact proportion to the vicissitude and poverty of the times. Carriages appear to be built up out of the embarrassments of their owners; their accumulation keeps pace with the decrease of affluence: as though the useful knowledge of the age had taught people to set up britzkas as the surest means of galloping out of the way of the Gazette. The countless cabs and omnibuses that, with admirable precision, regularly run over every walking gentleman once a week, afford the accommodation of a "lift" to thousands who used to be rich enough to walk. They cannot afford it now. They are too near the verge of ruin to go on foot. They are impoverished, and must ride—to save appearances, and boots. All these public conveniences, which are now most commonly denominated "nuisances"—the cab-nuisance, the omnibus-nuisance—require regulation undoubtedly; but that regulation must depend very much on those who ride in them. Generally speaking, the drivers of these vehicles are much less to blame, in an affair of running over or turning over, than their customers. People are very indignant if the omnibus proceeds only at a safe and reasonable pace through the maze of moving machines; and your cab-taker is usually apt to bestow an execration either on the driver or the Beast, or on both, if rattling on at any rate slower than that which is sure to put life in peril. The public who complain of the nuisance are chiefly in fault; a few of them might terminate it if they chose. But people only cry shame on fast and dangerous driving when they happen to be on foot.

On the river, during the past two months, the accidents have been numerous and deplorable. The drowning season has regularly set in with

the warm weather, pic-nics, and excursions to Greenwich and Richmond. In spite of warnings and examples, people *will* conceive that they comprehend the art of boating above all things, and persist in persuading themselves that they were not born to be drowned; and in spite of the anxious humanity of the Thames-police magistrates (of Mr. Broderip in particular) the conductors of steam-packets *will* play their fantastic tricks, and run races with each other, at the frequent cost of life, and sometimes of what might be thought more sacred to them—of their own pockets. These aquatic accident-mongers act upon a system which should be broken through without scruple. They seem to be beyond remonstrances—charitable construction is thrown away upon them. Cab and omnibus drivers are, as we have said, usually urged into a too-rapid course by their customers, who certainly do not enter such vehicles for pleasure, but who are generally bound on business that requires their speedy conveyance from one spot to another. Not so with the steamers: their company consists, for the most part, of pleasure-seekers, with whom the voyage itself is the grand thing, and who are not so eager for its termination, as to demand a speed inconsistent with safety to the “small deer” around them. The coroners’ inquests of the month bear dreadful witness to the necessity of doing something in prevention of the lamentable mischiefs for which thousands have, every season, to mourn. A writer in a morning paper suggests that the principal source of evil is in the construction of the wherries, and proposes that no wherry should be allowed to ply on the river whose gunwale is not of a certain depth. This would tend to the abatement of the evil; but then the poor watermen are almost ruined as it is,—and to force them to provide new boats, would be to terminate their trade entirely.

**RESTORATION OF SHAKESPEARE’S MONUMENT.**—The Shakspearian Club of Stratford have made an appeal to their countrymen, which we have been obligingly requested to enforce and give effect to, as far as we may. We shall do so with all the zeal and power we can command. It is a subject on which we need no spur to promptness and energy, nor will the English public, unless they are prepared to be stigmatized as Goths, and to proclaim themselves destitute of all grateful and enlightened feeling. It is proposed to collect contributions for the restoration of the bust and monument of the poet of humanity, and for the repair of the chancel which contains both that monument and his dust. Never was a subscription suggested for a juster or more essential object; and never did a nation more deeply disgrace itself, than England will do, if this call upon her sense of honour and gratitude should be unresponded to, to the utmost scope of its purpose.

Those who have had an opportunity of visiting Stratford may not be aware of the present state of the chancel of its ancient collegiate church. The chancel was erected in the fifteenth century. A small portion only of the painted glass of its large and beautiful windows now remains, and its carved oak roof has been hidden from view by a ceiling of plaster. Repeated coatings of whitewash have obscured the rich architecture of its windows and niches, and the damps of time and neglect are busy even with its floor and foundations.

Everybody has seen the plaster casts of the monument erected in this chancel by the family of Shakspeare, a few years after his death. The poet is represented with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, and his left leaning on a scroll. It is long since some fine-minded worshipper of the bard—some loving visiter, moved by veneration for morals and poetry—some enthusiastic disciple, superior to vulgar prejudices, contrived to abstract the pen from the hand of the sacred effigy; though it is not long ago that the same ardent spirit of homage was exhibited, *in the breaking off of one of the fingers of the bust*—which was however recovered and

replaced. The bumps of veneration and acquisitiveness are nicely-balanced on some people's skulls. The monument, it may be remembered, was originally coloured to resemble life, and so remained until 1793, when, at the instigation of Mr. Malone, it was covered with white paint. The removal of this coat of paint, and the renewal of the original colours of the monument are thought to be practicable without a chance of injury to the work.

The body of the poet's wife, his eldest daughter Susannah, and several other persons connected with his family, were buried near him. Their grave-stones are on the floor of the chancel, and the inscriptions on some of them are partly obliterated. On one of these grave-stones, *that of Shakspeare's daughter*—an inscription has been placed for a person unconnected with his family; the original epitaph commemorating the excellencies of the eldest daughter of the world's master spirit having been suffered, about the year 1707, to become worn-out—or to be purposely effaced!

The loss of almost every personal relic of Shakspeare, the demolition of his house, the destruction of his traditionary mulberry-tree, and the alteration and removal of the greater part of his father's residence, concur to render the preservation of everything connected with the olden character of his resting-place, a more bounden duty. And it is justly thought that the remarkable beauty of the structure in which his remains are deposited—the picturesque situation of the chancel in the midst of the pleasant scenery of the banks of the Avon, may offer inducements to this end, and that they tend to constitute “the church of the town in which Shakspeare lived and died, his most appropriate mausoleum.”

The Stratford Club, which has distinguished itself by its spirit of reverence for the great universalist, and by its zeal in the “Diffusion of Shakspearianity,” has appointed a Committee, of which Dr. John Conolly is chairman, and which includes the names of several clergymen—the Rev. Dr. Davenport, Vicar of Stratford, being one of them—for the purpose of making known what is desirable to be done, and of obtaining the necessary funds in donations, not exceeding 1*l.* each. The Committee state that “their first anxiety is to preserve the monument of Shakspeare from all future injury; and if possible to restore its original colours, and those on the full-length figure of John Combe, the friend of Shakspeare, and buried near him.” It would also gratify them, “to be able to restore the ancient roof, and painted windows, to clear the walls of unnecessary whitewash, and to secure the foundations of the chancel itself.”

They add also, that, in case of a sufficient amount being subscribed, “they would gladly extend their care to the preservation of the house in which Shakspeare's father resided, in Henley-Street, the presumed birth-place of Shakspeare; and to the house still remaining at Shottery, near Stratford, which was the residence of Anne Hathaway; and even to the purchase of the site of New Place, the house in which Shakspeare passed the three last years of his life, and in which he died; a spot which, being yet unencroached upon, they are most desirous of guarding from new erections, and consecrating it to the memory of him whose name has rendered it hallowed ground.”

We cannot for an instant doubt that at any rate the more essential of these objects will be accomplished—and that the national character will not show itself, in this enlightened century, unworthy of the noble and affectionate praises which the poet himself has bestowed upon it. This is a case in which the sixpences of the poor—the pence even of the poorest—will be more honourable, more acceptable, than the golden contributions of the rich. But the admirers of Shakspeare,—in London, Dublin, Edinburgh—must be active. They must personally exert themselves. There are numerous Shakspeare Clubs in various parts of the kingdom, that



might form themselves into committees for collecting subscriptions, and promoting this work of reverence.

**SOLDIERS OFF DUTY—SIDE-ARMS.**—We are creatures of imitation. Let but an example be set, and it is sure to be followed, if it lead in an evil direction. There is much *matériel* for the moralist in a venerable story which all recollect. "Did you never," inquires a confessor of an ostler who conceived himself to be quite as criminal as his fellows,—“did you never grease the teeth of the horses to prevent them from eating the full measure of oats?” Never. A month afterwards, he comes again and confesses the delinquency, committed in the interim. He had never heard of such a plan of roguery before, and he had been consequently innocent. He had not sinned in that respect, for he did not know how. The instant he knew how to cheat, he forsook honesty. He took to the trick eagerly, as a new bit of wickedness—an agreeable change,—and all the ostlers of the district doubtless began to feel the same relish for it, for the same reason. Whenever an old crime is revived, or a new one started, you generally find that there is a run upon it. It takes for the season, and becomes a fashion. A private in the Foot-guards set the fashion, six months ago, of drawing his bayonet when off duty upon a passenger in the street. The idea ran like wildfire through the Foot-guards. They had long been accustomed to wear their side-arms when not on duty; but it had not occurred to anybody to set an example in a striking way of the uses to which the bayonet might be turned in a bit of amateur and private warfare. Ever since that discovery, we have had illustrations daily. The subject has been a morning and evening theme—and well it might be. The outrages have been of the grossest kind, and bayonets have been bristling in the faces of all who ventured in the back streets of Westminster.

The Commander of the Forces must have had evidence enough by this time of the responsibility which is incurred by not at once depriving these men of their side-arms when off duty. We have seen no reason offered in favour of a continuance of the practice; and the disposition among the more drunken to avail themselves of it in the most outrageous fashion is on the increase. The other day, one of these highly-disciplined savages deliberately crossed the street, seized a boy by the throat, and dashed his head through a shop window. The tradesman and a passer-by interfered, when the *bayonet was drawn*, which was with great danger and difficulty wrested from the hero's grasp. Since that, a fellow-brute insulted a young woman who was standing at her father's door; on being remonstrated with, the *bayonet was drawn* with the most desperate resolution to deserve the fair by the bravery of a gratuitous piece of butchery. These may stand as samples of the kind of outrage which is liable to be committed while the present regulation is in force. Soldiers escaped from the immediate discipline of the barracks are apt enough to commit excesses; and the possession of arms when off duty makes them regard themselves more in the light of soldiers than citizens. Besides, it tends to sustain and encourage them in their drunken and desperate broils. They feel that they are pretty safe in entering into a quarrel, and are therefore not slow to seek it.

These things are not calculated to make us forget Mr. Ellice's memorable statement respecting that large proportion of England's army, which consists of men who have passed through her prisons. Let us, however, for the credit of that army, seize upon a scrap of evidence upon the favourable side. Troop-serjeant-major Williams, of the King's Guard, says in his evidence upon the Wolverhampton affair—in reference to the extreme sobriety of the men,—“I saw the soldiers get half-a-pint of ale each. I know that some of them were offered a second half-pint; but *they refused it!*” This approaches the miraculous, but it is in evidence.

and we must believe it. Assuredly, Mr. Buckingham could not have trained up soberer soldiers. Such men may yet convert the army into a temperance society. Think of the time of year, think of the excitement, think of the pelting, think of the arduous duty, and of the hours devoted to it, and then imagine the men *refusing* a second half-pint of ale!

While the example of these Wolverhampton moderates is operating beneficially upon the conduct of the Westminster drunkards, let us hope that the complaints of the whole district will be heard, and that the authorities will prevent the soldiers from wearing their side-arms when they have no lawful occasion for them. The cure for the existing evils is to be found at the Horse-Guards, and not at the tread-mill. The reprehensible practice in question is only to be guarded from abuse by being abolished.

**BARBARITY ON SHIP-BOARD.**—Of the continual cases of cruelty that give to the press rather the character of a revolting romance than a register of facts, one class outstrips the others in wantonness of barbarity—that which comprises the offences of the captains and mates of merchant-vessels against their seamen or apprentices. The boys, as may be supposed in these cases, are the favourite and peculiar victims. Captain Marryat has somewhere presented a capital portrait of a midshipman who could “take a great deal of sleep.” The captains we are referring to seem to select for apprentices those who can take the greatest quantity of rope. The barbarities practised by these savages (for, judging of the number of instances not brought forward by those which are, we are entitled to apply the epithet to the class) are beyond belief by those who do not take the trouble to inspect the police-catalogue. We are now referring to two cases before us. In both, the wilful abuse of power, the pleasure of inflicting pain, seems carried to the utmost. The offender in one instance is named Lee, the mate of a vessel bound for Leghorn. He had beaten a boy (for not cleaning the cabin in the absence of “proper materials”) with a rope containing eleven yarns platted; “the boy’s flesh was lacerated and cut in the most shocking manner, and the back, from the neck downwards, was covered with bruises.” The brutal tyrant confessed that he laid on “as long as he was able;” and indeed his victim’s appearance was described by the magistrate as being that of a man “who had undergone the severest punishment of the navy.” Yet the captain of the vessel pleaded hard for his mate—on the ground too that he had a “family.” Instead of mitigating the penalty, the magistrate could only lament its inadequacy to atone for the outrage. How ludicrous are the anomalies of the law, but how serious in their consequences! The magistrate may send a vander of an unstamped sheet of useful knowledge to the House of Correction for *six months*; but in this case, where the assault is, by the magistrate himself, pronounced to be “most savage and brutal,” and where its perpetrator is stigmatized as “a wretch whose feelings are beyond reach,” the bench can only inflict a penalty of *five pounds*!—In the other case, a similar spirit of barbarity was evinced by a Captain Scott, who, in the process of a gratuitous flagellation, had broken two of the fingers of the poor creature that had the misery of calling him master. The penalty was the same. It is a pity that the attention of some active members of the Legislature is not drawn to such a state of things as this. What is the sum of five pounds to such people, as the cost (if all the chances should go against them) of lacerating a poor boy’s back, and revelling in all the horrors of a naval flogging without the formalities and restrictions?

**NEW PROOF OF LUNACY.**—Numerous and opposite are the actions to which erring nature is liable, and which men have from time to time agreed to interpret as unequivocal symptoms of unsoundness of mind, yet few precedents have been so established as to be distinctly laid down for our guidance; and it is, up to this day, a difficult task to give a practical defi-

nition of insanity. That which a jury pronounces to be an act of lunacy one day, he the next commits himself, and it then becomes an act of sanity. A man, perhaps, has been suspected of "something wrong," in virtue of having paid a boot-maker; another has been adjudged to be far gone in craziness from having committed matrimony twice. To preach up Reform in Parliament was at one time a settled sign of mental infirmity—a faith in the powers of steam or gas was sheer midsummer madness. A commission *de lunatico* has just been issued, partly upon a ground quite opposite to that of advocating Parliamentary improvement—the ground of volunteering attendance to witness the improved proceedings. The unfortunate gentleman who was the subject of the inquiry was convicted of many eccentric habits, and among the most suspicious, and in the end the most fatal, was the following:—"in the evening he was to be found during the sitting of Parliament in the House of Lords, or the gallery of the House of Commons!" Doubt vanished as this fact flashed into the evidence. Who could fail to see in these nightly visits to the galleries—visits, not made professionally, but as an amateur—which were not attended with receipts, but disbursements—a proof of the total subversion of reason? The decision will doubtless tend to diminish the doorkeeper's fees. People will be afraid to venture within the walls. A commission *de lunatico* may be the consequence. The fact of their having returned certain talkative members to the House is of itself provocative of suspicion; but to go and hear them *speak*, is a proof which no sane commissioner could pause upon for an instant. Crockford's or the Westminster Pit may be visited with impunity; but to approach the Collective Wisdom is to forfeit all pretension to the possession of wits. Let it be observed that we are not in any wise reflecting upon the character of Parliament; we insinuate no charge of insanity in that direction. A man may discourse for an hour together even at this languid season, and be no more mad than when he commenced; but we hold him to be a lunatic who would voluntarily undertake to listen.

**THE FACTORY SYSTEM.**—It is to be hoped that, notwithstanding the mass of business now before Parliament, the present session will not close without some "boon," as acts of justice are called, to the poor factory-children. These little toilers seem to be in no way benefited by the measure which has been passed, *professedly* for their relief. The factory-masters took a clear view of the Act, when they *avowed* that they supported it "only because they knew it to be impracticable." Mr. Oastler, of Huddersfield, a benevolent and indefatigable friend of the poor children, is publishing statements that, as they become read, will convince the public that the question is not quite so "settled" as it seemed to be: that the Act now in existence creates quite as much hardship as it prevents, and that universal sympathy must be reawakened on behalf of the infant slaves in our factories, if humanity is not to be the hollowest of names, and "civilization" an epithet of contempt and shame to England. In a letter to Mr. Baines, published recently, Mr. Oastler has given a long and circumstantial account of a disgraceful affair at Bradley Mills. The agent in it, Benjamin Longley, is alleged to have beaten a little girl, twelve years of age—not once, but several times—with a cruelty that congeals one's blood. The child was reduced to a dangerous condition, but recovered. Many names are mentioned in this statement, and disproof is easy if it be untrue; as punishment ought to be, if otherwise. The mother of the little sufferer had recently undergone an operation for a cancer in the breast. All this agony she could endure—it was nothing to her agony of heart for her children!

"She can tell you, Mr. Baines, how she has had to awake her children in the dark of early morn—how she had to turn them out of doors in the pitiless storm half clothed with rags. She can tell you, Sir, with what anxiety she has waited

till late at night, for their return, yet dreaded their arrival ! and how, when these poor weary labourers came home, *they could not eat*, they were so exhausted ! She can tell how she has seated them upon the little chairs, or on the bed ; and how, whilst she was striving to feed them with porridge or with bread, they *dropped quite fast asleep* ! Yes, yes, Mr. Baines, *this woman can tell you how bitter was the taste of that bread, the price of which she knew to be the life of her children !*"

Mr. Brotherton has brought before Parliament a grievance which ought to obtain an immediate cure. The public are scarcely aware that children under eleven are required to produce a certificate of their age from a surgeon ; still less do they know that this surgeon is empowered to exact sixpence for each certificate ; or that when the child, as is frequently the case, is transferred from one factory to another, a fresh certificate is necessary. The children of Manchester alone have thus been taxed, within a twelvemonth, to the extent of 520*l*. In two districts, the sum of 4000*l*. has been thus wrung from the wages of the children within eleven months ! These harsh, these monstrous truths are contained in returns laid before the House of Commons. Will that House close its labours for the year, without terminating a system of spoliation that amounts to sacrilege ?

THE RING AND THE RACE-COURSE.—Thanks to the most barefaced swindling, and verdicts of "Manslaughter," the "Ring" is now so completely broken in, as not to admit of the least chance of patronage for a prize-fight. These disgusting spectacles are avoided now as gross vulgarities. Brutality and blackguardism in that shape have ceased to be genteel. We hear of them but seldom—the last occurred a few days ago, on a Sunday morning ! and terminated fatally. We trust this is the "knock-down blow" to the system, so far as the environs of the metropolis extend. We of course meditate no direct comparison between the prize-ring and the race-course — though some points of parallel are to be found ; and in these respects, the objectionable ones, the race-course is manifestly sharing the fate of its late competitor for the patronage of fashion. Recent events plainly denote that the evil is fast working its own cure. The excess of cheating is bringing about a more honest and honourable system. In all but the choicest circle, it is now of small consequence whether a bet be lost or won. Men take nothing by their gains, and forfeit nothing by their losings—character being understood to be previously forfeited. As a field for fraud, as an arena for the exercise of robbery, only a little more lawful than that of picking pockets—as a sanctuary for thimble-rigging and ring-dropping upon a grand scale—the race-course is yearly becoming narrower, as it seems to widen. For all these purposes, it will soon cease to be a medium. The knave will be without an honourable man to dupe, and rogues tire, after a little time, of attempts to take in one another. For all infamous ends, the race-course will be abandoned the instant it is voted vulgar to "wink" at them.

DEATH OF WILLIAM COBBETT.—Prediction was busy three years ago with the name of Cobbett, when, after forty years of eminence out of doors, his ambition was crowned by admission into the House of Commons as a representative of the people. The predictions were against him—he would fail. Prophecy has reaped more than it sowed. The failure has been speedy—and final. He encountered Death in the debate. Another extraordinary man owes the premature termination of his career to the unhealthy atmosphere and ill-regulated hours of the House of Commons. True, Mr. Cobbett entered that trying and dangerous arena late in life, and under circumstances involving a sudden and hazardous change. The change was from early hours to late—from the fresh air to "pestilent fog ;" and well it was for him, that the transition did not take place thirty years

ago. A temperament such as his would not have held out to the age of seventy-three, notwithstanding his rare activity and rigid temperance; and the world, probably, would not now be in possession of many productions of his pen, which, whatever the amount of error that deforms them, are calculated to confer benefit upon mankind.

In the greater part of the eloquent eulogy which the press has bestowed upon the energies and endowments of Mr. Cobbett, we cordially concur. In each sketch, however, of this extraordinary man—even in those of the “Standard” and the “Times”—we see something to deduct, and much to add. His portrait remains to be painted. Let us remember, meanwhile, that the spirit in which the press generally has spoken of the complex character and singular genius of Cobbett is highly honourable to it. It has shown no resentment, no irreverence, towards its giant-reviler. The sense of individual wrong, of political enmity, has been almost entirely merged in the common feeling of admiration of the transcendent powers with which Nature distinguished Cobbett from the millions amongst whom he was born.

Various circumstances prevent us at present from attempting a sketch of William Cobbett. The reader will find one, characteristic alike of the writer and his subject, in Hazlitt’s “Spirits of the Age.” The enemies of Cobbett will acknowledge that his writings contain some of the noblest and purest specimens of English composition to be found in the language; and they will find it no less true, that in his character there were many great qualities—much kindness and sincerity—enthusiasm for the good of his labouring fellow-creatures—an intense love of nature—a spirit of hope untiring—and industry scarcely to be paralleled. Many men have greater excuses for their misdeeds than he had—yet he was not without them. His temperance was his good genius; had he applied “hot and rebellious liquors” to such warm blood as his—instead of milk or thin ale—what an “embodied storm” of passion would he have presented to men’s eyes!

Even with that Shakspeare whom he despised, we say—“Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!”

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**HIS MODESTY, THE MEMBER FOR BATH.**—Mr. Roebuck, in the pursuit of that notoriety which he mistakes for reputation, has lately taken to political pamphleteering; and, to save the inconvenient charges of advertising, has had the effrontery to put his puffs into the shape of a parliamentary attack upon the press, which he says is characterized “from the highest to the lowest by the most paltry corruption, the basest cowardice, and the blackest immorality.” This is the mildest version of the attack; these words he owns to in his last-issued pamphlet. The press has paid him the compliment of a discharge of artillery, which was hardly worth while. Such guns as the “Standard” and the “Times,” the “Examiner” and the “Chronicle,” are too large for so small an object. It is like sending a troop of horse to gallop over a crawling spider; or setting the Houses of Lords and Commons on fire, for the purpose of roasting a goose. Mr. Roebuck is one of the most pig-headed men that ever went the wrong road. We always knew him to be a most petulant, arrogant, conceited, and ill-minded person, setting up in the trade of statesmanship and philosophy; but we were not prepared for such confirmed craziness as he has exhibited, just at this juncture. The press might break him upon the smallest of its wheels; it will more cruelly crush him by its silence. He is the paltriest of the tribe of malignants.

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## CRITICAL NOTICES.

**Faustus; a Dramatic Mystery, &c. &c.** Translated from the German of Goethe, and illustrated with Notes. By John Anster, LL.D., &c. &c.

As this drama has been long before the public, and has already pretty generally excited the attention of the reading world, we may fairly hold ourselves exempt from the necessity of repeating its well-known story. It will be enough to offer those reflections which are suggested by a comparison of this last, and we trust final, effort at its translation into English with those which have preceded it. It also appears to be highly desirable to notice the singularly wild and strange impressions which it appears to have made upon so many of its admirers, critics, and commentators; and, to the best of our power, to rectify them; by a brief statement of the actual intent and spirit of this celebrated poem.

To any person ignorant of the original language, the general interest which "Faustus" has so long continued to excite must have appeared to be unaccounted for by any of the translations which have hitherto appeared. Of these, it must in fairness be allowed that some have all the merit that can be claimed by any mere version into literal, and even not inelegant, language; and that, in addition to this, some may be justly praised for graceful and pleasing versification. Much more, however, is required in order to fulfil adequately the laborious and difficult duty of a translator: there is, in fact, no task within the range of intellectual achievement which has been so seldom successfully attempted, or of which the true object is so frequently misconceived, and the real difficulties so much underrated: nor can there be a better instance than may be found in the comparison between "Faustus" and its many translations. Among these, Mr. Anster's may be considered as affording a most praiseworthy exception. Unlike the greater part of his fellow-labourers, he has not thought it sufficient to reach to the literal construction of his author's sentences, but has also aimed, and this with very unusual success, at the characteristic tone, colouring, national peculiarities, and cast of thought belonging to the scenes and persons of the plot. This may be more clearly comprehended by a cursory view of the main intent of this drama, and of the principles upon which it has actually been constructed; and we are the more desirous to dwell on this by reason of the whimsical absurdities with which its commentators have amused themselves, and diverted the public attention from its truer and deeper merits. These may be represented in brief by the following extract:—

"The various attempts to continue the infinite matter of "Faust" where Goethe drops it, although in themselves fruitless and unsuccessful, at least show in what manifold ways this great poem may be conceived, and how it presents a different side to every individuality. As the sunbeam breaks itself differently in every eye, and the starred heaven and nature are different for every soul-mirror, so is it with this immeasurable and exhaustless poem. We have seen illustrators and continuors of "Faust" who, captivated by the practical wisdom which pervades it, considered the whole poem as one great collection of maxims of life; we have met with others who saw nothing else in it but a pantheistical solution of the enigma of existence; others again, more alive to the genius of poetry, admired only the poetical clothing of the ideas, which otherwise seemed to them to have little significance; and others, again, saw nothing peculiar but the felicitous exposition of a philosophical theory, and the specification of certain errors of practical life. All these are right; for from all these points of view "Faust" is great and significant. But whilst it appears to follow these several directions as radiations from a focus, at the same time it contains (but for the most part concealed) its peculiar, truly great, and principal direction; and this is the reconciliation of the great contradiction of the world—the establishment of peace between the Real and the Ideal."

No one who loses sight of this, the great foundation of "Faust," will find himself in a condition, we do not say to explain or continue, but even to read and comprehend the poem\*.

Now, although it is possible to interpret this high-flown language into a very obvious truism, which applies equally to every object of human thought, when referred to the observation of different minds; we have little hesitation in declaring that, in any sense in which it can be *exclusively* applied to the "Faustus" of Goethe, it is laughably absurd. It has indeed often moved our surprise and regret to perceive the foolishly-mystical tone in which so many, both of the translators and critical eulogists of Goethe, have praised him for faults of which he has not, in fact, been guilty, and clouded his reputation with the dull fogs and vapours of German metaphysics. We do not altogether mean to deny that an *occasional expression* seems to warrant the notion that Goethe may have been, in some slight degree, touched with the intellectual disease which seems to infect the very atmosphere he breathed; but this "immeasurable and exhaustless" dream—this nightmare of the drowsy contemplation of that moonstruck school—has no existence in his plan, or in the general tenour of its execution; neither, we will venture to assure our readers, is it necessary to seize upon the dull distinctions of unmeaning language, in order to derive instruction and delight from a writer who is entitled to the more intelligible praise of being most rigidly true to the text of nature, as it meets the eye of human reason and sense, (for all that philosophy pretends to see beyond is visionary,) and of being profoundly versed in the real and palpable philosophy of life;—one, in truth, of the peculiar charms of his style is its homely and vigorous truth; the delicate touches by which it exhibits peculiar states of mind and modifications of character; and last, not least, the dexterity with which he has made all subservient to the exhibition of the *known* elementary principles of human nature.

Not to incur the recriminatory charge of having used words without meaning, we must now distinctly explain the method and general intent of this drama, and indicate the means by which the author has effected his purpose.

It cannot be said of Goethe as of Scott or Shakspeare, that he possesses in any very extraordinary measure the power of *individual* creation; but he may with more justice be said to have embraced within the grasp of imagination the whole philosophy of human nature; his delineations will appear more successful, considered as representing the *class* rather than the *individual*. The reader may apply this distinction with greater clearness, by recollecting the distinctness with which he can think of the individuals of his acquaintance, compared with the vague and confused idea he can at the same time form of those nicer shades of moral disposition which compose their several characters. The same remark will be found to apply similarly to nearly the entire *dramatis personæ* of Shakspeare, who are as perfectly individual, and as little susceptible of precise analysis as those we are accustomed to meet in daily life. Faustus and Mephistophiles, on the contrary, are impersonations of a class; and though they represent actual, known, and constantly observable human nature, yet they so represent it as to illustrate the universal theory, rather than to exemplify it in any known or possible case. Like the Apollos and Jupiters of antique sculpture, they exhibit, in superhuman perfection, that which can only be appreciated, *because it is human still*, and therefore familiar to the ambitious dreams of human thought.

In these two chief characters, to which everything else may be viewed

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\* From a German review.—"I translated this very hastily from a German journal several months ago. I unfortunately forgot to note down the name, but I think it was the 'Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung,' published by Brockhaus of Leipzig."—*Mr. Hayward's note.*

as subordinate, there is an admirable fulness and accuracy, both of conception and execution. To commence with that which is to be regarded as first in the moral order of the changes of human character,—for to human character *alone* both must be referred: Faust represents human desire and intellectual ambition through the medium of that character which has always been felt to afford the most perfect illustration of both—the alchemist, in whom these passions may be supposed to have been carried to their greatest height,—intellectual search, guided by imagination, and stimulated by some master passion—ambition, sensuality, avarice, ~~curiosity~~. Of this character Goethe has, with much judgment, assumed a certain stage, adapted not only to show more perfectly the real character, but also to convey that true and pathetic moral lesson which belongs to its visionary objects and disappointing end. The philosopher is represented among the accumulated rubbish of the research which has wasted his better years,—in looking for that which is not, and overlooking that which is,—just as he is beginning to be impressed with a glimmering sense of the great mistake of his life, and of the fallacy of his speculative wisdom. In this state he expresses his dissatisfaction, in a tone of sentiment and description beautifully picturesque, and truly indicative of the feeling of the moment. He has become wearied in the circle which ever terminates in itself, and leads to nothing; and in the depression which is the natural result of such a state, there seems to be an impressed sense of the worthlessness and unreality of all objects of human endeavour. In him, that re-action which, sooner or later, is liable to take place in every high-wrought mind, has begun to set strongly in. The illusions of his own career are disappearing, and those of the world have not acquired their habitual hold: his cell has been deserted by the spirit of hope, and all abroad is dust and ashes. It forms no part of our present object to notice the exquisite glimpses of contrasted sentiment and position which preserve the reality of the representation, and more broadly display this state of moral strife: these gleams of common feeling are pleasingly exhibited on his hearing the hymn announcing Easter—in his conversations with Wagner—and during his excursion among the crowds who are enjoying the solemn festival.

At this crisis of moral strife, the poet, with great felicity of conception, introduces the great intellectual opposite to which this state of mental disease may be said to tend, but which in itself presents a state of mind of still intenser and more painful interest. The sceptical and taunting spirit of unimpassioned and unsympathizing observation,—loving nothing, hoping for nothing; seeing all things in the light of their imperfections; devoid of all sentiment but calm disdain and cold dislike; and finding no excitement but in derision and the enterprise of mischief. Such is the character of Mephistophiles. And it will not be useless to guard our readers here against a natural misconception which would seriously injure the impression of this powerful drama—namely, the idea that Goethe had it in view to draw the fallen archangel according to the ideas of religion or superstition. Of these he has taken the advantages which they presented for his purpose; but the purpose itself was different.

It is, however, worth while to observe with what consummate skill he has taken advantage of a preconceived idea, in order to give something of a historic identity to the creation of his own mind. He who has studied, as it deserves, that unparalleled masterpiece, the Satan of Milton, and noticed its moral elements as referable to the precise period represented by him: the immense ambition and unmeasuring pride, suddenly blasted by defeat and humiliation,—the expansive energy of superhuman revenge and scorn, writhing in the control of superior power,—the proud courage still unable to acquiesce in subjugation,—the profoundly-beautiful softening touches of pity and remorse that reveal the vestiges of a higher and better nature. Whoever has been justly impressed with the force and truth of



this superhuman image of our great poet's creation, will turn with a pleased surprise to find in its opposite, by the hand of another master, a true history of the probable progress of the same individual under the supposed circumstances; while he may, at the same time, have the power to observe that in both, whether separately or jointly viewed, there is the most perfect adherence to human nature. Let us point out the connecting link. The consciousness of archangelic power—the elevation of aspiring pride—and all the broken sympathies which linked the fallen angel to his lost state—are wholly gone. Time has produced the natural effect, and the habit of evil and of suffering has done its work, and there is not now left an air of heaven about the ancient Outcast—there is not a single trace of high desire, or of hope, or of sympathy with affection and fear. Chilling knowledge has dispelled imagination, and experience throws a withering light before him, and he is only truly animated by a cold and malignant hate for those who, with inferior powers, have higher prospects. To play cruelly with their infirmities—to baffle their hopes—and to inflict upon them what he has felt—amuses his dreary existence, and gratifies his thirst for revenge in the only way he can be gratified. Such is the Mephistopheles of Goethe—exhibiting, in the abstract, a form of human nature, and, in the particular, the Satan of poetry, modified by the supposition of time and circumstance.

Of such a character it is a necessary part to question all truth—to sneer at and deride everything that is holy or affecting to human feeling. Hence the sceptical tone which seems to have impressed upon the German school that strange notion of a deep, mystical philosophy, which, if they can understand, they have surely failed to explain; but of which, as represented by the eloquent writer whom we have already quoted, the essence appears to be, to have no particular meaning: in truth, the language which Goethe has occasionally employed for the purpose of exhibiting the disordered phases of human nature, is adapted, and, no doubt, not unintentionally, to convey a strong satire against that mystic school, who seem to be repaying the blow, by the ingenious return of making him out to be one of themselves. The retort may be just; but we cannot wish them success.

On the general interest arising from the story of this drama, and on the poetical merits of its general style, we consider it less important to dwell at length; they are subjects which have been too often discussed to admit of novelty. That every character of the author's style, and more especially those passages which are either remarkable for their difficulty or their poetic power, have, in this translation, the advantage of appearing more nearly in the true tone and form of their original conception, we cannot, in justice, hesitate to declare; and in this we fear not to experience many dissentient voices amongst those who are best qualified to sit in judgment upon such an effort—namely, the other translators and commentators, who have, in many instances, with laudable candour and fairness, adverted to Mr. Anster's previous labours in the same field.

*Journal*, by Frances Ann Butler. 2 vols.

It will be readily believed that our monthly labours leave us but little leisure; and yet there are certain books which tempt us to wish that the moon changed even more quickly than it does: this desire naturally comes upon us when we think a work is harshly treated by our contemporaries. We do not hesitate to say that this *Journal* has been denied its fair meed of merit, and has been handled as severely as if it were the work of an experienced author, instead of being, as it is, a collection of the crude opinions of a young traveller, and of a petted, spoiled girl of undoubted genius. We could have wished that our brother editors had evinced more generosity, although Mrs. Butler could hardly have expected it, seeing that she puts upon record her contempt of all those whose business it was

or is, to enact critic upon whatever she does, either to win *golden opinions*, or entertain the public. This is ~~very~~, very foolish;—it is worse,—it is ungrateful. Libelled she certainly was in one or two instances; but she ought to have remembered that the “press gang,”—as she denominates them,—were her great and first supporters in England. She excited amongst them a sympathy apart from any admiration created by her talents, which they turned to her advantage on all occasions, and which she ought not to have forgotten. We look upon this, and the contempt she evinces for her profession and its members, as the two great faults of her journal,—or rather of her heart. It is true the profession was none of her choosing,—it was thrust upon her by circumstances, and she exerted herself diligently and nobly in it; but it was that of her ancestors,—one that Mrs. Siddons was not ashamed of,—one that John Kemble gloried in,—and that her father lives to ornament. She ought to have remembered these things, and struggled to repress a discontent which savours strongly of pertness and presumption. Our contemporaries have seen all this, and it has put them so out of humour, that they denied merit where it really existed. There is no doubt that, if a third of these volumes had been destroyed, the remainder would have been really valuable; there are fragments of pictorial description, bits of criticism, and some exquisite natural touches, that do credit to her head and heart. She wishes to cast the appearance of her profession far from her, and yet we meet the actress at almost every second page. She is inconsistent, too, where most she affects consistency, and condemns the Americans for coarseness, while, in fact,—though she uses finger-glasses and abominates tobacco,—she exceeds them in real indelicacy: this indiscretion proceeds from one of two causes,—either a coarse mind, or an ignorance of the meaning which mankind would put upon her words. We cannot imagine her really coarse; there are a hundred evidences in these unlucky volumes of refined and delicate feeling, so that we attribute the prevalence of what the press has so loudly complained of to an ignorance desirable in a young female, but which her father’s pen should have obliterated. Nevertheless, the journal will be read; and read despite its faults: there is an abounding freshness, fearlessness, and humour that will *compel* its perusal. We do not so much object to the volumes, as we do object to their being written by a lady who, if she did not so perfectly dislike the craft of scribblers, could take a very high stand amongst those she affects (for it is only affectation) to despise.

A little time will either confirm Mrs. Butler’s faults or eradicate them; her youth demands some indulgence, and the position in which she has been placed in the world still more. She never could have found herself where she did in English society, but from her connexion with a profession that both received from and conferred honour on her relatives; but she ought to bear in remembrance that it is the *parvenus*, and not the *aristocrats*, of England, who force their consequence down the throats of their associates; the highly-born and highly-bred feel at once their dignity, and are satisfied: but Fanny Kemble dreaded worse than death the possibility of being placed on a level with “strollers” or the “press gang,” and played off the great lady in her journal, when she thought of it; when she *did not think of it*, how different she is! and we are inclined to think that she would write differently now, if she were to write at all. Her station is fixed. As the wife of an American merchant, she cannot of course aim to be considered on a par with those whom she met at Devonshire or Lansdowne house: the straining after greatness is at an end, and she would now have no object to fright her from her rationality.

Clever and entertaining the lady’s journal certainly is; and on this account we regret exceedingly that a greater number of erasures were not made before it saw the light, and gave her few enemies a handle against her reputation.

Harry Calverley. By the Author of "Cecil Hyde." 3 vols.

There were marks and tokens by which the fashionable class of novels, *now* almost exploded, used to be invariably distinguished—namely, a certain number of persons, none under the rank of Baronet, for the gentlemen, or Honourable for the ladies; those persons only lived in Mayfair—only drove in Hyde Park, and never spoke, except at Almack's or the Opera. They constituted a class utterly out of what we generally believe to be the pale of humanity—they had no feelings or sympathies in common with "the people;" they were, in fact, neither earthly nor heavenly, and had no connexion whatever with a vulgarity, called human nature. The English will really swallow a great deal of nauseous matter—not for health's, but fashion's sake. They have a "marvellous good stomach," but the enormous quantity of trash provided by those literary M.D.'s, the booksellers, at last injured their mental digestion; and reading ladies and gentlemen got into a woeful state of ill-health: they had been so surfeited with trash, that they lost all relish for wholesome food, in the shape of rational reading. And we confess that much merit is due to a certain number of sensible, well-informed, and most kindly persons, who, with exemplary humanity, invented a sort of intermediate book-diet, a mingling of spoon-meat and solid nutriment, calculated to restore strength and invigorate the constitution; they still please their readers, by introducing on the tapis lords, ladies, and sometimes Mayfair; but they allow the said lords and ladies to become acquainted with human nature, to speak without affectation, and *have* sympathies in common with "the people." One of these well-intentioned authors has just published "Harry Calverley," and a very pleasing, spirited, entertaining book it is; there are some excellent sketches of character and feeling, mingled with sense of the kind called *common* (why so called we cannot tell, except it be as a sort of left-handed compliment to its scarcity). There is a due portion of incident, working out an interesting conclusion—exactly the sort of conclusion we like, and if our readers are curious to know what that is, we refer them to the book itself, which will amply repay the trouble of perusing; it is a great improvement on the author's former work, "Cecil Hyde."

We have said that this is one of the species of novel, uniting, as it were, the fashionable with the *first* class of society; and we should ill perform our duty, did we not recommend to our reader's attention the knowledge of human nature, that renders the author's sketches so full of truth in all those minute points too frequently neglected by our novelists. Innumerable are the Miss Caryls to be met at every party and in every grade; we could name five or six originals who *might* have sat for the portrait of Lady Mary; and there are few novel-readers who could not value Fitzroy Lumley. He is admirably supported throughout, and a most excellent entertaining fellow he is, with a dash of feeling and sentiment, the tone of which relieves by its sobriety what otherwise would be flippant and affected. Lady Belvedere is a finely-conceived character—blending the warm and affectionate woman, so peculiarly *English*, with the dignity supposed to belong exclusively to our aristocracy.

The Life of Edmund Kean. 2 vols.

This long-expected biography of the great tragedian of the age has been universally ascribed to the pen of Barry Cornwall; there is little reason, therefore, for suppressing his name, although it does not appear upon the title-page. Certainly, there is nothing connected with the manner in which he has executed a very difficult and peculiar task, that can prevent him from avowing the authorship. It adds honour to an honourable name. In going through these volumes, we have, in many places, noted and admired the free, bold, strenuous hand with which a poet un-

known to the world in prose has mastered its mysteries; we have been struck with the proof which this work affords of the rare union in Barry Cornwall of a strong and clear-thoughted critical faculty, with the high and original fancy, the deep natural sentiment, for which our poet's verses are ever remarkable. We seldom find the correct and vigorous judgment, and the power of giving the simplest and most emphatic expression to it, in company with those imaginative qualities which have won for Barry Cornwall a lasting admiration.

Nor is the merit of the performance confined to this essential part of it—to the original and masterly analysis of some of the leading characters of Shakspeare, so admirably rendered by Kean; though these are the portions we prefer, for we can turn to them over and over again. Nor need it rest for the success upon the general tone and manner of the book, though pointed and agreeable in no ordinary degree—and this not merely in the most piquant passages of the narrative, but throughout. But what will best recommend it to the good opinion of all who, with the highest love of truth, would still wish to think as highly of their departed actor as they can, is the excellent discrimination which his biographer has shown in avoiding the vulgarities of his subject, and in dwelling as little as possible upon such filthy details as were indispensable to the truth of his narrative. The author of this book has had the good taste to suppress all that the reader of it had no right and occasion to know; on the other hand, he has related all that was essential to the working out of the real character of his subject. He tells one drunken anecdote, instead of a score—surely a sample of such a sack is sufficient. To ordinary minds such a subject as the biography of Kean must have been impracticable; even to Barry Cornwall it must have been most difficult, seeing what scanty and wretched materials he had to work with—for such they were that he could with decency use—he has made the most of them. He has related the details of the infant exploits and country wanderings of the actor, with a full relish and the pleasant effect; he has discussed the vices of the man with a temper and delicacy that prevented him from raising them up as the prominent points of his subject; he has treated the genius of the vivid illustrator of Shakspeare with a feeling of admiration which the heated partisan alone will think colder than it ought to be.

We have seen it remarked in one or two places, that Barry Cornwall appears to have *condescended* to his task. We have not observed it,—but it may be. He must have felt in some of the least pleasant parts of his labour—the writing of the book was not amongst these—that he was condescending, though with the best purposes and motives; but assuredly he has not discovered the feeling in any one of those portions of his various subject, which were alone worthy of his respect and of his pen.

*Tales of My Neighbourhood.* By the Author of "The Collegians," &c.  
3 vols.

We have not been altogether disappointed with these volumes—because there is a great deal of humour and occasional vigour in their pages—but we expected better things from an author whose originality (perhaps we were to blame for forming the expectation) we supposed almost inexhaustible; it is not fair to anticipate, and yet it is unavoidable. When a work is announced, either much or little is hoped from it, in proportion to the author's former reputation—and there are many with whom Mr. Griffin ranked very high, who will not be altogether satisfied with the careless manner in which his well-conceived sketches are flung from his pen, as if they were not worthy the care which a judicious writer thinks it right to bestow on the smallest trifle he indites. It is, in truth, a pity that Mr. Griffin did not labour a little more diligently on the fruits of his own imagination, which would have grown and ripened under such care, so as to have well repaid his trouble.

His delineation of Irish character is excellent; he understands it well, and manages the lights and shades with the pencil of a moral artist, more anxious for truth than effect; so that, though we might *wish* a different result, we confess that so things are, at all events in Ireland. The great defect of our modern literature is the haste with which books are made; they are compounded to suit the publisher's immediate desire, and the author forgets what is due to his own reputation in his wish to "oblige" the publisher.

Although we regret the carelessness too apparent in these pages, we give in common justice our due meed of praise to Mr. Griffin's ingenuity and invention—he can, when he pleases, weave a story with admirable skill, and interest both our heads and hearts; whenever he takes the pains to please he pleases well, and we are sure might render a *second* visit to his neighbourhood more interesting than the first.

### Belford Regis. By Mary Russel Mitford.

To meet Miss Mitford anywhere is indeed a treat at any time, but particularly so in the dog-days; it is quite delightful to breathe the breezes of her sunny Berkshire, to wander in its lanes, to repose in its valleys, and even, hot though it be, to climb its hills. She is the very Wilson of English story-telling—a pen-and-ink Claude—full of freshness and all manner of rural pleasures. We at first thought it almost profanation to accost her in the streets; it seemed unnatural to encounter her in anything but a cottage-bonnet with May-flower at her side, and some of her real living and breathing village-girls as her companions. And yet here she is—in the very streets of Belford Regis—as delightful as in "Our Village"—busy, hustling, observant, kindly, with an eye and ear ever open, and a heart free from all uncharitableness—the queen-elect of harmless and entertaining gossipings—which said gossipings are interspersed with rare poetry and shrewd observation—a combination no less rare than useful, the one softening the heart, the other improving the understanding. Our readers know that it is not our practice to extract—and indeed to extract from Miss Mitford's works is at all times difficult, because her writings are extracts from human nature, and it is as hard to fix upon a subject-specimen, as it is for a lady to decide upon a dress at Howell and James's, where *all* are beautiful. We can only, then, tell those who so much admired what appeared of "Belford Regis" in the pages of the "New Monthly Magazine," that they will be equally gratified by perambulating the town, and making acquaintance with its inhabitants, under Miss Mitford's escort.

### Principles and Illustrations of Morbid Anatomy. By Dr. Hope, F.R.S.

We had the pleasure to notice in a recent number a work by Mr. Swan, demonstrating the nerves of the human body, where the combined talents of the engraver, the artist, and the anatomist were so blended that we could not avoid drawing the attention of our readers to its merits. It is now our agreeable duty to request a similar attention to the production of a British physician, demonstrating the ravages of disease on humanity. The study of anatomy in its natural state is beset with many difficulties, and surrounded with many prejudices likely to check the ardour of the most inquiring mind; and we could not but feel gratified to find that an English surgeon could so nicely prepare his subject, that he might procure the masterly aid of a Finden and a West.

It would be quite useless to talk, in the present day, of the value of a correct delineation of anatomical subjects: mere oral instruction, an ordinary attendance on the best digested course of lectures—independent of ocular demonstration—is but evanescent; and if this be the case with the mere study of man in his natural condition, how much more forcibly will the argument apply to morbid anatomy. Who does not at once see

that the form, relation, colour, and general character of diseased animal products and structure can be better expressed and preserved by pictorial representation than by verbal description. Words, when skilfully used, impress on the mind through the powers of reflection lively images of things, but the artist enlists a lively sense into the service of the reflective faculties; and thus at once abridges the labour of thought, and impresses the subject of it with double vigour on the memory. The value of such representations cannot be questioned, and how seldom do we find the man of science able to pourtray like a faithful artist; and to the mere painter the organs of the human body cannot excite sufficient interest to fix his attention: the inspiration, the enthusiasm of the scientific pathologist only can tempt a man to wade through filth and blood, and apply his energies to a correct depiction of the putrescent deformities of disease, and were such an artist ever to be met with, he would be unequal to the task, inasmuch as the pencil is not the only requisite—the science of the acute pathologist would be wanting to represent with accuracy morbid structures—the experience of the observing physician must illustrate it with facts, and the reason of the philosopher applied to bear it on the one main point, the benefit of mankind, the alleviation of man's suffering, the preservation of human life.

The work before us appears, to our mind, to possess the above desiderata. It consists of a series of coloured lithographic drawings,\* from originals taken by the author, and is accompanied with appropriate letter-press, descriptive of their character, and demonstrative of the science. We cannot but admire the fidelity of the representation—their correctness surpasses their finish as works of art; but, as mere drawings and paintings, they are full of interest. The industry and application of Dr. Hope deserves great commendation, for the work is as complete and compact as it is correct; and moreover, we must observe, remarkably *economical*. We must again express our regret that the Government of this country has not established some fund to reward men of science for important productions such as these. Our medical corporations ought also to evince a disposition to extend a fostering hand, for certain are we that the author of this work cannot expect to receive anything like a sufficient pecuniary recompense for his time, talents, and application; and we can only hope that he may meet with that solid reputation and fame he so richly deserves for the intrinsic merit of the production.

Specimens of English Dramatic Poets of the Time of Shakspeare;  
with Notes. By Charles Lamb. New Edition. 2 vols.

The genuine enthusiasm wherewith Charles Lamb contemplated and studied our old English masters of the art of poetry is evinced throughout those emanations from his own mind which he has left for the gratification of his numerous surviving admirers. His thoughts breathe uniformly and eloquently of the age and spirit from whence they were drawn. The works of the Elizabethan writers constituted the shrine at which he worshipped: they were the source of that poetic creed and faith, to which, with the zeal of apostles, he and his fellow-votary Hazlitt laboured so hard (and not in vain) to make proselytes. The re-publication before us is a just and graceful tribute to the memory of Lamb, and ought to extend further the influence of those master-minds to which his own heart-homage was so sincerely and consistently paid.

## LITERARY REPORT.

The volume for July of "Colburn's Modern Novelists" contains the completion of *Hosace Smith's* historical romance—"Brambletye House; or Cavaliers and Roundheads." Seven volumes have now appeared of this elegant and cheap edition of the works of the most eminent novelists of the day—namely, *Mr. Bulwer's* "Pelham," complete in 3 vols.; *Mr. Ward's* "Tremaine; or the Man of Refinement," complete in 2 vols.; "Brambletye House," also complete in 2 vols.; and *Lady Morgan's* "O'Donnell," complete in 1 vol., and containing the whole three volumes of the original edition. A volume of this select collection appears each month, beautifully embellished by the Findens, and bound in morocco cloth, for five shillings.

A new and cheaper edition of *Leigh Hunt's* delightful work, "The Indicator and the Companion," is announced for immediate publication—"A miscellany," says the "Times," "which, from its fancy, whim, liveliness, and humour, will remind the reader of the best essays of Steele." We may add, that it is a book equally adapted to enliven the fire-side circle, or enhance the pleasures of the solitary walk in the fields, or among the forests of nature. A portrait of its talented author is to embellish the work.

There is also preparing for publication a new edition of "Service Afloat." The officer who has indited these volumes has had extensive experience, and relates what he has seen in a most spirited and agreeable manner.

The tenth part of that national undertaking, "The History of the British Landed Gentry," by *John Burke, Esq.* Author of "The Peerage and Baronetage," appears this month with the magazines. This work now embraces detailed accounts of about 1000 eminent houses, and includes particulars of nearly 30,000 individuals connected with them.

The cheap re-issue (in six parts) of *Sir Jonah Barrington's* important and national work, the "Memoirs of Ireland and the Union," is now completed, and the entire works now made accessible at less than half the original price.

Shortly will be published, in 2 vols. small 8vo., *Greece and the Levant; or Diary of a Summer's Excursion in 1834*, by the *Rev. Richard Burgess, B.D.*

To meet the rising demand for Foreign Literature in Dublin, we understand that *Messrs. Milliken and Son* of that City have just been at considerable expense in forming a collection of works in the French, German, Italian, and Spanish languages.

A German Translation of the whole *Jerusalem and Babylonian Talmud* is announced by *M. Pinner*: a work desirable in the study of Divinity, and especially of Jewish History.

*Mrs. Davids* announces a French edition of the admirable *Turkish Grammar* of her lamented Son.

The following Works are likewise announced as being in the press:—

*Roman-British Coins; or Coins of the Romans, struck in and relating to the Province of Britain*, by *J. Y. Akerman, F.S.A.*—The First Part of a Series of 14 Plates of Roman Coins and Medals, comprising all the important varieties of the Consular or Family Series, and those of the Empire, by the late *Rev. Dr. J. Glen King*.—*Chronological Charts, Illustrative of Ancient History and Geography*, by *John Draw*.—*Lectures on Moral Philosophy*, by *Dr. R. D. Hampden, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Oxford*.—*Letters on the Philosophy of Unbelief*, by the *Rev. James Wills*.—A Volume of Sermons, adapted to the Mechanical and Agricultural Population, by *E. W. Clarke, Rector of Great Yeldham*.—*The Court and Country Companion*, intended to supply the desideratum of an authentic guide to presentations at court, and for attending royal levees and drawing-rooms; with tables of precedence, &c.—*Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society*.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

'The Wife; or Women as they are: a Domestic Drama, with Plates, by *George Cruikshank*. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

*Vitruvius Britannicus; History of Hardwicke Hall*, by *P. F. Robinson, architect*. 3l. 3s.

*The Corporations of England and Wales*, by *A. E. Cockburn, Esq.* Vol. I. 8vo. 12s.

*Harold de Brun; a Semi-Dramatic Poem*, by *H. A. Driver*. 6s.

*Harewood's Dictionary of Sports; or, Companion to the Field, the Forest, and River-side*. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

*The Pasha of many Tales*, by the author of "Peter Simple," &c. 3 vols.

*The Mechanics of Law-making*, by *A. Symonds, Esq.* 9s. 6d.

*Scandinavian Sketches; or a Tour in Norway*, by *Lieut. Breton*. 8vo., plates, 14s.

*Sermons addressed to Young Persons*, by *Wm. Sewell, M.A.* 12mo. 9s.

*Algiers; with Notices of the Neighbouring States of Barbary*, by *P. B. Lord*. 2 vols. 21s.

*Villiers; a Tale of the Last Century*. 3 vols.

*Life of Edmund Kean*, by *Barry Cornwall*. 2 vols.

*The whole Works of Jeremy Taylor*, with an Essay, Biographical and Critical. 3 vols. 3l. 15s.

*Journal of a Residence and Tour in the United States*, by *E. S. Abdy*. 3 vols. 1l. 10s.

*The Speeches of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P.* 7s.

*History of Lacock Abbey*, by the *Rev. W. L. Bowles*. 20s.

*The Doom of Giallo; or the Vision of Judgment. A Romance*, by *James Boaden*. 2 vols. 21s.

*The Immaterial System of Man*, by *Elizabeth Hope*. 2 vols. 12s.

*How to observe Geology*, by *H. S. De la Beche*. 10s. 6d.

## FINE ARTS.

## BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF THEBES.

Mr. BURFORD has again added to his reputation by the production of another excellent work of art, and a highly interesting panorama. The once glorious arts of Thebes, with its associations of greatness and magnificence, is a fortunate subject for selection. We have no doubt that it will be as attractive as the exhibition of Jerusalem.

## COLOSSEUM.

Messrs. Braham and Yates have announced the plan upon which they design to reconstruct the building in the Regent's Park; and among other improvements it is understood that "a banqueting room" is to be erected larger in extent than any hall for similar purposes in the kingdom. It is intended to give entertainments—principally music, singing, and supping—after the fashion of those so much patronised by our grand-mamas, at Ranelagh; and under such management it is likely that the new will vie with the old amusements, and delight us and our children. Meanwhile the other attractions of the Colosseum are not to be diminished. The Picture of London is to be untouched, except by Time. The Hall of Sculpture is to continue as it is, and the Conservatories are to be rendered still more interesting.

## PUBLICATIONS.

## Lewis' Sketches of the Alhambra, &amp;c.

Mr. Lewis, it is known, has lately returned from Spain with a rich portfolio of sketches. His drawings from some of them, exhibited at the Water Colour Gallery, are absolutely wonderful. The volume before us is one of rare value. The magnificent Alhambra, and the scenes that are connected with it, have never been brought so clearly under our eye. We are almost among them—and with the bright-eyed maidens and dull-looking monks, that stroll or sit beneath the shade of the glorious pillars of the long-honoured structure.

## THE DRAMA.

## COVENT GARDEN.

FIDELIO is not one of Madame Malibran's most effective performances. It wants sentiment through all the early scenes, and passion at the last. But she had infinite disadvantages to contend against in the inefficiency of her associates in the music, and a disadvantage more serious than all in the recollection, which can never quit any one who once witnessed it, of the great performance of Madame Schroeder-Devrient. Madame Malibran pampers her genius, sophisticates it, and will not let it spring forth spontaneously in a rich natural product. It is rare that she does not either underdo or overdo. This we take to proceed from a certain restlessness, which is inconsistent with genius in its highest shape, and must destroy its noblest graces. Madame Malibran wants self-possession. Nature does not content her unless she sees that it contents the audience. She takes them too much into her confidence, instead of subduing them to her will. She is never natural without, as it were, intimating to boxes, pit, and gallery, that she knows she is so. When she was applauded for following Pizarro up the stage with a pistol in her hand—as if to show how well she knew what it was that carried the attention and applause, she took out another pistol. This does not increase the effect, but lessens it.

The music of Beethoven in this opera is beyond all praise. In depth of sentiment, and a sublime power of expression, nothing can go beyond it. The chorus at the close remains with us long after leaving the theatre, and visits us in our dreams!



## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Professor Wheatstone, of King's College, has delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution on speaking machines.

The learned lecturer commenced with alluding to the speaking heads said to have been made by Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus, and repeated the story of Thomas Aquinas having broken the machine of the latter, when the sage exclaimed, "There goes the work of thirty years." Of these machines little was now known. He then proceeded to state that he intended to confine himself almost entirely to a description of the speaking machine made by Kempelin, the celebrated contriver of the well-known automaton chess-player. This distinguished mechanic was occupied for a considerable time in endeavouring to find some musical instrument that he could use for the purpose of giving the different vowel sounds; at first he used the bell of the clarinet, the greater or smaller portion of the mouth of which he stopped as he wished to produce the various sounds. Mr. Wheatstone then proceeded to produce these different sounds in the way proposed by Kempelin, and afterwards showed that the same sounds would be more distinctly given by passing the air from bellows through metallic tubes of different lengths. He then explained the nature of the different vowel sounds, as laid down by Bishop Wilkins, in his *Essay on a Real Character*, and afterwards proceeded to show the nature of the machine made by Kempelin, a model of which he exhibited. It consisted of five parts; the first, the reed, representing the human glottis; second, an air-chest, with internal valves; third, bellows, to serve as lungs; fourth, a mouth with external and internal lips, &c.; and fifth, nostrils, as in the living subject. The reed was formed in imitation of the reed of a bagpipe-drone, the hollow portion being square, and the tongue of the reed being of the thickness of a playing-card, and made of ivory, and resting in it horizontally. The hollow portion was inserted into the air-chest, and the discharge of air occasioned a vibration of the ivory tongue, which produced the requisite sound. The vibrations being regulated by a moveable spring of course modulated the sound. At the opposite end of the air-chest to that in which the ivory slip was placed, the nose of a pair of double bellows was inserted. The machine required for each sound six times the quantity of air used by a man in speaking. The mouth was a bell-shaped piece of caoutchouc (Indian rubber) applied to the air-chest, and so adapted that the sound of the reed issued through it. Independent of its communication with the reed producing the requisite sound, a tin tube connected it with the air-chest, by means of which it might be kept constantly full of air. The river was composed of two tin tubes communicating with the mouth: when the latter was closed and both tubes remained open, the sound of M was distinctly pronounced; when one of the tubes was closed, the sound N was heard. The sound was regulated by the modification and compression of the mouth. We believe that the above will give a tolerably accurate idea of the nature of the machine. Mr. Wheatstone then produced a number of distinct words from the model of the machine he had made, such as *mamma*, *papa*, *summer*, *plum*, &c. The letter R was very indistinctly pronounced, but the lecturer observed that Kempelin had stated that he was satisfied with the sound, as a great many people could not pronounce it better. Mr. W. then quoted a passage from Kempelin's work entitled "*Le Mécanisme de la Parole, suivi de la Description d'une Machine parlante*," to the effect that it was possible to acquire in the space of three weeks a surprising facility in playing on the speaking machine; above all if it was applied to the French or Italian languages, but the German was much more difficult in consequence of the constant recurrence of consonants in that language. He succeeded in pronouncing any French

or Italian word required, but a long German word was much more difficult. He could pronounce a few entire phrases, but these were necessarily short, as the bellows of his machine was not sufficiently large to furnish the wind; for instance, he could make the machine distinctly say "vous êtes mon ami,"—"je vous aime de tout mon cœur" or in Latin, "Leopoldus secundus Romanorum Imperator semper Augustus." He was convinced that without much difficulty a machine with keys might be arranged so as to pronounce any sentence distinctly. Mr. W. then proceeded to allude to two speaking machines presented to the French Academy in 1783, and which were spoken of in high terms by Diderot, but his observations were very indistinctly heard; indeed, this was the case, we regret to have to state, with a considerable portion of the lecture. He concluded with remarking that he conceived that the chief use of such a machine as he had that night exhibited, would be to fix the pronunciation of languages. Kempelin, however, in the preface of the work we have just alluded to, states that he believes it would be found to render easier the mode of teaching the use of language to the deaf and dumb, and also of use in correcting in some the vices of pronunciation, which in general arise from an improper use of the organs of speech. Although it was not stated by the lecturer, we believe that Kempelin placed his machine within the model of a young girl, which of course appeared to give utterance to the different sounds.

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GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

A portion of a very interesting paper has been read, on the island of Socotra, by Lieutenant Wellsted, of the Bombay Marine. In December, 1833, Lieuts. Hains and Wellsted, while employed in surveying the south-east coast of Arabia, with the view of connecting the late surveys of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, received orders from the Bombay government to proceed to Socotra, for the purpose of making a minute survey of that island, it being contemplated to purchase it as a coal dépôt for steam vessels navigating to and from India by way of the Red Sea.\* Socotra was, from a very early period, subject to the kings of the incense country, on the adjacent shores of Arabia; it afterwards fell into the hands of the Portuguese, who held it for some years, but gradually lost their ascendancy, and the island once again lapsed into its former dependence. For the last half century it has been entirely subject to the sultan of Kishna, on the Arabian coast, who pays the island an annual visit for the purpose of collecting his revenue, and to listen to all complaints or disputes, which are invariably referred to him for adjustment. At the present moment, however, there is much confusion in the government, the sultan being blind, and there being many aspirants to his power. Socotra is of the shape of an acute spherical triangle, having for its vertex a flat promontory towards the east, called Ras Mornee, and presenting its convex side to the southward, forming as it were a bulwark against the swell of the vast ocean, whose waters are rolled against it. Here the coast presents nearly an unbroken line; but on the northern side it is formed by a succession of small bays; the base is also cut by a deep bay. The interior of the island is very mountainous, and the soil is generally of a hard, bad quality, and does not at present appear susceptible of very great cultivation: it, however, varies much in different situations,—the western side, which is fed by numerous streams, being by far the most fertile part of the island, and affording excellent grass for the cattle. Though at so short a distance from the parched plains of the neighbouring continents of Africa and Arabia, the climate is remarkably temperate and cool, owing to both the monsoons blowing over a

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\* We have every reason to believe that the purchase has been effected for 10,000 dollars, and that the island is now in the possession of the company.—*Literary Gazette.*

great expanse of water. Amongst the few plants of importance found on the island is the well known *aloe spicata*, or *aloe socotrina*. These aloes are exported chiefly to Muscat, and, when pure, are the finest in the world. The dragon's-blood tree is also found in great abundance, and the gum, which exudes spontaneously, is gathered at all seasons by the Bedouins. There are no timber trees on the island. Agriculture is wholly unknown, though some rude attempts are made to cultivate a kind of millet, called *dukkun*; camels, sheep, oxen, asses, goats, and civet cats, were the only animals met with. The remainder of the communication was postponed; and the thanks of the society having been voted to Lieutenant Wellsted, the meeting adjourned. It was stated that exertions are making for the establishment of a company for the steam navigation of the coast and rivers of the provinces of Para and Maranhão, South America; for the promotion of which desirable object the Brazilian government has issued a decree, granting ten years' monopoly to such a company.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

At a recent meeting the room of this Society was crowded with members and visitors to inspect a magnificent collection of Roman sepulchral remains which covered the table, exhibited by Viscount Maynard, and accompanied by a description from Mr. Gage. In the parish of Ashdon, in Essex, are seven artificial mounds, four greater and three smaller, called the Bartlow Hills. In 1832 Mr. Gage opened the smaller mounds, or barrows, and obtained a rich harvest of sepulchral remains, which were exhibited to the Society; and a description of them was printed in the "Archæologia." About two months ago, Mr. Gage examined the largest of these barrows. He caused a gallery or passage to be cut even with the natural surface of the ground, and found the barrows to consist of alternate strata of earth and chalk; in the centre the excavators came to an oven-like hollow, or cavern, where were discovered the remains of a very large wooden chest, containing the relics now exhibited. These consisted, among other things, of a very large square glass bottle with a handle, containing burnt bones: a beautiful small spherical vessel of bronze, with a moveable handle across the top, enamelled in blue, red, and green colours, and richly gilt where not enamelled, supposed to be a base for holding perfumes; it was observed that the encaustum, or enamel, was well known to have been in use with the Egyptians and Romans; in the present instance, the pattern had been chiseled out of the metal, and filled in with the enamel: a bronze *præfericulum*, ornamented with silver, and the top of the handle in the form of a sphinx, with wings, the body of a lion, with the head and breasts of a woman; this was standing in a patera, or dish, also of bronze, and having a straight solid handle at the side: two strigiles, in perfect preservation: a large bronze lamp, with an upright piece at the back, beautifully carved in the shape of a vine-leaf, apparently intended to protect the hand from the flame or splashing of the oil while carrying it; in this lamp *still remains the wick*, a vegetable substance, in Mr. Faraday's opinion, and a fatty substance, evidently the residuum of oil: a folding-chair, or camp-stool, of iron, tipped and ornamented with bronze, and some remains of the leather straps which held it: two small long-necked bottles, closed and containing liquid, supposed by Mr. Faraday to be perfumes, or unguents; and two square bottles of greenish glass, one having two wreathed handles. No coins were found; but, from the similarity of these specimens to those found in the smaller barrows, among which were a coin of Hadrian, and several articles of pottery bearing the Roman potters' marks, there can be no doubt but these are also Roman. On the outside of the wooden chest was found a coarse earthen vessel, supposed to contain the last sweepings of the funeral pyre: the *chair* being an emblem of dignity, the person whose remains were here deposited was probably of considerable rank.—*Literary Gazette.*

## VARIETIES.

*The Gold Coinage.*—In the course of a lecture on Metals, at the Royal Institution, Professor Faraday stated the following curious particulars respecting the gold coinage :—A small ingot of gold (which he held in his hand, and which measured about ten inches in length by two in breadth), which weighed about twenty pounds troy, was worth 1000*l*. Last year, 1834, the coinage was somewhat smaller than the average amount; only half sovereigns were coined, and those to the value of 66,944*l*., or in weight 1,433 pounds troy. The quantity of gold that had passed through the Mint, since the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne, in the year 1558, to the end of last year, was 3,353,568 pounds weight troy. Of this, nearly one half was coined in the reign of George III.—namely, 1,594,078 pounds troy. The value of the gold coined in the reign of that sovereign was 74,501,586*l*. The total value of the gold coin issued from the Mint since 1558 was 154,702,385*l*. This gold, if made into a cubic form, would measure on each side 13 feet 32 hundreds. It was extremely difficult to account for the constant loss in the quantity of gold; it continued to be brought in great quantities every year into this country, and yet the value of it did not fall. It was true that population had greatly increased; but that was not alone sufficient to account for the increased consumption of gold. Between the years 1492 and 1823, the estimated value of the gold imported into Europe from the New World was not less than 1,223,000,000*l*. The average value of gold brought into England for the last few years was 1,600,000*l*. per annum. The far greater portion of this was used in manufactures and articles of jewellery. A considerable quantity was made into gold-leaves, the intrinsic value of each of which was about one halfpenny; and the wages of labour and the profit of the manufacturer were an additional farthing, making altogether a charge of three farthings for each leaf. On the average, nearly two millions of these leaves were manufactured every week in London. Not more than one-half of this was returned in another shape to the goldsmith; scarcely any portion, however, of the gold used in gilding frames was lost, as the Jews carefully looked after the old frames, and burnt the gold off. The ordinary wear and tear of the gold coins probably amounted annually to about one-fiftieth part of their value.

Mr. Gordon, who was sent to China from India to procure tea-seed and labourers to attempt the cultivation of tea in India, has been successful in procuring bohea tea-seed, but none from the green tea districts, in consequence of the recent disagreement between Lord Napier and the Chinese Government. He intended in March, when the manufacturing process began, to penetrate, if possible, to the bohea hills, and even as far as the green tea districts, and on this he had been much encouraged by a recent journey a short distance into the interior. A number of Chinese labourers had also been engaged by him.

It appears from a census for Ireland, taken from the last return of the Commissioners, that there are belonging to the

Established Church . . . . .	851,792
Presbyterians . . . . .	695,587
Protestant Dissenters . . . . .	21,518
Roman Catholics . . . . .	6,428,265
	<hr/>
	7,937,162

*The Hedgehog.*—It is said that the hedgehog is proof against poisons. M. Pallas states that it will eat a hundred cantharides without receiving any injury. More recently, a German physician, who wished to dissect one, gave it prussic acid, but it took no effect; he then tried arsenic, opium, and corrosive sublimate, with the same results.

**Education Inquiry, England.**—The first volume of the abstract of the answers and returns made pursuant to the address of the House of Commons, dated the 24th of May, 1833, relating to the "number of schools in each town, parish, chapelry, or extra-parochial place," is now prepared. It has been arranged under the superintendence of Mr. Rickman. This volume extends to Lancaster, and includes eighteen counties. Extracts from such a work is out of the question; but the summary of its contents is both quotable and interesting. It follows:—

Summary of the Counties of Bedford, Berks, Bucks, Cambridge, Chester, Cornwall, Cumberland, Derby, Devon, Dorset, Durham, Essex, Gloucester, Hereford, Huntingdon, Kent, and Lancaster.									
Number of Inhabitants in the said 18 Counties in the year 1831, 5,369,455.									
				Schools.	Scholars.		Totals.		
Infant Schools.				1,162	11,023		32,440		
Number of Infants at such Schools,				{ Males . . . . .		12,297			
ages from 2 to 7 . . . . .				{ Females . . . . .		9,115			
Daily Schools . . . . .				14,531	216,372		476,399		
Number of Children at such Schools,				{ Males . . . . .		178,590			
ages from 4 to 14 . . . . .				{ Females . . . . .		81,437			
				{ Sex not specified . . . . .					
				Schools . . . . .		15,633			
Total Number of Children under Daily Instruction in the said 18 Counties 508,839									
Sunday Schools				6,271	269,824		631,522		
Number of Children at such Schools,				{ Males . . . . .		279,529			
in the said 18 Counties, ages from				{ Females . . . . .		82,169			
4 to 15 years . . . . .				{ Sex not specified . . . . .					
Maintenance of Schools:—									
Schools in the said 18 Counties.	By Endowment.		By Subscription.		By Payments from Scholars.		Subscription and Payment from Scholars.		
	Schools.	Scholars.	Schools.	Scholars.	Schools.	Scholars.	Schools.	Scholars.	
Infant Schools	8	345	80	4,946	933	16,717	141	10,432	
Daily . . . . .	1,625	61,741	1,024	60,148	10,936	288,453	916	66,052	
Sunday . . . . .	231	17,022	5,663	592,474	46	2,091	331	29,965	
Totals	1,864	79,178	6,767	647,563	11,915	307,266	1,418	106,349	
Religious Distinction:—									
Schools established by Dissenters in the said 18 Counties . . . . .					Schools.	Scholars.			
	Infant Schools . . . . .				26	1,911		{ 18,461	
	Daily . . . . .				285	16,550			
	Sunday . . . . .				2,123	285,190			
Schools established since the year 1818; or, properly speaking, the Increase of Schools (in the said 18 Counties) since the year 1818:—									
Infant and other Daily Schools, 7,971, containing 271,091 Scholars.									
Sunday Schools . . . . . 4,218, " 460,525 "									
Lending-Libraries of Books attached to Schools in the said 18 Counties are 1,065.									

The total number of persons employed in the cotton, woollen, flax, and silk mills of Scotland, is 49,823, of whom 13,721 (3799 males and 7922 females) are between the ages of 13 and 18; and 6228 (2552 males and 3676 females) are under 13 years of age. The total amount of steam power in Scotland is 5330 horses, and the water-wheels are estimated as equal to a power of 4822 horses; making together a mechanical moving power

equivalent to 10,152 horses. Of the 5330 horses of steam power, the town of Dundee alone possesses 2042, being about one-fifth of the whole steam-power of Scotland. The cotton-manufactory, with the exception of Aberdeen and Stanley, is almost entirely confined to Glasgow and a distance of about twenty-five miles radius. There are only twenty-four silk mills in Scotland.

*African Expedition.*—It is in contemplation to fit out, by subscription, an expedition to explore the unknown parts of Southern and Central Africa, extending between Lattakoo (Litacun) and the (so called) Mountains of the Moon, including, in its intended route, some of the confluences, if not the actual source and course of the Congo or Zaire. It is proposed that this expedition shall proceed from the Cape of Good Hope in the south, and attempt to egress by way of the great Lake Tchad, at some part on the shores of the Mediterranean in the north.

*The British Museum.*—The number of persons who visited the British Museum in 1829, was 68,101; in 1830, 71,336; in 1831, 99,912; in 1832, 147,896; in 1833, 210,495; in 1834, 237,366. The number of visitors to the reading-rooms, for the purposes of study and research, was, in 1810, 1950; in 1815, 4300; in 1820, 8820; in 1825, 22,800; in 1830, 31,300; in 1831, 38,200; in 1832, 46,680; in 1833, 58,000; and in 1834, 70,266. The number of visits made to the galleries of sculpture, by artists and students, for the purposes of study, was, in 1831, 4938; in 1832, 4740; in 1833, 4490; and in 1834, 5646.

*Public Debt.*—An account has just been published of the additions made to the annual charge of the public debt subsequent to the Act of 27 George III. It states, that by Act 7 of George IV., Exchequer bills to the amount of 8,000,000*l.* were authorized to be funded, at the rate of 107*l.* of four per cent. stock, which created a capital of 8,560,000*l.*, and an annual charge of 344,968*l.* That by Act 10 of George IV., Exchequer bills to the amount of 3,000,000*l.* were authorized to be funded at the rate of 101*l.* 10*s.* of four per cent. stock, which created a capital of 3,045,000*l.*, and an annual charge of 122,713*l.* 10*s.* That by Act 4 William IV., the sum of 3,671,000*l.* (being one-fourth of the debt due to the Bank of England) was authorized to be redeemed; and by Acts 4 and 5 of William IV., the Bank agreed to accept for said debt a capital of 4,080,000*l.*, of three per cent. reduced annuities, which created an annual charge of 123,644*l.*

*Army Estimates.*—The strength of the army is to remain at the same reduced numbers which the Ministry of last year brought it down to—viz.: 5914 horses, 4497 officers, 6420 non-commissioned officers, 70,354 rank and file, making a total of 81,271 men, independent of the four regiments of dragoons, and twenty regiments of foot, amounting to 19,720 men serving in India, and at the expense of the land revenue of that country. The total sum required is 5,784,807*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*, being 160,120*l.* 11*s.* 11*d.* less than last year. The effective force at home, in Great Britain, on the 1st of February, 1835, was 20,648; in Ireland, 16,338 (4300 less than last year); Colonies and Foreign Garrisons, 28,582; in India, 14,622.

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

From the official report of the Philadelphia alms-house, it appears that the number of inmates on the 31st of December last was 3571,—viz., Foreigners 1895, Americans 1676. Excess of foreigners over Americans, 219. Of the whole number of foreigners, 1303 were from Ireland, 479 from England, 17 from Wales, 60 from Scotland, 19 from British America, 128 from Germany, 13 from France, 111 unknown, &c. The number from

the British dominions alone was 1587; being within 89 of the entire number of American paupers.

*The Crime of Poisoning.*—The French chemists make the following proposition, in order to render less frequent the crime of poisoning, and to put on their guard those who may be marked out as the victims of revenge, jealousy, or the like. From 1824 to 1832, the number of individuals accused of poisoning was 273, and it appeared that in many instances the intended victims had been saved by the bad taste communicated to the food by the poisonous substances. It is therefore recommended, that it should be rendered compulsory to colour or give a flavour to all poisonous substances which would not be deteriorated by the admixture. For the latter purpose aloes have been suggested, and of this many English as well as French chemists have approved. It has also been recommended to scent all poisons with the same odour—musk for instance.

*Fall of the Falls of Niagara.*—A recent letter from New York announces the fall of the Table Rock at the Falls of Niagara. This immense mass of stone was on the Canada side of the river, projecting so as to afford the spectator a front view of the horse-shoe fall. It was considerably undermined, and some fissures on the surface had, for some time past, indicated the disruption. A large mass was detached two or three years back. By the total fall of the Table Rock, the visitor is now deprived of the most favourable position for viewing the magnificent appearance presented by that stupendous fall of waters.

*Parisian Statistics.*—During the last year there were born in Paris 29,130 children,—namely, 14,901 males, and 14,229 females. Of these, 19,145 were legitimate; 18,635 of them being born in private houses, and 460 in the hospitals or alms-houses; 9985 were illegitimate, 5437 of whom were born in private houses, and 4548 in the hospitals. Of the natural children, 1170 were acknowledged by their parents. The deaths amounted to 24,177,—namely, 12,004 males, and 12,173 females. Of these 15,340 died in their own houses, and 8837 in the hospitals. The number of births exceeded that of the deaths by 4953. The marriages were 8088. In 1833 there were 27,460 births; 25,096 deaths; and 7938 marriages.

*Petersburgh Statistics.*—Last year the population of Petersburg was 442,378; males 288,766, females 162,612. In Moscow, among the inhabitants of the Greek religion, the deaths amounted to 9786, being 1125 more than the births.

*Leipsic Easter Fair.*—The German publishers' catalogue contains 4193 articles, of which 3767 are ready for delivery. There are 487 publishers.

*Numismatics.*—An important discovery connected with the history of the department of the *Lozère*, south of France, formerly the country of the *Gabales* during the Roman domination, has been made in the Arrondissement of Mende. A farmer, while turning up a hillock, broke with his pickaxe a small earthen vase, containing 122 pieces of money in silver. Mr. Ignon, a neighbouring gentleman, who is forming a cabinet of curiosities and antiquities connected with the history of that province, has purchased all of them except eight. They belong to a very remote period of antiquity. Several varieties of the Roman *as* and *denarius* are amongst the number, together with consular and other medals belonging to forty-seven Roman families with various reverses; some medals of Pompey, Cæsar, Marc Antony, and Augustus.

*Preservation of Subjects for Dissection.*—Several experiments have recently been tried in Paris, in reference to a method proposed by M. Gannal for preventing the putrefaction of bodies employed for the purposes of practical anatomy. The results appear to be very satisfactory; and the process, we are informed, is to be made public whenever the Commis-

sioners appointed to investigate the subject think proper. Two illustrations of the efficiency of the new method are mentioned. The beginning of March, 1834, a body was submitted to the process by M. Serres, at La Pklié; at the end of two months the cavities of the chest and abdomen were as fresh as twenty-four hours after death; the muscles and viscera preserved their suppleness and consistence, and had no unpleasant smell. The experiment was repeated with similar results. Again, two subjects were experimented upon December 20, 1834; they were examined 20th February, 1835, and found in a state of perfect preservation, and then put aside till the 8th of March, when all the portions from which the skin had not been removed were found to be quite uninjured, while the muscles in direct contact with the fluid were slightly bleached and hardened, but not nearly to the extent which takes place from alcohol.—*Medical Gazette*.

*Pompeii*.—Professor Zahn announces a rich discovery made in the excavation of Pompeii towards the end of last month. In a house of the Strada di Mercurio, facing that of Meleager, a building of small importance, although decorated with subjects of Narcissus and Endymion painted on the wall, he found fourteen silver vessels and a quantity of coin, among which were 29 gold pieces of the first empire, also two silver vases five inches in diameter, ornamented with cupids and centaurs, with rustic and Bacchanalian emblems.

*Caution to Emigrants*.—It appears from an official return, furnished from the Emigrant Department at Quebec, that the number of emigrant vessels wrecked last year on the voyage from Great Britain to Canada was seventeen, and the number of lives lost during the same period *seven hundred and thirty-one*. Such a list of disasters is perfectly appalling, and ought to put emigrants on their guard. It cannot be too often repeated, that emigrant offices have now been established in most of the principal sea-ports of the kingdom, where correct information on all points of importance may be obtained by persons about to quit the country.

*Wild Beast Hunting*.—A company at Boston have sent a large expedition to South Africa, for the purpose of catching wild beasts to supply the menageries of the United States. Accounts from the Cape say that a large party had proceeded in search of a cameleopard, and had not been heard of for two months; the last account left them 2,000 miles in the interior. A party of forty hunters had set out for the rhinoceros districts, and had endured much suffering in consequence of the extreme drought, and the impossibility of obtaining food for themselves and horses. A third party had been very successful, having already secured four leopards, two quaggas, and a gnu. The fourth party had been accompanied by the celebrated Dr. Smith into central Africa, and with him ascended the Compass Berg, the highest in that part of the country. The Doctor ascertained the height of the mountain to be 7400 feet above the level of the sea, and the hunters caught two or three very rare animals and several beautiful birds.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

SINCE our last report, a debate of some length, but not very important in its details, because there was not a single new fact, nor a single novel argument adduced, has taken place upon the currency as connected with the state of agriculture. The mover, Mr. Cayley, attempted to show—but, it should appear, in a very circuitous and inconsequential manner—that not only the value of land, agricultural contracts, and agricultural produce were depreciated, but that all the evils landlords, farmers, and



labourers are suffering, would be relieved by the adoption of a silver and gold standard. It was however demonstrated by Mr. Poulett Thompson, Sir Robert Peel, and others, that the simple and single effect would be depreciation—simply and singly to make the sovereign pass for 25s.; a process by which the debtor would be advantaged, and the creditor defrauded to the amount of 20 per cent. We have seldom seen a proposition so wretchedly supported as that of Mr. Cayley. It was negatived by a division of 216 to 126.

All these efforts do but mislead—though now, it must be confessed, in a very slight degree—the general judgment of landowners and farmers. But they still serve to keep alive and together the very erroneous and false notion that the prosperity of the agricultural community depends upon protecting laws. The solution is much more easy and simple. The profits of agriculture in the degree they are dependent upon the price of the commodity, are regulated entirely, like other things, by the relations of demand and supply; in the degree that they depend on the charge of production, they are referable entirely to the component parts of prime cost, tithes, taxes, labour, seed, horse provender, and tradesmen's bills, all of which have a similar relation to demand and supply, and to price—general price—is mainly regulated by the cost of subsistence; and thus the whole comes back again, in truth, to the dearth or cheapness of agricultural produce. If we refer to the two periods which have occasioned all this mighty difference—for it is a mighty one—we shall find that a contracted and insufficient space, and ill-conducted cultivation, together with the accidents of war, occasioned high price; and that an enlarged, and adequate, and well-cultivated space during the few last years, are the real phenomena which account for the high and palmy state of agriculture, and for its depression. The landholder is but too prone to forget one most important fact—the fact of all others which has injured him, but which he is most reluctant to acknowledge. It is this:—the artificial stimulus afforded to the trade in corn raised the value of land to an artificial height, which nothing could support but war, and such war, too, as that waged by Buonaparte—a war against the commerce, as well as the territory and population of his enemies. They who placed their capital in land during that period of artificial exaltation, have not ceased to consider that price to be the natural price of land. They therefore complain they are ruined by the fall, and any the slightest circumstance conducing to increase the fall they charge with the entire evil. Now the truth is, that they who were engaged in agriculture during that time, did it upon the same conditions that all who make extravagant gains in any branch of business hold their tenure—namely, upon some contingency which, although it enhances the present profits, renders the trade liable to great fluctuations, and therefore the gain is compensated by the risk. This is the case with all very lucrative trades, that do not depend upon the exercise of a peculiar talent; and it is on account of their hazardous nature that capital does not flow rapidly towards them and bring down the profit. When Mr. Cayley alleged that “one-half of the land now cultivated should be thrown out of cultivation, to render agriculture profitable,” he merely stated the fact, that the supply must be reduced if the price were to be enhanced. He avers, that “three-fourths of the land cannot continue to pay rent, and be cultivated with profit, if the present state of things continue.” The answer is, that scarcely an acre of land has yet gone out of cultivation; rents are generally paid with tolerable punctuality, and if a farm become vacant, there are twenty applicants for it. Mr. Cayley's assumptions are in some sort true, but, for the most part, gross exaggerations. Farming is not the trade it was—it is not a good, or, perhaps, even a fair trade—but it still maintains the frugal, skilful, and industrious; nor are we convinced that it yields a very much less interest for capital than the general mercantile mode of employing money. Sure we are, the currency has little now to do

with depreciation of price. All its effects in that respect have been over-lived: the trade now suffers from a supply so nearly approximating demand, that it is difficult to know whether the average production do or do not exceed the average consumption of the country; and from some of the component parts of prime cost, the most important indeed—rent, tithe, taxes, and poor's rate—being, in some degree, still regulated by the imposition which attends protecting laws promising advantages in respect of price which they cannot regulate. Leave farming to its natural elements, and capital employed in it would soon find just the same gain as in other trades, or *make* the level. At present the whole scheme is a delusion, founded on the notion of a falsely so called protection. If further proof were necessary, the declaration of the last Agricultural Committee, "That agriculture would be more benefited by the forbearance, than by the aid of Parliament," sets the question at rest.

It is extraordinary to observe upon what partial grounds this question is always placed. The price of wheat is low—very low; and therefore the farmer and landlord are ruined. But what makes wheat low? A plentiful crop. And although we know increased quantity does not absolutely and completely compensate low price, still it compensates the fall in some, and even in a good degree. And is barley also low? No; it has been very high. Is wool depressed? No; the wool-trade was never so brisk and prosperous. Nor is the rearing of stock, if judiciously conducted, without its due profit. Here, then, are three out of four component parts of a farmer's trade highly advantageous. Why are not these items to be considered, and taken into account? Even the price of wheat will advance, if the present sharp drought continue, for the crop will not, in such case, be great on an average. Then will come in the protecting law. To advantage the farmer? No; to depress price again, by the influx of all the warehoused accumulation into the market.

Everything that has relation to the indications of the market, has also relation to the indications of the weather, and will continue to stand upon the same footing, till the crop is housed and harvest over. Thus the period of the harvest has become a very interesting subject, and the accounts from all quarters concur in the belief that it will be somewhat later than usual. The succession of cold and dry weather, scarcely interrupted by a day's interval till very recently, has, indeed, been singular. The crop, generally, is beginning to suffer in the light-land districts, and should another week or ten days pass without rain, the scorching dry of the Midsummer will be absolutely fatal on the very light soils and high situations. Already there are spots—called technically scalds—where the vegetation is scarcely recoverable. It is however computed, that neither a delayed harvest nor a deficient crop—which there is, according to appearances, reason to dread in a degree—can raise the price, so large is the stock on hand. The only article of speculation is oats. Towards the middle of last month, long-drawn speculations were put forth to prove that it was all but impossible for the supply to equal the demand. So short-lived, however, are such speculations, though apparently founded on large and sound premises, that, ere the four weeks expired, the vast and sudden unexpected influx made a revision of previously-expressed opinions indispensable. Oats, whatever they may be hereafter, are now pretty abundant, and we have little doubt that the computations, both as to the quantity wanted for consumption in London, and as to the time when new corn may be expected to come in, are greatly exaggerated and erroneous. The plenty which now reigns will not disappear, and there is a large supply in warehouse of foreign wheat and oats; it is not therefore likely that speculation can go to any extent. If there were no other cause, the investment of the large capital already thus locked up, would probably preclude adventure.

The weather has been singularly propitious for haymaking, and the crop is exuberantly great. A little rain during the beginning of the present

month might have somewhat improved it, but there is quite enough to satisfy even the farmer. The clovers are more backward than usual. The number of partridges' eggs cut out of the grass will reduce the quantity of game this year, though the breed is great. This source of destruction is something more than double what it was last year.

The circumstances affecting all sorts of grain which we have narrated, have brought prices nearly to a stand-still. There has, in truth, been little or no fluctuation in any article during the month; and it is curious to perceive how the consumption of one is transferred to another article. Thus the cheapness of wheat causes it to be substituted for oats in Ireland, as food both for man and beast. The importation of oats is, therefore, found to be greater in England. It is avowed that one great coach-master in London has saved 20*l.* per week by introducing wheat steeped, and inferior barley in the place of oats.

From personal observation, if the weather continue favourable, we do not think the harvest is likely to be begun late; whether it be protracted, will of course depend on the Giver of rain and sunshine. The hops have improved up to the middle of the month.

## RURAL ECONOMY.

*The Hop-fly.*—At the last meeting of the Entomological Society, the President made a communication relative to a proceeding adopted by Mr. Eyton, in Shropshire, and which had proved very efficacious in preventing the ravages of the hop-fly, an insect which has been well said to have more rule over the pockets and tempers of mankind than any other; the injuries produced from which are so extensive, that even in respect to the hop duty paid to government alone, in certain seasons the Treasury is *minus* to the extent of several hundred thousand pounds; in 1825, the loss amounted to 426,000*l.* The plan adopted by the above-named gentleman consisted in charring the hop-poles; and it was considered by the members present that as the flies pass the winter upon the poles, this process, or that of immersing them into the now common solution of corrosive sublimate, was the most satisfactory of any hitherto proposed; especially as it was noticed that hops grown upon old poles were especially found to be attacked by the fly, whilst those upon new escaped.—*Literary Gazette.*—[We are happy to say that this system of immersing hop-poles is becoming very general amongst the most intelligent hop-growers. Mr. C. Heathorn, of this town, has had tanks built for the purpose, and we understand that the effect of the process is looked forward to with great confidence.—*Ed. Maidstone Gazette.*]

*Allotment System.*—A labourer near Romsey, who is the occupant of a quarter of an acre of ground, being casually asked whether it had been of any advantage to him, replied that he had paid his rent regularly every quarter, had supplied his whole family (not a small one) with vegetables, and had cleared during the year 55*s.*, and this without infringing at all upon his ordinary hours of labour.

A company of agriculturists have taken the great forest at Brecknock (a few years ago sold by the Crown); consisting of 16,000 acres of land, which they intend to stock with Welsh ponies and sheep.

The agriculturists of France say that there never was a finer prospect of a good harvest than at the present season, and that, if no unforeseen event occur, it will exceed in abundance that of 1833.

## USEFUL ARTS.

*Proposed new Supply of Water to the Metropolis.*—Some years since much interest was excited by a plan then first put in operation of obtaining water by boring a considerable depth in the earth, or into the sand of the plastic clay formation of the great chalk bed of the London district, such water rising by hydrostatic principles several feet above the level of the earth. This water is very soft, limpid, and free from salts, and may be obtained to an almost unlimited extent upwards of 300 gallons per minute, having flowed continuously through an orifice the diameter of which was only five inches; and as the quantity obtained at any one place seems to be limited only to the size of the orifice through which it issues, it is easily calculated that one orifice of about six feet in diameter would produce thirty-eight millions of gallons daily, the estimated excess of the total supply of the whole of the water companies of the metropolis. The constancy of the supply, together with its absolute purity for all manufacturing purposes, has been abundantly proved by this mode having been introduced into most of the London breweries, several colour manufactories, and other establishments, in which the purity of water is of essential consideration.

The quality of the water supplied by the different metropolitan companies having been made the subject of parliamentary commission, and inquiry has elicited some very valuable information with regard to its impurity, and many of which the united testimony of the most competent medical and scientific authorities characterize as most disgusting and noxious. Since that period the above plan has been adopted by many manufacturing and public establishments; it has been introduced by Government into the Dock-yard at Portsmouth and the victualling establishment at Gosport, and a contract has been finished for furnishing a conduit at Greenwich, and a company has now been established for the purpose of obtaining a supply from the present mode, and competing with those which derive theirs from the adopted sources. It is calculated that one shaft of seven feet in diameter, sunk to a depth of 300 feet, will furnish the whole supply necessary for the metropolis; but always to maintain a sufficiency against emergencies, it is intended to sink seven in different parts of the metropolis.

Whatever may be the facilities for carrying the projects of the present company into execution, it must be obvious that their plans alone can afford the only means of obtaining a supply absolutely pure. The causes of insalubrity of the waters supplied by the established companies are not alone in the filth which obtains access to it, but in the spontaneous decomposition of animal and vegetable substances deposited from the atmosphere or from accidental sources of supply. It is a mistaken notion that the quality of water may be thoroughly purified by filtration, because although this is sufficient to remove the principal portion of the exuvia that are held in mechanical suspension, it cannot affect those which are held in solution; and the accurate experiments of Dr. Lambe satisfactorily prove that the most noxious principle thus contained is a poisonous combination of the elements of organic matter. For all purposes the advantages of this plan are most apparent, and might, we conceive, be efficiently acted upon on different estates or neighbourhoods where the value of a good and cheap supply would be ensured, and we could not suggest a better opportunity to make trial of it than in the supply of the tenements under the viaduct of the London and Greenwich rail-road.

*Improvements in Surgical Instruments.*—The relation between the useful sciences and arts, and their mutual dependence and progress, cannot be better shown than in the recent improvements in instruments for surgi-

cal manipulation. The advancement of surgical skill has developed many of the most surprising efforts of mechanical ingenuity, and whilst the sufferings of humanity are proportionably mitigated, the services of artists are called into requisition, producing superlative specimens of workmanship and skill. That the principle of hydrostatics could be rendered available in relieving the stomach from its noxious contents, was considered a great advancement in the art; but it is now only necessary to refer, in support of the above, as a substitute for lithotomy, the beautiful and elaborate mechanical processes now adopted for curing a painful disorder by the substitute of so much less troublesome an operation; and although this operation is not yet found to prove available in every instance in which it is essayed, there can be no doubt but that subsequent improvements will render it more generally, if not universally so. If great credit is due to those whose sagacity, combined with their intimate knowledge of anatomy and pathology, first gave the suggestion, no inconsiderable share belongs to those ingenious mechanicians whose skill have rendered their efforts fully available.

To Messrs. Weiss the surgical profession have not been backward in according their obligation for their skill and talents; and these artists are continually adding to their already well-earned reputation. The catalogue of their improvements in the art extends to upwards of 200 pages, illustrated by twenty-seven large and well-executed copper-plates. They have just completed the model of a bedstead for invalids, the invention of Dr. Leo Wolff, of New York, which has received the sanction of the highest medical authorities, and has we believe been introduced into St. Thomas's Hospital. The valuable invention of Dr. Arnott, in his hydrostatic bed, is subject to objections as well as defects; the former in the unpleasant motion attendant upon the invalid, as well as through the difficulty of attaining the elevation required to the head or any other part of the body without interfering with the principle, and the latter that it does not afford a full opportunity for giving relief from pressure to the different parts of the body, and enabling the wounds of the patient (if suffering under spinal affections) to be dressed. All these cases are provided for in the present invention; different axes being adapted to the frame which supports the bed so as to give the requisite elevation or depression to any part of the body. A portable frame is likewise adapted to the top, and the bed revolving upon the axis at the long extremity, easily enables the patient to be reversed, so as to give ease by this alteration of posture, or afford readier facility for dressing his wounds.

Messrs. Weiss have also introduced a very striking improvement in teeth forceps, the invention of the late Mr. Shepherd; the introduction of which must rescue dental surgery from that imputation which, notwithstanding late improvements, attaches to it, as the most incomplete branch of surgical practice. The great evil attendant on the use of the common tooth-key is the by no means uncommon forcible rupture of a small part of the bone of the jaw, which can, in fact, rarely be avoided. The blades of these forceps are made with a curve near the points sufficient to admit the crown of the tooth, the pressure and grasp being equable on all parts. These blades are sufficiently sharp that, when introduced over the tooth into the gum, they make the incision at the time when the purchase is obtained; and thus, whilst the sight of the operator is not obstructed by the blood, as in ordinary cases where the tooth is previously lanced, the operation is almost instantaneous, and attended with less pain than usual, the gum being lanced and the tooth removed nearly at the same instant.

## BANKRUPTS,

FROM MAY 26, TO JUNE 19, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

May 26.—T. PALMER, Worcester, cattle dealer. T. HARVEY, Jerusalem Coffee-house, shipowner. W. PARKER, Steel-yard, Upper Thames-street, lead merchant. J. T. SWAINSON, Liverpool, merchant. M. MASON, Preston, Yorkshire, farmer. G. WRIGHT, Sheffield, licensed coach proprietor. T. SCOTT, Liverpool, linen manufacturer. R. GILLET, Duffield, Derbyshire, brickmaker. G. BEARDMORE, Burslem, Staffordshire, builder. G. B. HIGHFIELD and J. HIGHFIELD, Liverpool, and S. HIGHFIELD, Leghorn, merchants. H. BULLEN, Liverpool, brewer.

May 29.—W. BURROWS, Leicester-street, Leicester-square, plumber. W. DAY, Providence-buildings, New Kent-road, plumber. J. C. STRETCH, Worcester, auctioneer. J. BUSHILL, jun., Leamington Priors, bricklayer. J. P. HARVEY, Bury St. Edmund's, maltster. J. M. BRAD, Liverpool, chemist.

June 2.—F. STOCKWELL, Uxbridge, chemist. C. W. PRATT, Plomer-green, Buckinghamshire, sheep salesman. J. BISHTON, Langley Field, Shropshire, ironmaster. T. EVELMIGH, Lamb's Conduit-street, furniture dealer. H. KNOX, jun., Park-street, Marylebone, merchant. R. R. REINAGALE, Fitzroy-square, agent. W. C. EMPSON, Leamington Priors, money scrivener. J. SMITHURST and J. WALLWORK, Rochdale, Lancashire, coal-merchants. S. KINGSFORD, Surrey, Kent, miller. R. JUKES, Gornall, Staffordshire, currier. J. HALL, jun., Kidderminster, victualler. J. C. H. MAYER, Brighthelmston, watchmaker. J. BRADBURY, Sheffield, cutter. J. HONYCHURCH, jun., and T. HONYCHURCH, Bovey Tracey, Devonshire, shopkeepers.

June 5.—W. BRAITHWAITE, Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, stationer. J. COBB, St. Ann's-place, Commercial-road, stage-coach master. G. CLARK, Stonecutter-street, Farringdon-street, shoemaker. J. NOBLE, Westgate, Northumberland, shipowner. R. TILLEY, King-street, Holborn, coachmaker. J. BEGM, Cartwright-street, Rosemary-lane, victualler. C. H. MUELLER, Norwich, music-seller. W. LOVETT, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, innkeeper. F. H. BRADDEER, Salisbury, tailor. G. BLENKIN, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. J. KAY, Liverpool, coal-merchant. J. WARD, jun., Little Sheffield, Yorkshire, victualler.

June 9.—T. S. TURNER, Hackney, Middlesex, builder. T. BUSBY, Green-street, next Sittingbourne, Kent, grocer. J. DORNAN, Frederick's place, Old Kent-road, china dealer.

E. LACEY, Loughborough, Leicestershire, baker. R. PEARSON, Blackburn, milline manufacturer. W. NORTH, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. W. LEVETT, sen., and W. LEVETT, jun., Kingston-upon-Hull, merchants. W. SUTTON, Birmingham, brassfounder. G. HALL, Trowse Newton, Norfolk, builder. E. PERKINS, Northampton, gardener. T. HAN-KINSON, Macclesfield, grocer.

June 12.—J. PAYNE and E. PAYNE, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, coach-lace manufacturers. J. BRANDON, Fenchurch-street, broker. T. PARTINGTON, Oxford-street, confectioner. W. HAWKINS, Warwick, builder. W. BUXTON, Great Glenn, Leicestershire, currier. S. S. SLATER, Kingston upon-Hull, corn-merchant. H. GOODE, Birmingham, wholesale grocer.

June 16.—M. WILLIAMS, Neath, Glamorganshire, linen-draper. R. LEE, R. J. BRASSEY, W. FAR, and G. LEE, Lombard-street, bankers. P. SQUIRE and W. SQUIRE, Southmolton, Devonshire, linen-drappers. H. S. SHRAPNEL and M. JOUSIFF, Birmingham, grocers. S. COOPER, Bath, grocer. J. SYMS, Trowbridge, Wiltshire, clothier. J. M. CORTHOPE, March, Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire, sheep-salesman. T. TAYLOR and J. TAYLOR, jun., Hedon, Holderness, Yorkshire, merchants. J. SCOTT, Berwick-upon-Tweed, currier. S. GRINBLE, Derby, hatter. W. TAYLOR, Liverpool, apothecary. W. BARNES, Andover, ironmonger. W. DOWKIN, North Shields, wine-merchant. J. WEATHERLEY, North Shields, brewer. G. LILLIE and J. PATTERSON, Liverpool, merchants.

June 19.—H. POWELL, Newington Butts, Surrey, linen-draper. S. M. STABLE, Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant. T. WILSON, Barnard's Inn, Holborn, money-scrivener. W. BELLINGER, Milbank-street, butcher. T. PICKFORD, Whitechapel, rectifier. W. GRAY, Lambeth New Market, and Lambeth Marsh, Surrey, cheesemonger. T. CARTER, Berwick-street, Soho, tailor. C. LEA, Haughton, Flintshire, miller. T. WHITE, Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer. H. PARKER, Chichester, wine-merchant. P. HEWES, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, grocer. J. BRADDOCK and S. BARNES, Oldham, machine-makers. C. PRIESTLEY, Fishergate, Yorkshire, glass-manufacturer. J. BRITTON, Kingston-upon-Hull, hop and seed-merchant. J. M. CORTHOPE, March, Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire, sheep-salesman. J. M. WOOD, Norwich, painter. G. TAPSCOTT, Ottery Saint Mary, Devonshire, currier. R. GOUGH, Congresbury, Somersetshire, land-surveyor. W. INMAN, Birmingham, wire-worker.

## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

TAKEN in the aggregate the commercial and shipping interests of the country are at present in a very satisfactory condition; notwithstanding the pressure to which the latter was exposed in the transition from the exclusive system of our Navigation Laws to the competition raised by the reciprocity treaties, it has maintained its high station in the commerce of the world, and not only yields a fair return to those who, by the change of circumstances, were enabled to buy ships at an enormous depreciation from their former value, but encourages and adequately repays the building of new vessels, which is now rapidly going in every port of the kingdom. In the manufacturing department, there is less briskness of late in the various branches of Cotton working; Woollens, with some few exceptions, continue in a fair state of demand; the manufacture of Silk has been lately, and still is, prosecuted with a degree of activity almost unprecedented; the market having, in the course of the Spring, been absolutely swept out of low quality goods for the American market.

Considerable excitement has been occasioned in the Colonial Market by the announcement on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer of his intention to bring in a Bill this Session for the equalization, at some distant period, of the duties on East and West India Coffee. An impression appears to have existed, upon the first statement of his intention, that East India Coffee already imported, and in bond, would, if held until the period for equalizing the duties arrived, be entitled to the benefit of the alteration; and under this impression Ceylon Coffee advanced 6s. to 8s. per cwt., and other descriptions of East India Coffee 5s. to 6s. per cwt. Later explanations, however, have been given by the Minister, which show that this was an erroneous conjecture; as it is the intention of Government to limit the advantage of the alteration to Coffee not merely shipped from a British port in the East Indies, but also actually the growth of a British plantation, certificates of origin will be required to accompany the cargo in order to entitle it to the benefit of being deemed British Coffee; and, as it is clear that no such certificates, nor any other sufficient guarantee, can be furnished with respect to Coffee already warehoused here, this will still be liable to the present rate of duty. A small

sale of Jamaica Coffee on the 23rd was important as being the first after the explanation of the intentions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on this subject; it consisted of 34 casks of fine to fine fine ordinary, which sold for 93s. to 95s. 6d., being a depression of 4s. to 5s. per cwt.

In the Sugar Market, the very extensive purchases which have been made of West India Muscovades, and the prevalence of easterly winds, which have limited the arrivals to a small number, have reduced the stock on hand to so narrow a compass as to occasion an advance in price of 6d. to 1s. per cwt.

The present stock of West India Sugar is 15,200 hhds. and trs., being 9300 less than at this period in the last year; that of Mauritius is 96,600 bags, which is less than last year by 7500.

Mauritius and Foreign Sugars have shown an advance corresponding with that of West India; in East India Sugars, some large purchases had been made upon the speculation that a measure for equalizing the duties would be introduced in this Session; this will not be the case, and the market for this description of Sugar has consequently again become flat. There is little doubt, however, that, in the next Session, a Bill will be brought in for the gradual approximation and final equalization of the duties on Sugar from all British possessions.

The last average price is 17. 10s. 10½d. per cwt.

Cocoa is extremely dull, as well in British Plantation as in Brazil.

Spirits are without any material alteration; Jamaica, 30 over proof, has brought 3s. per gallon; Leewards, 3 to 4 over, 2s. 1d.; and 9 to 10 over, 2s. 3½d.

The Cotton Market has been heavy of late, and some reduction has taken place in price. Wool, and particularly New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, has been in increased demand, and has risen in value 1d. to 2d. per lb. The East India Silk sale has gone off very briskly, an advance of 5 to 7½ per cent. being realized upon the prices of February last; with the exception of some very inferior qualities which were refused at the last sale, and although put up now at 1s. per lb. reduction, have been again refused.

In Indigo there is nothing to require observation; the quantity at present declared is 7200 chests, and it is not

likely that it will be very materially increased.

In the Money Market, Consols, which had suffered in some degree under the pressure occasioned by the difficulties in the Foreign Funds, rallied towards the middle of the month, and reached the quotation of 92½ for the opening in July. Since that time the apprehension that the provision for the West India claimants may render a loan or some analogous proceeding necessary in a short time, has had an unfavourable effect upon them, and reduced them full ½ per cent. Exchequer Bills and India Bonds are considerably better than they were at the close of the last month.

Distressing as was the condition of the Foreign Market towards the close of May, the events of the last month have been pregnant with still more calamitous results. Notwithstanding all the measures of leniency and forbearance adopted by the Committee, the extraordinary exertions made by individuals on the Stock Exchange to make good their engagements, and the combined efforts of capitalists to arrest the course of destruction, still each succeeding account day was ushered in by still further depreciations in Spanish and Portuguese securities; until, at length, of the former, the Cortes Bonds were brought down to 34, and Scrip to 19 discount; and of the latter, the 3 per cent. Bonds were at 56, and the 5 per cents. at 83.

Latterly, however, the quotations have become more steady; the fluctuations in Spanish Bonds have been limited between the quotations of 40 and 42, and of Portuguese 5 per cents. between 84 and 87.

The closing quotations of the principal public securities on the 24th are subjoined:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 216, 17—Three per Cent. Reduced, 90½ ½—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 98½ ½—India Bonds, 79 —Exchequer Bills (small), 27 9—India for Account, 260 1—Consols for Account, 91½ ½.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 6½ 7½—Bolanos, 120 125—Brazilian, Imperial, 34 6—Ditto D'El Rey, 6 7—Canada, 35 7—Colombian, 11½ 12½—Real Del Monte, 22 3 —United Mexican, 4½ 5½.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 99½ ¾—Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 82 3—Chilian, 6 per cent. 46 8—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 36½ ¾—Danish, 3 per cent. 76½ 7 —Dutch, 2½ per cent. 55½ ¾—Ditto, 5 per cent. 100½ ¾—Mexican, 6 per cent. 36 7—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 31 2—Portuguese, 5 per cent. 59 ½—Ditto Regency, 5 per cent. 85 ¾—Russian 0/ sterling, 5 per cent. 108½ 9—Spanish, 1821, 6 per cent. 41½ ¾—Ditto, 1835, Scrip, 5 per cent. 16½ 16 dis.—Ditto, passive, 11½ 12—Ditto, deferred, 17½ 18.

• MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

May 25.—The Earl of Roden asked whether Viscount Melbourne would lay before the House the despatch of the Lord Lieutenant relative to his Excellency's entrance into Dublin?—Lord Melbourne declined to do so.—The Earl of Roden repeated the statement which he had made on a former night, condemning, in strong terms, the procession of which he complained. —A conversation of some length ensued, which terminated in a declaration by Lord Melbourne that he would be prepared to meet any distinct motion on the subject, but that on such an occasion as the present he would not enter into the discussion.

May 26.—Lord Duncannon presented a petition from two Commissioners of Education in Ireland, complaining of a charge imputing to them unfair and partial conduct.—The Bishop of Exeter declared that various circumstances had interfered with the presentation of the petition, and, amongst others, the change of Ministry.

May 27.—The Earl of Rosebery, in directing attention to the Report of the Lords of Session on Scotch entails, expressed a wish for the adoption



of provisions to prevent the creating of perpetuities in Scotland; to enlarge the power of heirs in succession to make exchanges; and to enable heirs to sell in order to liquidate pre-existing engagements.—Lord Brougham agreed that some such changes as those suggested by his Noble Friend ought to be made in the law.

June 1.—The Marquess of Londonderry inquired whether, since the accession of the present Government to office, instructions had been issued to the British cruisers on the northern coast of Spain to place themselves at the disposal of her Majesty?—whether the arms and stores sent from this country had been paid for, and by whom?—and what number of Spanish vessels had been fitted up at the expense of the British Government?—Lord Melbourne replied that no such instructions had been issued to our cruisers—that the Quadruple Treaty provided for the supply of arms and ammunition; but that, as for the last question, he must defer the answer till the next day, when he would make inquiry as to what had been done.

June 2.—Lord Melbourne, in reply to the questions put by the Marquess of Londonderry on the preceding day, said he had made the requisite inquiries, and ascertained that in one of the dock-yards of his Majesty a vessel, formerly the *Royal William*, and now the *Isabella*, had been fitted out as a Spanish vessel of war, at an expense of 1,948*l*. With regard to arms and ammunition, their total value was 200,000*l*. The expense incurred was to be defrayed by the Spanish Government, which indeed had been liable to be called on for payment since the 10th of March, 1835. He understood that the Noble Duke, who under the late Government filled the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, informed Mr. Villiers that it was not the intention of the English Government to press for immediate payment.—The Marquess of Londonderry made some allusions to the statements of the Marquess Wellesley's resignation, and said that a correspondence had taken place which fully substantiated the facts mentioned by an Illustrious Duke.

June 4.—Lord Brougham moved that certain returns from the Central Criminal Court be printed, in order to meet the allegations made against the Judges in reference to the discharge of their duties under the New Act. Agreed to.

June 10.—The second reading of the Great Western Railway Bill was carried, on a division, by a majority of 46 against 34.

June 15.—Lord Melbourne in reply to the Marquess of Londonderry, said that the Order in Council was issued on the application of the Spanish Ambassador, and that the Convention which the Duke of Wellington had negotiated between the belligerent parties in Spain had been carried into effect.

June 19.—Lord Roden presented a petition from the Rev. Harcourt Lees, praying to be allowed to give evidence before the bar of their Lordships' House relative to conspiracy which was on foot for the overthrow of the Established Church in Ireland, and the separation of that country from Great Britain. Although the petitioner was a little wild and hasty in his notions, he (Lord Roden) was aware that he had stated many things which had come to pass, and he agreed with the petitioner in believing that such a conspiracy did exist in Ireland.

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#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

May 25.—The Marquess of Chandos proposed, and the Earl of Darlington seconded a motion, "That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, expressing the deep regret this House feels at the continuation of the distressed state of the agricultural interest, to which the attention

of Parliament had been called in his Majesty's most gracious Speech from the Throne in this and the preceding Session, and humbly to represent to his Majesty the anxious desire of this House that the attention of his Majesty's Government should be directed to the subject, with a view to the immediate removal of some parts of those burdens arising from the pressure of general and local taxation."—Lord J. Russell moved, as an amendment, "That this House direct its early attention to the recommendations of the Committee which sat last year on the subject of county rates, with a view of giving immediate practical relief to the agriculture of the country from the burdens under which it labours through local taxation."—After a lengthened debate the House divided, when there appeared, for the amendment, 211; for the resolution, 150: majority against the motion of the Marquess of Chandos, 61.

May 26.—Mr. Miles's motion for the introduction of a clause prohibiting travelling by the railway on Sunday, in the Grand Western Railway Bill, was rejected, on a division, by a majority of 212 against 34.—The report of the Canterbury Election Committee was brought up, and S. Lushington, Esq., declared duly elected.

May 27.—The Assizes (Ireland) Removal Bill gave rise to some discussion, Mr. Barron having moved, as an amendment to the second reading, that the Bill should be read a second time that day six months; after several speeches for and against the measure, Lord Morpeth suggested that the second reading should be allowed, on an understanding that the Bill should proceed no further until the representatives of Ireland had an opportunity of consulting on it.—Mr. Elphinstone brought in a Bill to limit the time of taking the poll at elections for Members to serve in Parliament to one day, which was read a first time.

June 1.—Mr. Thornley made inquiry as to the introduction of the military at Wolverhampton? He was informed there was no disturbance to warrant the introduction of the military. He knew not by what authority they had fired; and he believed that they had no right to fire.—Lord J. Russell replied that he had sent to the magistrates for their evidence, and had directed the Commander-in-Chief to institute inquiries into the proceedings of the military. He was most anxious that there should be the fullest investigation. He should afford all possible facilities, but he begged to guard against *ex-parte* statements being received.—A long conversation ensued, in which several Members took a part, but nothing further transpired from the Government.—Mr. Cayley brought forward his motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the means of affording relief to the agriculture of the country, and especially to consider the subject of a silver or conjoined standard of silver and gold.—After a long debate the motion was lost upon a division by a majority of 90, the numbers being 126 to 216.

June 2.—The Newcastle and Carlisle Railroad Bill was read a third time, after an amendment of Sir A. Agnew had been negatived, that the Bill be read a third time that day six months.—The report of the Youghall Election Committee was brought up, and the sitting Member, John O'Connell, Esq., declared duly elected.—Mr. Grote proposed, and Sir W. Molesworth seconded, a motion that the votes at elections for Members of Parliament should henceforward be taken by way of secret ballot.—Mr. Gisborne moved the previous question, which he afterwards withdrew, in order that, in conformity with the suggestion of Sir R. Peel, the motion might be met by a direct negative.—After a protracted debate the House divided, when there appeared for Mr. Grote's resolution, 144; against it, 317; majority against the vote by ballot, 173.

June 3.—Mr. Hume called the attention of the House to a breach of privilege, and stated the circumstances of a dispute between himself and

Mr. Charlton, at the close of Tuesday night's debate on the ballot. Mr. Hume stated that Mr. Charlton had called on him to hold his tongue, that Mr. Hume replied he was not speaking to him, and that Mr. Charlton rejoined that he would make him hold his tongue, that he was an impertinent fellow, and that no republicans were wanted there. To this Mr. Hume replied that he (Mr. C.) was the impertinent fellow. A challenge was the consequence. Mr. Hume appealed to the House whether, if such proceedings were tolerated, the business of the Legislature could be carried on.—Mr. Charlton then gave his statement of the occurrences, which differed from that of the Hon. Member for Middlesex, chiefly in the application of the word "impertinent," which Mr. Hume admitted having applied to him, but which he declared upon his honour he had not applied to Mr. Hume.

June 4.—The report of the London and Birmingham Railway was agreed to, and the Bill ordered to be read a third time.—The Bribery and Corruption at Elections Bill was brought in and read a first time.—The House was counted out during a discussion on Mr. Bish's motion for occasional Parliaments in Ireland.

June 5.—The second reading of the Metropolis Water Company Bill was negatived by a majority of 125 to 60.—Mr. Barnaby brought up the Report of the Committee on the Cork election, declaring that Feargus O'Connor, Esq. was not duly elected, that R. Longfield, Esq. was duly elected, and that the petition and opposition were neither frivolous nor vexatious.—In answer to Sir R. Peel, the Attorney-General said it was his intention to bring forward, as early as possible, a measure for the improvement of the Administration of Justice in the Ecclesiastical Courts.

Lord John Russell rose to bring forward a Bill, to provide for the Regulation of Municipal Corporations in England and Wales. In doing so, he stood greatly in need of the indulgence of the House; he asked for that indulgence, because this subject was one of the very highest importance—one of considerable intricacy—one which related to ancient practices and privileges, and one which, by its proper exposition and arrangement, will have a considerable effect upon the body whom he now addressed. The persons who were under the government of Municipal Corporations in this country, and who are taken in round numbers, resident in the boroughs which he proposed to come under the provisions of the Bill, were not less than two millions. It could not be said that this question had been undertaken without ample and adequate investigation. A commission was appointed by the Crown to inquire into these Corporations; and after much careful, laborious, and minute investigation, they presented a report to his Majesty, in which they stated they had inquired into more than 200 corporations, and in which a thorough reform must be effected, before they could become what the Commissioners submitted they ought to be—useful and efficient instruments of local government. This report was agreed to by far the greater number of the Commissioners appointed; and was the conclusion of a body of men eminently qualified for the task they had undertaken; and the abuses which they declare to exist can be easily made out by the reports contained in the various volumes which they have presented to his Majesty, and which have been laid before this House. But as it was his purpose to propose a practical measure of the very highest importance, he should touch upon two or three of those heads, which show that the present bodies were unfit for the purposes for which they were appropriated. It appeared to him that of those corporations there was a great number which govern important towns, and there were others which govern very small boroughs, which ought not to have any corporation at all. He would speak, in the first place, of those boroughs which are considerable towns, where there are municipal councils required, but where those municipal councils do not properly represent the property,

intelligence, and population of the town. The Noble Lord then pointed out as coming under this description, Bedford, Oxford, Norwich, Lincoln, Ipswich, and Cambridge. What he wished to see was, persons belonging to the lower ranks of the people assisting in municipal elections, and called upon to do so on the ground of the confidence and esteem of their fellow-citizens, and not by means of bribery and corruption. Let us reflect upon the consequences of the vicious mode of election that has prevailed—whether that mode of election has been carried on by self-election, or by separated bodies—whether by a semblance of popular election, or by burghesses separated altogether from the householders of the place—and we shall see that great and enormous abuses have prevailed, all of which are minutely detailed in the various reports of the Commissioners. The Noble Lord then read the returns received from Northampton, Leicester, and other places in which there were instances of the most notorious corruption. In the distribution of the Charity funds belonging to these places, they would find that two-thirds, or at least a great proportion of them, were devoted to the support of the Blue party, or whatever party enjoyed the predominant influence in the place; and that in the history given in the report of these corporations, which was most minutely traced, charitable establishments, intended for the benefit of the town, were devoted to defraying the expenses of entertainments provided for the mayor, corporation, and other municipal officers, which frequently cost 500*l.* or 600*l.* a-year. A great portion of their funds was also given to the freemen of these boroughs to supply them with inducements to stand by the side of their party, and not to desert them when any political occasion might arise for their suffrages. The measure then which he had to propose, was—not for the purpose of carrying on those sinister purposes, but for the object of the real government of those towns—that the people of those towns may exercise a proper control over their own officers, and over the funds collected of them, so that they may be fairly applied to the lawful purposes of the towns, and not used to serve Parliamentary influence. Sir, (said the Noble Lord) we propose that there should be 183 boroughs included in the Bill which I shall ask leave to bring in—those 183 boroughs contain a population of about two millions of inhabitants—at present, I take them at that amount, though at a future stage I shall be able to show that they much exceed it. The Bill I have alluded to begins, not by destroying, but by establishing a reform of those corporations. We do not propose that the Charters shall be taken away from any of the corporations—we propose in the first enacting clause of the Bill that all clauses in those Charters which are inconsistent with this Bill shall cease and determine. There have been ninety-nine places visited which we do not intend to include in the Bill; and there are some other small places possessing corporations which have not been visited. These we do not think it necessary to include in this Bill. With regard to the 183 boroughs which are to be regulated by this Bill, we propose that there should be one uniform system of government—one uniform franchise for the purposes of election—one single mode of government, and a like description of officers in all those boroughs, with the exception of some of the larger places, which it is thought necessary should have other officers than the smaller places.

[The Noble Lord then introduced the provisions of his Bill, and sat down amidst loud cheers.]

Sir Robert Peel gave his support to the measure. He agreed with its Noble Proposer that the time had arrived when it was necessary for the well-being of society to establish a good system of municipal government. He argued, however, that though a change might be required, it did not follow that the previous government of a city or borough was illegal. He complained that the returns quoted by the Noble Lord were not only partially selected, but taken from reports not then before the House.—Mr.

Strutt also supported the Bill.—In answer to Mr. Hume, who also gave it his support, Lord John Russell said there would be a special measure for London.—Mr. Brotherton and Mr. O'Connell supported the Bill; the latter said he was sorry it was not extended to Ireland; an objection which was however met afterwards by Mr. Spring Rice, who stated that a similar Bill would soon be prepared for that country.—The Bill was then read a first time.

June 10.—The Hon. Mr. Byng presented his Majesty's answer to the Address moved by Mr. Fowell Buxton, on the 19th of May, in which his Majesty expressed his desire to promote the object of that Address, by adopting all possible and practicable means to put an end to the slave trade in other countries.—Mr. M. P. Stewart presented the Report of the Ipswich Election Committee, which declared that Messrs. Kelly and Dundas had been unduly returned by means of bribery. A special report followed, in which several parties mentioned were charged with bribery, and others with disobedience to the Speaker's warrant, and two Magistrates, with a breach of privilege of the House of Commons. A long debate ensued, which was eventually adjourned.—Dr. Bowring withdrew his motion for the production of the correspondence between his Majesty's Consul at Tripoli and the British Government.

June 11.—The Ipswich election affair was again discussed, and several persons ordered into custody, to be brought to the bar.—Sir C. Whalley moved a resolution declaratory of the expediency of repealing the window tax.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed it.—On a division, it was rejected, by a majority of 204, against 16.

June 12.—The Belfast and Cove-Hill Railway Bill was read a second time, on a division, by a majority of 83 against 7.—Mr. Harvey, in reply to H. L. Bulwer, said that he intended to postpone his motion on the Pension List, till Thursday the 14th of July.

June 15.—Mr. Lowther presented a petition from the letter-press printers of the city of York, praying that the whole of the duty on newspapers should not be reduced, as the petitioners were convinced that such a measure would not tend to the diffusion of useful knowledge; that it would destroy the present high character of the newspaper press, and flood the country with worthless and mischievous publications.—Mr. Roebuck said this petition contained extraordinary and self-contradictory statements. The petitioners talked of the high character of the newspaper press of this country. Now, there never was a press so degraded, so thoroughly immoral, as the newspaper press of this country; a despotism of the basest and most cowardly description was exercised by the persons connected with newspapers, who were ready on every occasion to ruin the public reputation of individuals in articles to which they did not dare to put their names; anything so perfectly cowardly in feeling, and so despotic in execution, could not be instanced as the conduct of the newspaper press of this country; and they were told, forsooth, of the high character of that press! If the stamp duties were taken off, it would not then have the power with impunity to ruin the reputation of individuals, for its attacks would be answered, and its slanders exposed—that alone would be a great benefit. He would assert with confidence, that, from the highest to the lowest of the newspaper press, the most paltry corruption, the basest cowardice, and the blackest immorality, were the governing principles of the newspaper press of this country!—Mr. Lowther said, he thought the petitioners had stated very reasonable grounds for their apprehensions. With regard to the press generally, he certainly did not concur in the opinion just expressed by the Hon. Member. Though he might have occasionally suffered, like other individuals, from the strictures of the press, he should be very sorry to speak of it in the terms that Hon. Member did

(hear).—Mr. Hume said, that though his Hon. Friend might have characterized some portion of the press—the Hon. Member was here interrupted by general cries of “All, all,”—he certainly must dissent from the general condemnation pronounced by his Hon. Friend on the press, as he knew there were individuals connected with the public press of the highest honour and the most unblemished characters (hear). But though he did not join in the sweeping condemnation of his Hon. Friend, he thought there were many individuals connected with newspapers worthy of it. There were many individuals conducting newspapers distinguished by their efforts for the protection of liberty and freedom; but there were also many who had degraded the press to the worst possible purposes, and had converted it into an instrument of the grossest injustice.

June 17.—Lord John Russell proposed a resolution, which was adopted, on the subject of the names of voters who should be reported by Election Committees as not entitled to vote, being struck off the list by the Speaker.—The Attorney-General, in reply to Mr. Tooke, said that the Charter to the London University was under consideration, but as the matter was important he would decline entering into further particulars at the present moment.—Mr. Verner asked, as the processions on Lord Mulgrave's landing were declared not illegal, whether that construction of the law would be extended to individuals about to be brought to trial at Tyrone?—Lord Morpeth replied that the Government did not intend to interfere respecting the trial of persons charged with offences.

June 18.—Sir G. Grey, on a petition from Lower Canada, said that as a commission was about to proceed there, he should, he thought, best discharge his duty by abstaining from premature discussions and disclosures.—Mr. Labouchere observed, that he should exert himself to promote the adjustment of all differences between the Canadas and this country.—Sir G. Grey, in reply to Sir Robert Peel, said, that the Commission had been completed by the addition of Sir C. Grey and Capt. Gibson.

June 19.—Captain Pechell presented a petition from Captain S. Pechell, R. N., and now engaged in farming, complaining of the clergyman of his parish having charged tithe on turnips intended for pasturage, of an erroneous judgment in the Exchequer on the subject, and of having been exposed to expenses amounting to 318*l.* 11*s.* 11*d.* on account of a disputed charge of 3*l.* 6*s.* for tithe of turnips. The petitioner prayed for an amendment of the law of tithes.—Mr. T. Duncombe (on the question that the House resolve into Committee of Supply) moved as an amendment, for a copy of the instructions given to Lord Eliot and Colonel Gurwood upon their late mission to Spain, together with copies of other papers connected with the subject. He contended, at some length, that the object was to favour Don Carlos.—Lord Mahon vindicated the late administration, stating that what had been done, so far from having in view to favour Don Carlos, was with the knowledge and approbation of the Queen of Spain's Ministers.—The House then went into a Committee of Ways and Means, when, after a long debate, the East India Sugar Duties were granted to his Majesty for the present year. It was announced that the Government had it in contemplation to introduce a measure having for its object the equalization of duties.

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## THE COLONIES.

### VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Intelligence has been received from Van Diemen's Land to the 16th of January. The crops were expected to yield abundantly, and the harvest had commenced. The price of wheat had receded, the average being about 6*s.*

per bushel, and contracts for future delivery had been done so low as 4s. 6d. per bushel. For Sydney wheat, however, Government were paying at the rate of 9s. per bushel, and much comment was made upon the manner in which the Commissariat was supplied. The price of wheat in the colony had been enhanced by the Government contracts, the highest price at which they had been done having been 15s. per bushel. A very general opinion had prevailed throughout the colony that the late period at which the contracts had been issued indicated that the Government had an ample store for the use of the Commissariat, and the anticipated favourable produce of the harvest had therefore given general satisfaction in the colony. In Van Diemen's Land a great scarcity of water was experienced, and at Hobart Town the only supply was from the public sewer. A meeting had been held in order to procure in future a sufficiency of this useful article. The exportation of wool and other produce of the colony was proceeding actively, and it is said that the value of the new clip of wool in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land would amount to about 800,000*l.* A body of natives who had eluded their pursuers for some months had given themselves up to Mr. Robinson's party in the Bush. The system of colonizing the natives was proceeding favourably, and very few, if any, of the natives, it was believed, were ranging at large in the colony. At Hobart Town the new Custom House and Bonding Store were expected to be finished building by the end of the present year, and a new police-office was in progress of erection. Flour has fallen in New South Wales 10s. per 100*lbs.* for the best and 8s. for seconds. A petition had been signed by 1,300 inhabitants, praying the Government to grant a Legislative Assembly to the colony.

#### CANADA.

The accounts received from Canada state that the navigation of the St. Lawrence had been resumed, and an active trade had been commenced in the British manufactures. The two first British ships that reached the wharfs at Montreal, were the *Toronto*, from London, and the *Robertson*, from Greenock. Crowds of persons lined the wharfs, and hailed the resumption of the intercourse with England with cheers. The labour of the agriculturist had commenced, a great quantity of wheat and oats having been sown. It appears, from the official report of the emigration committee of Quebec, that, in the last year, the total number of settlers that reached Canada was 30,970. In the Lower Province the traders of the French party were holding meetings to prepare for the investigation into the disputes which have existed there, and which have occasioned the appointment of the new Governor to proceed thither.

#### NEW SOUTH WALES.

The "*Sydney Herald*" of the 19th February states that there had been an enormous increase in the exports of colonial produce for 1834, as compared with the preceding year. The principal items of increase are in the articles of wool to England, and provisions to Van Diemen's Land. The harvest had been got in well, and a large supply of wheat was expected in the market.

*Emigration.*—Lord Glenelg has informed the Emigration Committee, that with a view to encourage the emigration of respectable mechanics and agricultural labourers, with their families, to the Australian Colonies, where that class of persons is still much required, his Majesty's Government have come to a resolution to convert the loan of 20*l.* into an unconditional bounty to the same amount. This arrangement will have immediate effect: and the Committee may consider themselves at liberty to act upon it in all their future operations. It is also added, that authority will be given to the Governor of New South Wales, and the Lieut.-Governor of Van Diemen's Land, to remit any claims for repayment of loans to emigrants which may remain unliquidated.

## FOREIGN STATES.

## FRANCE.

The debate upon the American Indemnity Bill closed in the French Chambers of Peers on Friday, when it was adopted, without any alteration, by a majority of 125 to 22. The money is to be paid as soon as President Jackson has made an acceptable apology.

## SPAIN.

The suspension of the Foreign Enlistment Act for two years, has been notified in the London Gazette, for enabling all persons to engage in the military and naval service of the Queen of Spain. It is ordered, that from and after the tenth day of this month, "it shall be lawful for every person whomsoever to enter into the military or naval service of her said Majesty as a commissioned or non-commissioned officer, or as a private soldier, sailor, or marine, and to serve her said Majesty in any military, warlike, or other operations, either by land or sea, and for that purpose to go to any place or places beyond the seas, and to accept any commission, warrant, or other appointment from or under her said Majesty, and to accept any money, pay, or reward for the same."

## BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

## WILLIAM SMITH, ESQ.

The late Mr. William Smith, long well known as one of the Members for the city of Norwich, was born in the year 1756, the only son of Samuel Smith, of Clapham Common. At the age of twenty-three he was pointed out, not less by his father's character than by his own, as a proper person to represent London, but he did not enter Parliament till 1784 (for Sudbury), from which moment he avowed himself a Reformer in the most extended sense of the word, and continued such to the last hour of his life. Abolition of the Slave-trade and of Slavery—Catholic Emancipation—Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, and of all other disabilities affecting Dissenters—the Maintenance of Peace—Public Economy—and Parliamentary Reform—were always the objects of his most anxious attention, and his most zealous efforts. In the early part of the year succeeding that in which he entered Parliament he advocated Mr. Pitt's motion for a reform in the representation of the people, and he persevered through forty-five years of struggles in the support of the same cause, whenever brought forward, up to the final triumph in 1830, under the auspices of Lord Grey and Lord John Russell. The repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, moved by Mr. Beaumont in the year 1787, was supported by Mr. Smith; and at the decease of Mr. B., Mr. Smith became the leading advocate of the Dissenters, and from time to time, under the sanction of that body, whose confidence he enjoyed for upwards of forty years, as Chairman to the Deputies of the three denominations, he brought forward several motions at different times in Parliament for the repeal of the obnoxious Acts, as well as for the removal of many vexatious and degrading disabilities under which the Dissenters laboured. The great measure of repeal was ultimately carried in the year 1828, in a full House, without a division, upon the motion of Lord John Russell; and on the 8th of May the same year we find this veteran friend of freedom presiding under the Duke of Sussex as deputy chairman of a dinner given at Freemasons' Hall, in commemoration of the glorious result of this long-protracted and arduous struggle. As might be anticipated, from the liberality of his opinions,



Mr. Smith was always a warm advocate of Catholic Emancipation; and whilst Fox, Pitt, Grattan, Canning, and Sheridan, brought all their eloquence to the support of their common object, Mr. Smith was no less earnest to add the influence of the liberal party which he represented to work out the great principle of equal rights and equal laws to all classes of his fellow-subjects. But, perhaps, the subject of all others nearest to his heart was the abolition of the Slave-trade. Mr. Granville Sharp, Mr. Clarkson, and some other philanthropists had succeeded in opening the eyes of the public to a scene of horrors committed in the course of that trade, both upon the Coast of Africa and upon the passage to the West Indies, which excited universal indignation and sympathy. Sir Wm. Dolben first called the attention of the House of Commons to the barbarities committed on board the slave ships. Mr. Smith warmly supported him, and in the following year he divided with all the leading statesmen of the day, in a minority of 86, in support of a measure for the total abolition of the trade itself. But this deep national stain was not to be so easily disposed of. The friends of humanity, however, roused themselves everywhere—petitions to Parliament rolled in from all quarters—committees were established in provincial towns—Mr. Wilberforce, supported by his friend Mr. Smith, made motion after motion in Parliament, till the national representatives, as it were, ashamed of the unnatural contest, gave way, and by the aid of a Fox Administration in the year 1806, and upon the motion of Lord Howick, Mr. Wilberforce's original motion, brought forward sixteen years before, was carried by a triumphant majority of 216 to 16; so great in this short interval was the progress of public opinion!

Mr. Smith, upon all occasions, manifested himself the determined foe to every species of extravagance, job, or corruption in Government: in voting for the impeachment of Lord Melville he strenuously asserted the control of Parliament over the public servants; and when Colonel Wardle brought forward his celebrated charges against the Duke of York, he strongly urged, on public grounds, the dismissal of his Royal Highness from the office of Commander-in-Chief, although he acquitted him of all guilty knowledge of the malpractices of Mrs. Clarke.

He was the constant advocate of peace; he uniformly opposed the French revolutionary war, and all interference with the internal affairs or Governments of foreign nations; he omitted no opportunity of calling the attention of Parliament to these subjects: and it may now be useful to recal to mind a principle asserted in resolutions moved by Mr. Fox and supported by Mr. Smith in 1793—a principle contemned at the time, but now universally received by all parties as an axiom. In relation to the French war, Mr. Fox moved, first—"That it was not for the honour or interest of Great Britain to make war upon France, on account of the internal circumstances of that country, for the purpose either of suppressing or punishing any opinions or principles which may prevail there, or of establishing among the French people any particular form of government. Second—That it does not appear that the tranquillity of Europe, and the rights of independent nations, which have been stated as the grounds of the war against France, have been attended to in the case of Poland, where the most open contempt of the law of nations has been manifested, without having produced any remonstrance from his Majesty's Ministers."

What stronger testimony can be adduced to the consistency of Mr. Smith's public conduct, as well as to his sagacity, than that, forty years after he had supported the above resolutions, he should be found aiding the cause of Poland by lending the influence of his character to an association formed in behalf of the oppressed inhabitants of that country, and that the evil effects of the partition protested against in the last resolution should now be so generally felt and lamented?

Such are some of the principal events in the political world in which Mr. Smith took his share, and of which we have unavoidably given a very

hasty and imperfect outline. How deep must have been the gratification of Mr. Smith, in his declining years, to find all the labours of his early life thus crowned with success, and the soundness of his earliest views thus practically acknowledged! How vigorously and perseveringly he fought, through good and evil report! Few public men, at the commencement of their career, have encountered more of the world's obloquy; no man has lived to vindicate a higher character or a purer fame.

Mr. Smith was a man of cultivated taste, and a warm friend of the arts. He was always ready to promote every local and national improvement. As Deputy-chairman of the British Fisheries, and as a Commissioner of Highland Roads and Bridges, he had ample opportunity, which he did not fail to improve, of testifying the deep concern he took in the welfare and interests of Scotland. In estimating Mr. Smith's character, public and private, we shall not do him justice if we omit to call to mind the circumstances of the times in which he began his career; and above all, the then state of public opinion. The party which Mr. Smith opposed was the popular party. The French revolutionary war was especially a war of the people—they cheered and hallooed on Mr. Pitt in its commencement and its progress. Catholics and Dissenters of all denominations were alike obnoxious to the people. The nation was essentially Tory and High Church. The aristocracy and the mob went hand in hand. The middle classes found their account in war, and supported the other two. A Birmingham mob set fire to the house of Dr. Priestley, an Unitarian minister, and compelled him to flee for his life. Mr. Fox and his party (to which Mr. Smith belonged) strongly opposed the French war, and not only denounced the popular outrages committed upon the Catholics and Dissenters, but accused the Government that apparently connived at them. A Tory, in the year 1830, previously to the passing of the Reform Bill, was not half so odious to the public as a Whig or Jacobin (for they were synonymous) at the commencement of the French war. Tories alone were deemed the supporters of order, of constitutional government, and of the Monarchy. They were the exclusive friends of morality and religion, and of our late respected Monarch King George the Third. A Whig, on the other hand, was stigmatized as the promoter of anarchy and sedition—was often branded in society as a traitor—and was always on the verge of being seized and treated as such by the Government. Mr. Smith came in for his full share of this odium and this danger. A Society denominated "The Friends of the People" was established about this time for the purpose of obtaining Parliamentary Reform, to which Lord Grey, the present Lord Durham's father (Mr. Lambton), Mr. Wm. Smith, and about twenty Members of Parliament belonged; some of the society were apprehended upon a charge of high treason, Horne Tooke and Mr. Thelwall amongst others; the law was strained to the utmost to obtain conviction; their lives hung upon a thread; and it is mainly attributable to the powerful exertions of Thomas Erskine, and to the firmness of a jury, that they were saved from the gallows. Had they been found guilty, a species of proscription against those denominated the Friends of the People would have followed. Days of political persecution had already commenced, which the result of these trials could alone have arrested; and they did arrest them. These were times of no small personal danger to any man of any note, who dared to profess liberal opinions; but Mr. Smith never hesitated nor faltered; he confessed his creed, he steadily and fearlessly pursued his course, and was prepared for all consequences. It is only by referring to this leading point in his character, to this unflinching exhibition of moral courage in times of real danger, that he can be fully or fairly appreciated. Let us look back for an instant, first, to the Tory war-cry. What did the war gain? Hundreds of thousands perished in it; millions of debt were accumulated by it. Again, look to the Dissenters and Catholics, vilified and persecuted at that time of day—where are they now? Little or no distinction is now

left between them and their brethren of the Established Church. Parliamentary Reform has been carried by a nation's acclamation, and Reformers are the only patriots.

Mr. Smith was engaged in six contested elections. He sat in Parliament forty-six years, eighteen for the boroughs of Sudbury and Camelford, and the last twenty-eight for Norwich. As a speaker, though not oratorical or commanding, he was clear, ready, fluent, and pointed. Though firm to his principles, he never permitted party feeling to degenerate into personal hostility. He commenced his political career under the auspices of Mr. Pitt, as a Reformer: but when that gentleman abandoned his reforming principles, Mr. Fox became his guide, or his example, for the last forty-three years of his political life. For Mr. Fox's public character and private virtues he had an unbounded admiration and love, which continued undiminished to the last. In all Mr. Fox's difficulties and trials, in his painful and affecting separation from Mr. Burke, and in his difference with Sheridan, Mr. Smith never abandoned his friend. He never for one instant forgot the lessons he had learned from this great patriot and good man. Mr. S.'s career is now closed, but the impress of his toils and his virtues will remain in the memory of his survivors and his friends; his country has already put its seal upon his faithful labours in the holy cause of the liberty and the happiness of mankind.—*From the Morning Chronicle.*

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## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married.*—Henry Coe Coape, Esq., eldest son of H. Coape, Esq., of York-place, and Maldon, Essex, to Sidney Jane, third daughter of Major-General the Hon. Sir Henry King, K.C.B.

Richard Pierce Butler, Esq., eldest son of Sir T. Butler, bart., of Bullin Temple, in the county of Carlow, to Matilda, second and youngest daughter of Thomas Cookson, Esq., of Hermitage, in the county of Durham.

Captain Thomas William Nesham, 86th regiment, son of Captain Nesham, R.N., to Caroline Harriet, youngest daughter of T. H. Bulteel, Esq., of Bellevue, Devon.

At Edinburgh, Sir James Stuart, bart., of Allanbank, to Katherine, second daughter of Alexander Monro, Esq., M.D., of Craiglockhart, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh.

At Lullington, the Rev. Nicholas Flott, Vicar of Edgware, Middlesex, to Harriet Jenner, second daughter of Sir Percival Hart Dyke, bart., of Lullington Castle, Kent.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Mons. Marie Louis Robert Ali, de Boulogne, to Elizabeth Bridget, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Forman, Esq., of Coombe Park, Greenwich, and of Pyndaryn, Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorgan.

*Died.*—At Ripley, in his 35th year, Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Somerset, second son of the late Right Hon. Lord Charles Henry Somerset, nephew of the late Duke of Beaufort, and Lieut.-Colonel of the 1st Royal Regiment of Dragoons.

At Vine-house, Milborn-port, Somerset, Sir William Coles Medlicott, bart., aged 68.

S. O'Halloran, Esq., for many years in the Commissariat at Jamaica and other West India Islands.

John Armstrong, Esq., late Major of his Majesty's 5th Regiment of Dragoon Guards.

At the Rectory House, at Bangor, in the county of Flint, (of which parish he had been rector thirty-seven years,) the Rev. Maurice Wynne, LL.D., of Llwyn, in the county of Denbigh, aged 75, the last male descendant of the house of Gwydir.

At Cowes, the Right Hon. Mary, the Baroness Kirkcudbright, wife of Robert Davies, Esq., M.P.

At his brother-in-law's residence, Bruntsfield-house, Scotland, Major-Gen. Sir John Dalrymple, Bart.

At his residence in the Place Vendôme, Paris, the Earl of Devon. He was in his 67th year, having been born in July, 1768, and succeeded to the Viscounty of Courtenay shortly before he was of age.

The Rev. George Gray Stuart, son of the Hon. Archibald Stuart, of Balmerino, Vicar of Milborn St. Andrew and Dalish, Dorset, Domestic Chaplain to Lord Gray, of Gray and Kinfauns, and late curate of Heckmondikie, Yorkshire.

At Croydon, the Hon. George Anderson Pelham, aged 49, only brother of Lord Yarborough.

In Addison-road, the Hon. Geo. Barrington, Captain in the Royal Navy, in his 40th year, second son of the late and brother to the present Viscount Barrington.

At Tunbridge Wells, in his 56th year, Major-General Francis Hepburn, late of the 3rd Regiment of Foot Guards.

At the house of his brother, the Hon. and Rev. R. B. Stopford, Cloisters, Windsor Castle, the Earl of Courtown, K.P., aged 70.

In Fleet-street, E. Troughton, Esq., F.R.S.L. and E., F.R.A.S., &c. aged 81.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND,  
AND IRELAND.

## CORNWALL.

*Truro.*—The foundation stone of the Column to be erected in this place in honour of Richard Lander, the traveller in Africa, has been laid with suitable ceremonies. The Provincial Lodge of Freemasons having been invited to attend on the occasion, held their annual meeting then, instead of the 24th, the feast of St. John the Baptist. They proceeded to the spot, where a platform was erected for the ladies. The D.P.G.M. addressed to the assembly a very eloquent speech, which was followed by a very excellent address from Mr. Ellis, P.G.S. H. Willyams, Esq., chairman of the Lander Committee, also addressed the assembly, thanking the lodge for their assistance, which was acknowledged by the D.P.G.M.

## DEVONSHIRE.

*Tavistock Visiting Society.*—A prospectus has been issued in Tavistock for establishing a society in that town which should have for its object the moral and religious education of the children of the poor. To effect these desirable ends it is proposed to divide the town into districts, appointing two visitors to each, who are to visit the houses of the poor, and to recommend to the committee of superintendence proper objects for the society's aid. His Grace the Duke of Bedford has become the patron of the society, and contributed liberally to its funds.

## HAMPSHIRE.

Mr. Dean, who is employed in raising the guns, &c., from the wreck of the Royal George, had his attention lately drawn by some fishermen to an object under water, which they could not make out, but which they thought was copper or brass, as it left marks of those metals on the ropes with which they endeavoured to sweep it; it was lying in four fathoms, at low water, and not far from Arrow Bank. Mr. Dean, on going down, with his diving apparatus, soon discovered it to be the muzzle of a gun, sticking upright in the mud, with about four feet above the bottom, and fixing his chains to it, had no difficulty in drawing it out, and getting it on board his craft. It turned out to be a brass twelve

pounder, ten feet long, and weighing thirty-one cwt., of most elaborate finish, and in high preservation. It was cast at Amsterdam in 1637, and bears the arms of Brabant upon it, with lions for supporters, and surmounted with the crown of Charlemagne, while the breech is ornamented with fleur de lis. On inquiry, we find that about forty years since, Beale, a fisherman of this town, crept up, after much perseverance, a heavy piece of ordnance, about a furlong from the wreck of the Royal George, and with the assistance of a vessel, endeavoured to convey it into shallow water; but when near the Arrow Bank, the slings near the breech gave way, and they lost it, nor could they ever fix a fastening on it again. This is doubtless the same gun, and there being six feet of mud at the spot, will account for its upright position. In all probability, it was lost from some Dutch man-of-war, either in taking her guns in from, or putting them into a small craft alongside.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

## KENT.

A perfect specimen of geological transformation was discovered at Sandgate a few days ago. A tree 14 feet long, the fibres of which bespeak it to have been either of the cedar species or a sapling oak, was found embedded in the sandstone rock, 20 feet from the surface. A portion of the specimen exhibits a petrification of the timber, combined with a substance of Kentish rag-stone.—*Dover Telegraph.*

## STAFFORDSHIRE.

The tedious inquiry into the causes of the disturbances at Wolverhampton has been brought to a conclusion; and, in candour and justice, we must acknowledge that the conduct of the populace, both previously to and after reading the Riot Act, has been proved, upon most respectable evidence, to have been exceedingly violent and outrageous. We do not know why Sir Frederic Roe should have wished to conduct the inquiry in private. It is now quite evident that it was not with the intention of favouring the magistrates or the military, whose defence against the charges made by the demagogues of the Political

Unions was quite strong enough to bear the light of day. The case of both civil and military authorities would have been seriously prejudiced by a private inquiry, because the public would have believed that course to have been adopted for no other purpose than to smother, the truth; whereas the open investigation which Lord John Russell most properly ordered, has afforded them the opportunity of clearing themselves in the eyes of the public opinion as rapidly as the evidence which establishes their justification could be carried to all parts of the kingdom on the wings of the Press.

#### YORKSHIRE.

*Disinterment of ancient Trees.*—Curiosity was somewhat excited lately towards the probable condition in ancient times of the ground on which the north-western portion of the town (Sheffield) has so long been built, in consequence of the discovery of two very large trees in the excavation designed for the tank of a gasometer in Love-lane. These remains lie embedded in stiff argillaceous mud, under soft blue clay, and about fifteen feet below the surface. The tree first uncovered lies in a direction from S.W. towards N.E., and appears to have been not less than 25 to 30 feet in height, and from 15 to 18 inches in diameter at the bottom; the other, which lies at the foot of the last mentioned, appears about the same size; but it is as yet only partially exposed; both appear to have been oaks, and the fibre, though dyed black, appears but little injured; they had upon them, when first found, several large boughs, which the workmen have chopped off; the bark also remains in some places. It is worthy of remark, that near the thicker end of one of the trunks a considerable portion of the wood has been evidently cut away, as if an attempt had been made to fell the tree. The blue clay, as well as the less adhesive substratum in which the timber occurs, contains considerable quantities of vegetable exuvia in different stages of decay. At what period or under what circumstances these remains were submerged, we are unable to say. "Belike they have lain there ever since Noah's Flood," said one of the excavators; we should think they were not quite so old as that. Certainly

several centuries at least must have passed away since these now so profoundly prostrated trunks stood erect in the pride of vigorous treehood; but whether they grew on the spot where they now lie, or were washed thither by one of the great floods to which the Don appears in all ages to have been subject, are questions scarcely less difficult to solve, than would be the inquiry as to whose axe effected the cutting on the side of one of the trunks.—*Sheffield Mercury.*

#### IRELAND.

The gross produce of the Customs in Ireland in 1834 was 1,746,199*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.*, and of Excise duties 1,961,057*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.*

*Public Highways.*—We believe it is not generally known that there are very few highways stopped up by justices, and other roads made in lieu thereof, which, if inquired into, would not turn out to be illegally done. At the last quarterly sessions at Chester, the justices there assembled decided that if any person stopped up an ancient highway, and in lieu of the same made another road (however commodious to the public the new road might be), yet should it afterwards appear that the person obtaining the order was not at the time vested with the fee of the land upon which the new road was made, the dedication to the public of the new road, in lieu of the ancient one, would be void; and of course the order would be voidable, and the public would be entitled to resume the occupancy of the old road at any subsequent time. This question is of great importance to all persons who have heretofore obtained orders of justices for diverting public roads; for instance, if a person is in the apparent possession of an estate, and such person shall not be vested with the fee, but only be tenant for years, for life, or in tail—or the estate is incumbered, and he has only the equity of redemption, such person cannot legally dedicate without every other person, having an interest in the property, joining in such dedication. We apprehend, therefore, that there are few diversions of roads made legally, for want of proper parties joining in the dedication, and we know not how the matter can be remedied.

THE  
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE NEW DOCTOR.

A PLEASANT, pretty village is the village of Sutton Hill—built literally upon a hill; one long wide street straggling from the shady bottom, more than half way up, to the top—interspersed with two or three tall groups of Lombardy poplars, a few magnificent elms, and here and there a venerable hawthorn, rich, in the happy month of May, both in leaf and flower. The village dwellings peep in and out from amid these noble trees, in all the variety of hue and colour belonging to their respective classes. There is the grocer's—so called, because *that* is the more dignified of his several callings—but in fact it is the general shop, the multifarious dispensary of the village, famous for excellent butter, and the finest honey within ten miles round—there it stands, built of red brick, glowing and glaring in the summer sun, the window-frames and door-posts painted a bright blue, and the step of spotless white—upon which step stands the worthy grocer himself, glowing and glaring as his own red brick—there stands honest Jack Flare!—Flare!—what a curious association of name and colour! A little farther on, where that stray branch of the finest hawthorn forms a natural garland over the pretty bow-window, and seated in its shadow, her head bent over her work, sits Mrs. Luscombe, the widow of a half-pay lieutenant, with three little children to clothe, and feed, and educate, upon forty pounds a-year! No wonder, although her industrious dwelling contains only four rooms—two on each floor—she tries to let the “drawing-rooms.” Aye, smile away, courteous reader, and smile again, when I tell you that those two rooms are cheerful, clean, pleasant!—and so sweetly furnished! the dimity curtains so white, and the prettiest of French beds, adorned with netted fringe—of various widths, it is true—and yet so tastefully looped up, that Patty Pratee—(what an appropriate name again! Patty Pratee the news vender and licensed scandal-monger of the place, who lives yonder in the untidy dwelling, surmounted by a long poking chimney that appears to be looking down every chimney in the village!)—Patty Pratee herself praised the fringe to Jack Flare—(Qy. was it genuine, disinterested praise?)—Jack Flare being known to have a strong affection towards his lady-like neighbour, pale Mrs. Luscombe—an affection which would long ago have ripened into “will you marry me?” but for the patent of gentility supposed to be possessed by a curate's daughter and an officer's widow, often, poor things! to their great discomfort.

"I never could think her a beauty," said Patty, "though the squire looks oftener at her than the pulpit of a Sunday; but she certainly sets off her house—to be sure it takes up a deal of time. But I'm thinking, Master Flare, she'll have a let this summer, for I saw a tall, thin, *handsomish* man go in there, not an hour ago; and as I repassed to get my *numperalla*——"

"Umbrella!" interrupted Master Flare, looking up at the spotless sky; "why, what put it into your head to want an umbrella to-day?"

"Umph!" replied the magpie, "wise people always take it in fine weather. He was sitting in the drawing-room with one of the children on his knee—mighty free, I thought, for a stranger."

Master Flare *did* feel a little uncomfortable, but he did not pretend to, knowing well the habit of his companion.

"Have you heard of the cricket-match between the Sutton Hill lads and those of Harleyfordown? Lucy Grant—the old doctor's Lucy—ah, Master Flare! Master Flare! depend upon it it's a bad world we live in—I never knew an old doctor without a pretty maid-servant—there's proof positive——"

"Of what?" again interrupted the grocer.

"Oh, modesty!" exclaimed the antiquated lady, holding up her hands; and as she spoke, on the snowy step we before mentioned stood the very gentleman she had seen in Mrs. Luscombe's drawing-room.

"Have you lodgings to let here?" he inquired in a ripe rich voice, whose very tone commanded respect.

"No, Sir," replied the man of figs.

"I'm sure," chimed Patty, "Master Flare, you *might* let your first floor."

"No, Sir, no," he replied to the stranger's look; "no, Sir, I like to keep my house to myself; but there is very good accommodation at the Chequers, the green public-house with lead-coloured doors and the red horse-trough, higher up the hill than Mrs. Luscombe's, the widow lady's."

"No, I want a private lodging."

"The old doctor," again chimed in the old maid; "the old doctor, I heard say, he would let, only for company's sake."

"The doctor—a mere village doctor—no, that would be worse and worse; besides, there are reasons against that. No, I should *not* like the doctor's. The village appears large; are there no houses that let lodgings?"

"Mrs. Luscombe," reiterated Patty.

The gentleman shook his head.

"Well, there is the sawyer's, in the glen; they let the back room—a pleasant look-out right over the saw-pit, and the river in the distance, if you don't mind the noise of the sawing, at a little after four."

"Thank you," said the stranger quietly; "that will not do."

"Then, Sir," continued the grocer, "I know of nothing else, except the old doctor's."

"I think," replied the stranger smiling, "the old doctor and myself have served too long under the same standard to agree; we have unhappily dealt in the same commodity," he added, smiling.

Patty and Master Flare exchanged looks as the stranger bade them good morning and sauntered up the hill.

"Served under the same master," repeated Patty, casting up her hands and eyes; "that must be either the devil or death."

"Dealt in the same commodity!" ejaculated Master Flare; "I wonder was it in the wholesale or retail line? and I wonder altogether who he is?"

"I'll find out from Mrs. Luscombe or the children, of that I'm positive," persisted Patty, pulling out the strings of her bonnet. "I hardly think—though it is a very strange world indeed to live in—yet I hardly think Mrs. Luscombe would suffer her children to be nursed and kissed by a mere stranger." But Patty was out in her calculation; Mrs. Luscombe said that she certainly knew who the gentleman was, but till he told his own name, she did not feel at liberty to mention it. Oh! the infinity of gossip and anxiety this declaration cost the inhabitants of Sulton Hill; and how it was repeated, and adjusted, and debated, and canvassed, and everything but improved; the village was in an uproar, but nobody conjectured what the result would really be, until the "strange gentleman" astonished them all by taking a very beautiful cottage *ornée*, which overlooked the dale and a considerable extent of country. Master Flare was not the only person who wondered that a gentleman who could afford to take Daleview ever thought of "looking for lodgings;" and curiosity was at its height when the London coach deposited a quantity of respectable luggage and a stiff, stately, upright-looking servant out of livery at the Chequers, all being the property of Mr. Harrang, of Daleview Cottage.

"There's the name at all events, Mrs. Luscombe," exclaimed Patty in an exulting tone, as she upraised herself from decyphering the direction on an overgrown packing-case. "There's the name, Madam, without no thanks to nobody. H-a-r-r-a-n-g."

"Harrang!" repeated Mrs. Luscombe, as she led her little girl on her morning's walk; "Harrang! what a harsh-sounding name; I never heard it before."

"Never heard it before!" screamed the persevering Patty; "well, that is something extraordinary. Never heard it before, when you, with your own lips, told me, Ma'am, that you did not consider yourself at liberty to mention it until he did so first."

"Who?" inquired Mrs. Luscombe, with a bewildered look; "of whom do you speak?"

"Why of Mr. Harrang, of Daleview—People-view it might be called—not a thing passes in the town but he can see from his bed-room window."

"Oh, Miss Patty, what a shame to encroach on your prerogative," replied pretty Mrs. Luscombe, as she walked on.

"Well, if ever! to be sure! what airs! *my* prerogative! what *did* she mean by that? Oh, if that worthy Master Flare could only see with my eyes! fine madam, indeed!" muttered the provoked Patty, in every change of tone and every variety of gesture consistent with an old maid's perpendicular.

"When you're done a-spelling over that luggage, I'll trouble you to move, Ma'am," said a gruff voice behind her.



"Oh certainly, Sir, certainly," she replied, smiling and curtsying; for however snappish elderly maidens may be to their own sex, they are generally civil to the other. "Mr. Harrang's *gentleman*, I presume;" and forthwith set Miss Patty to discover the "gentleman's" master.

This was not so easy a task as most people would imagine. Antony was one of a species of taciturn servants, the race of which is nearly extinct; he regarded his master's secrets as his own, and had moreover a lingering affection for mystery, which is sometimes the weakness of old bachelorhood; he had also, in common with all elderly unmarried men, a dislike to plain old maids; consequently Patty could make nothing of him, although the very next evening she asked him to tea!

It is astonishing—as Mrs. Malaprop would say—it is astonishing the "*himprudences* which staid, respectable women" constantly commit. Nothing could be made of either the master of Daleview or the master of Daleview's man. If Mrs. Luscombe had known anything of him formerly, certainly the acquaintance was not renewed; sometimes, if Mr. Harrang met one of the children, he would pat it on the head, or kiss its rosy cheek; but then every man, woman, and child in Sutton Hill loved the little Luscombes, so fresh and lightsome were their movements—so joyous and musical their voices—so bright and beaming their deep-set eyes. The boy—the eldest one—upon whom sorrow had grafted sagacity at so early a period that, amongst his other plays, the little fellow often played the man with success, was an especial favourite with each mother in the village, who, the more deep her love of her own children, the more earnestly did she pray, with a full heart, and eyes overflowing with maternal anxiety, that her boys might resemble Alfred Luscombe. The girls were what—God bless them!—all girls are, before the modern system of education destroys their feelings and cramps their affections. Marion will be, I am sure, the least bit in the world of a coquette—the *very* least bit; her black eye-lashes fringe so beautifully all round the eye, giving it, when downcast, a soft and sleepy expression; but when the little rogue laughs and looks up—Oh, bow of Cupid!—what a blaze! the whole face beams—burns with joy; then, when as suddenly she drops those snowy lids over their sparkling treasures, the gipsy seems as placid as before. Oh, those fringed lids—those fringed lids! I am sure Marion was born a coquette.

Dora—dear little fat Dora—was a darling of another sort—a thing to roll, and squeeze, and kiss, who loves everybody with the earnestness of three years, and cold must be the heart that would not love her in her return.

No wonder, then, was it that Mr. Harrang patted the heads and kissed the cheeks of the little Luscombes?

The curiosity of Sutton Hill having reached its pinnacle, stood open-mouthed at the gate of Daleview, seeking much, yet discovering nothing. The clergyman called, and the old doctor called, and their visits were returned, and so the visitings nearly ended; the doctor called again and again—the poor old man wheezed his way from the bottom to the top of Sutton Hill, but Mr. Harrang was not *chez lui*.

At last some one surmised, or dreamt, or imagined, or "originated" that Mr. Harrang "was in the medical line." How the idea got into motion it was impossible to discover, but so it was, and, once in motion,

it flew like wildfire; *that* was the reason, then, that he would not partake of Dr. Doddsley's domicile—*that* was the reason (could anything be plainer?) why he declared that himself and the old doctor "had fought too long under the same standard to agree," and why he confessed that they "had unhappily dealt in the same commodity"—*that* was the reason why he had a large cabinet full of cross-bones and skulls of men and animals—why he was so often seated at twilight on the top of the stile leading into the new church-yard—why he looked at people as if he longed to dissect them—and, above all, why he never laid his hand upon a child's head without feeling for those bumps which are supposed to be more numerous upon Ashantee and Irish skulls than upon any other specimen brain-boxes that have as yet been brought under the consideration of those marvellously wise men termed phrenologists. Besides, the case was clearly made out; did not Mabel Ellice—romping Mabel, who always kicked open the church-door and ran after the hunt—did not Mabel, in one of her uncontrollable fits of high spirits—did she not almost cut off Sandy Sawney's right arm with a reaping-hook, out of sheer fun? and did not Mr. Harrang (at whose harvest-home it occurred) most positively take the job out of Dr. Doddsley's hands, and with his own hands stitch up the arm? It was so provoking, as the old doctor observed, doing jobs for nothing, giving people such bad habits. "The Almighty," said the old doctor, "sends people into the world without charge or fee; it is the least thing, then, that they pay body-rent and taxes to the doctor who keeps them in repair. Besides, Miss Patty," persisted the old doctor to that worthy and industrious spinster, who never failed to bring him word how well Sandy's arm was doing, or how "THE NEW DOCTOR," as the inhabitant of Daleview was now designated, had vaccinated such a child, or cured another of the croop, or, such was his humanity, volunteered to "doctor" widow Lane's cow and the tinker's pony; "Besides, Miss Patty, no one need tell me—I know the value of medicine—I remember the cost of a medical education in the good old times, when a doctor's wig and cane cost more than a course of lectures now, at one of their new-fangled hospitals—when the profession was respected—when the doctor's opinion, even on secular matters, was so valued, that it was requested before the squire's or the rector's—when children dared not play if he appeared at the other end of the street—and the taking out of his snuff-box commanded the most profound silence in an assembly-room; but, my good Miss Patty, this man wears a blue coat, a black stock, and prescribes, I understand, for cows and ponies; and yet, after that, in defiance of the evidence of their own senses, people are weak enough to think well of his opinion."

"Ay, indeed, Doctor Doddsley, and more people than *you* think, think well either of *his* opinion or his man's:—just ask your own maid, at whose gate she stood last night when you were in bed with the lumbago."

Poor old Doctor! he was little aware of the turns and twistings of popularity—he little thought that human nature could be so oblivious of past services—that the people whom he had bled, blistered, and medicined, *secundum artem*, for five-and-twenty years, *could* have forgotten those services. He trusted that they would remember the resolution he

evinced in withstanding every modern improvement—thinking, as he declared, that human life was too precious to be tampered with by any medicine whose utility had not been established by a twenty years' trial—after *that* he might be brought to use it, but not before.

He little thought, good man, while dozing in his wicker arm-chair—his feet resting in all the ease of black-listen slippers, upon his own particular cushion—that the very children whom he had been the means of bringing safely into the world were meditating tricks upon “Doctor Sangrado,” and that others who had grown up to men and women’s estate laughed at his pretensions and opinions: the truth was he had been a long time out of favour—the inhabitants of Sutton Hill had grown impatient of his despotism, and the “New Doctor” had arrived at the very time when poor Dodsley’s star was on the decline: even the old people decided in favor of the new candidate (if candidate he could be called), who never declared his profession—and only smiled when any of his poor neighbours (the only ones he was at all familiar with) complimented him on his skill. His servant never heard his master’s degree alluded to without shrugging up one shoulder, and growling out, “Doctor?—augh!” Notwithstanding his reserve, Mr. Harraug grew in favour with rich and poor; the village belles—(they were limited to four)—declared him “the most interesting gentleman who had ever resided at Sutton Hill.” Master Flare himself proclaimed that he never served a gentleman he should be so happy to oblige, in either the wholesale or retail way; and the widow whose cow he had cured hit upon a sentence describing him so accurately, that it deserves to be recorded—

“His voice,” said she, “is the music, and his face the sunshine of the mourner’s sick-room.”

Poor Patty had become an object of such aversion to the “new doctor’s gentleman,” that she was more shut out from news—from the news she loved so well than any one else in the village. She had never been able to penetrate into the shrubberies of Daleview, being always stopped at the gate by the Cerberus, who, shrugging up his shoulder until it nearly touched his ear, exclaimed—“Want the doctor?—augh!” and immediately ran the bolt at the bottom of the gate, to prevent the possibility of entrance. Once, indeed, she thought she had hit upon a plan to insure an interview. She tied a kerchief round her head, as if a tooth-ache had taken possession of her withered face. Her aversion, as usual, was sentinel at the gate before she laid her hand upon the latch, and had slipped the bolt ere she could prevent it. To her enactment of acute suffering he only replied,—

“Bad tooth?—augh! Did’nt know you had a tooth!—augh. ‘New Doctor,’—why you don’t suppose my master’s a woodman, to hew up stumps? Doctor?—augh!”

This was a rare piece of eloquence for him, and having given utterance thereto he turned away, leaving Miss Patty to tear the kerchief from her face, and vent her spleen in bitter exclamations and still more bitter tears. What is so bitter as a disappointed woman?—But enough of village gossipings—they are the thorns upon the roses of retirement; and there are few who, while inhaling the perfume of the one, have not felt the sharpness of the other! My business is now with the little Luscombes.

The three children were playing in the valley, which deepened into a stream at the bottom of the Dell, one of those delicious streams whose presence is felt before it is seen. The vegetation, so green and luxuriant, had overgrown its banks, and the musical murmur of its fine trickling waters tinkled beneath the glittering foliage. You felt as if in the presence of some sylvan deity; the air so pure and fresh—the trees — (we began our story in May, gentle reader, and it is now autumn)—the trees cherishing those leaves, which, in more exposed situations, had already fallen, were covered with the most luxuriant greenery; the trembling aspen quivered in the breeze, as if echoing the murmurs of the streamlet. The greatest lovers of cities and their splendours could not fail to appreciate the silent beauty of that holy spot: the love of nature, the often unacknowledged apprehension of her beauty, is implanted in every bosom, however it may be disguised by affectation or chilled by circumstances: its possessor may not be able to name it by its name; yet, though the tongue refuse its tribute of applause to the beautiful works of God, the heart beats in silent eloquence, when—

“The clear depth of noontide, with glittering motion,  
O'erflows the lone glens, an ærial ocean;  
When the earth and the heavens, in union profound,  
Lie blended in beauty, that knows not a sound!”

The weather for many days had been happily calm—the mossy excrescences of the wild rose, and the soft scarlet berries of the honey-suckles, bryony, and viburnum were covered with the silken threads which the gossamer-spider hangs on every blade of grass. Occasionally the exquisite stillness of nature was disturbed by the clapping of pigeons' wings, as they rose from the distant stubbles; and still more frequently the joyous laugh of Marion Luscombe, or the childish prattle of her little sister, fell upon the ear in tones which told of the pure, perfect happiness of infancy. Alfred lay beneath the shadow of a mountain-ash, and the volume he had been reading was by his side.

“Bend down your head, dear brother,” exclaimed Marion, “and let me crown you with this wreath of laurel, as they used to crown the old Roman conquerors, that you read to us about not an hour since.”

“But I am no conqueror, Marion,” said the boy looking into her face, “and—listen to me—I think I shall be soon conquered.”

“You, Alfred?” she replied, ringing a merry laugh, while her hands, still holding the wreath she had woven, dropt upon her knees in the prettiest of all attitudes—you conquered, my own brother! I should should not like you to be a coward.”

“I may be conquered without being a coward, Marion!”

“By whom, dear brother?”

The boy in his turn looked eagerly, yet with a firm expression into his sister's smiling face; their eyes met, and Marion observed that his cheek flushed while he replied, in a low earnest voice, after a pause—

“By DEATH, my sister.”

When he had spoken, his cheek paled as quickly as it had flushed, and his words, accompanied as they were by his changed expression, struck such a terror to the girl's heart, that casting the triumphal wreath far from her, she threw herself into his arms and burst into tears.

Poor Marion! a minute had not elapsed when those eyes, now over-

flowing with the waters of sorrow, were dancing in laughter; and yet as she clung to, and sobbed upon her brother's bosom, she felt as if her heart would break. The grief of childhood is more fleeting than its joy: suddenly, sorrow ceased to agitate her trembling lips—tears rested on the long lashes of her eyes—she pressed her small palms on the full cheeks of her brother—she kissed his forehead, and then exclaimed, as the torrent of happiness rolled back into its place—

“You Alfred—you talk of death! You! your cheeks are round—your forehead cool—there *can* be no aching in that bold beautiful brow, which mamma blesses when you sleep, brother, and calls so like our father's. Oh! say it does not ache—I *know* it does not.”

“It does not ache, Marion—and yet it feels so heavy!”

“Aye, that it is, Alfred; you have moped yourself with that stupid history-book. ‘Death!’ death never looked like you; shall I repeat Young Lochinvar for you, or sing Jock of Hazeldean, or shall Dora dance? Or shall Tray beg? poor Tray! you have made even Tray look sad: see how he pushes his cold nose into your hand, and gives his paw, and whines! For shame—be merry, Tray—dear Alfred is *not* ill.”

But Alfred was ill, and his illness increased so rapidly, that Marion rejoiced, as they reached the stile, at meeting Mr. Harrang's taciturn servant, who shouldered “Master Alfred” as he would have shouldered a musket, and carried him up the hill.

“Set me down—set me down before I come within sight of mamma's window,” said the kind boy; “she will think me worse than I am if I am carried.”

“I think, Miss, that young master is likely to want better advice than the old doctor or the new doctor, augh! can give; so, if madam pleases, I'll go off to the next town for a proper doctor!”

But Marion could not reply to his kindly eloquence, for she was trying to keep back the tears which the certainty of her beloved brother's illness again sent flowing from her eyes.

The old doctor came, and the new doctor, though not sent for, called almost hourly to inquire after Alfred Luscombe; the physician of H—, an able and skilful man, came also; but the boy's presentiment was fearfully realized—he was attacked by brain fever of the most violent kind, and sank, poor fellow! beneath its strength, after much bodily suffering. It was a sad and mournful sight in that sweet cottage—the widowed mother bending over the death-bed of her only son—of *him*, the brave and beautiful, whose every movement and thought had been so many copies of his buried father;—the cherished love of years was blighted—the heart was emptied of its hope; in her despair she forgot she still had other children, and called out in her anguish, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” The loved one's hand was clasped in hers, and when she yielded to her grief, she felt the pressure of his fingers upon hers; he opened his eyes—dim and heavy though they were—for the glare of fever had departed from them, and left them covered by the films of death.

“Stoop, mother, and kiss me,” murmured the boy. “I cannot see you; but God has not forsaken me, nor you. Mother, there is one not far off who loves you, I think, as well as I did. Mother, your husband is with God. I shall soon be with both: let not my

sisters remain without protection. I know *he* loves you. In the twilight I have heard him listen for your voice;—I have seen him watch you in the dale, and by the hawthorn brake;—and I was angry, —I was selfish,—I could not bear that you should love but us. But I learnt—listen, for my strength is going, though, mother, I have no pain —I learnt wisdom: I learnt it from the wood-pigeons. Two had built their nest in the large beech-tree, and Abel Morley shot one,—I know not which,—but the lone one mourned upon its nest: it was so sad to hear its moans; it mourned for two whole days—years in a pigeon's life, their lives are short;—two days it mourned, and then it flew away, and brought another pigeon from the woods; and they two hatched the young,—surpassing each the other in deeds of kindness to the soft callow brood. Mother, do you read my wisdom?"

The boy died that evening, just as the sun was sinking, and his mother buried him in the greenest corner of Sutton Church-yard, just where, standing on the stile, a little beyond his grave, you can discern the streamlet, like a thread of silver, winding its way across the meadows after its escape from the shadows and covert of the dell. Marion planted a red-berried mountain-ash at his head, and little Dora covered the grave with cowslips and primroses.

Time passed on. Patty was positively withering away from inaction. Since poor Alfred's death nothing had aroused the sympathies of the village: the blacksmith's wife, to be sure, had presented her husband with twins, but then they were doing "as well as could be expected." The Miss Doubles, of the large dairy farm, had bought French instead of English merinos, which was set down as a piece of unpardonable extravagance. Master Flare's nose turned purple in the frost (Patty declared it was from standing with his hat off in the snow while talking to Mrs. Luscombe). And the curate's cat produced a kitten with three legs (the County Herald declared it had five). The old doctor continued to rail at the new; and the new *medico* was declared to want spirit because he never railed at the old, but let—as Patty very truly observed—the best practice "slip through his fingers," reversing the order of things established time out of mind, and devoting all his attention to the poor instead of the rich. The summer had come again, and the primroses and cowslips blossomed and faded on Alfred's grave—types of his early death. Marion had not forgotten her brother, yet could all but smile when his name was mentioned: little Dora had forgotten him; but there was one who never could forget;—could the mother cease to weep her first-born? in the silent night by the silver stream under the mountain-ash alone, alone with her tears, alone during the dreary winter, she waited for the spring, but the fresh breath of April murmured to her of him whose spring had been blighted even unto death. Not that Mrs. Luscombe indulged in grief to the exclusion of her duties; her daughters were growing in beauty beneath her eyes, and she prayed that they might also grow in goodness. Yet even with her Time was performing his blessed office, of which we seldom think, and for which we are seldom thankful; he was extracting slowly, but surely, the stings from many wounds,—withdrawing the canker from many hearts,—and performing his miracles silently and truly—passing with healing on his wings over a thankless multitude!

The dearth of news continued at Sutton Hill; Patty moped,—the old doctor declared her tongue was palsied: when one evening she espied the curate's maid, Kate Brunt, calling first at the parish clerk's, then at the bell-ringers, (the bell-ringers very appropriately lived in Bell-alley, at the corner of Belle-vieu, and their names were Bill Bell, Jack Bell, and Tom Bell,) and then trotting off into a new haberdasher's shop which out-flared Master Flare's grocery, thither Patty followed Kate, an undefined hope fluttering round her heart that some one was dead, or married, or born,—anything, anything in the world for a change. It so happened that Master Flare, the old doctor's damsel, the blacksmith's wife, and two or three others, were in the shop when Patty entered, and they were standing so closely together that they positively threw into obscurity the crossed pile of gingham, muslins, and sixpenny prints, which Master Grogam had piled on architectural principles in the centre of his shop. Kate, it would appear, had commenced her story.

"The pearl-white if you please, Master Grogam," said the smiling girl; "ten yards—and then Master Flare, as the parlour door was a little ajar, and is right facing the kitchen, where I was all alone by myself, I could not help hearing—(Master Grogam, a blue-white silk handkerchief can never go with a pearl-white riband; I *must* have a match—call *that* a match? why that's French white—thank you, that will do—now get me down the bobinnet—master said he would pay for all)."

"Well for you, I'm sure," said the old doctor's maid; "*my* master will never say that to me; if he did, would not I get a smart rig-out."

"Go on with your story, Kate," said Patty peevishly, "that is, *if* you have one to tell."

"You need not wait to hear it," retorted Kate, laughing, "if you do not like; where was I? Oh, all alone by myself in the kitchen; it was the dog who pushed open the parlour door after they went in."

"They! who?" exclaimed and inquired the spinster.

"Pray, Mrs. Patty, let Kate tell her story," growled forth Master Flare.

"Went in, and then I heard the most movingest story I ever heard in all my days; if you believe me, I cried all the time, and so did master; we both cried—cried our eyes out—but I can do nothing but laugh now; it will be such a noble wedding—(that is the very net, Master Grogam—white ground with white spots; I like white spots better than white sprigs—they look so much innocenter)—such a noble wedding, to be sure; my Lord will have it grand——"

"Lord! what Lord?" exclaimed the agonised old maid.

"Pray, Mrs. Patty, let Kate tell her story," repeated Master Flare.

"Oh, if you had but heard the dear gentleman tell how he had loved her from her childhood, and how, great and grand as he was, she had refused him because she loved his cousin, a young handsome gentleman, better, preferring poverty and love; and if you had heard how he remained single for her sake, and how he followed her from place to place when he found she was a widow, and at last got a sort of promise from her, that if he continued in the same mind for another year, and did not speak to or come near her, she would then marry him; and how he

changed his grand name, so that his living in a village might not create suspicion, and that he might, as he said, 'breathe the same air she breathed, and be near in case sorrow or sickness visited her, to——' Oh!" exclaimed the kind-hearted girl, "it makes me cry again to think of it, and of the trouble she had in losing that angel; and now the year's up—and she has consented—and they'll be married to-morrow morning—and she'll be my lady;—and now, Master Grogram, let me look at the white gloves."

"Kate Brunt, for the sake of mercy, tell me *who* you are speaking of!" exclaimed the panting Patty.

"Of Lord George Luscombe, known as Mr. Harrang!"

"A Lord George turn doctor, and cure people—only think!" exclaimed the old doctor's maid.

"He cured people for amusement; *your* master kills them for the same reason, I suppose," replied the pert pretty Kate.

"Augh, augh!" exclaimed some one from behind the architectural pile of "soft goods;" and Patty's deadly foe came forward, shrugging his shoulder and laughing his most unmusical laugh, to the confusion of the curate's maid, who tore a glove in endeavouring to force the left on the right hand.

"And Mrs. Luscombe will be again a bride?" said the blacksmith's wife; "Well, even if she is not so happy as with her first love, it is something to be a lady."

"And," continued Kate, "to have some one to love her, and protect her children!"

"There is one thing I want to know," inquired Master Flare of Antony; "I heard your master say that he had served under the same standard as the old doctor—what did he mean by that?"

"Augh!" replied Antony, who had been a soldier in his early days—"and so he did—didn't he serve as a great officer? kill—and cause to be killed—using lead boluses instead of mercury; only he put people out of pain quickly. Same standard—augh!—King Death."

"And after all there is no 'New Doctor,'" exclaimed the bewildered Patty.

"If there is," said Master Grogram, who piqued himself upon correct and delicate phraseology, "if there is, doubtless, ladies and gentlemen, he has to thank our good village of Sutton Hill for his *diploma*."

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THE EDINBURGH LADIES' PETITION TO DR. MOYES,  
WITH LORD BYRON'S REPLY.

DEAR Doctor, let it not transpire  
How much your lectures we admire,  
How at your eloquence we wonder,  
When you explain the cause of thunder ;  
Of light'ning and of electricity,  
With so much plainness and simplicity ;  
The origin of rocks and mountains,  
Of seas and rivers, lakes and fountains,  
Of rain and hail, of frost and snow,  
And all the winds and storms that blow ;  
Besides an hundred wonders more,  
Of which we never heard before.  
But now, dear Doctor, not to flatter,  
There is a most important matter,  
A matter which you never touch on,  
A matter which our thoughts run much on,  
A subject, if we right conjecture,  
Which well deserves a long, long lecture,  
Which all the ladies would approve—  
The Natural History of Love.  
Oh ! list to our united voice,  
Deny us not, dear Doctor Moyes ;  
Tell us why our poor tender hearts  
So willingly admit Love's darts ?  
Teach us the marks of love's beginning,  
What is it makes a beau so winning ?  
What is it makes a coxcomb witty,  
A dotard wise, a red coat pretty ?  
Why we believe such horrid lies,  
That we are angels from the skies,  
Our teeth are pearl, our cheeks are roses,  
Our eyes are stars—such charming noses !  
Explain our dreams waking and sleeping,  
Explain our laughing and our weeping,  
Explain our hoping and our doubting,  
Our blushing, simpering, and pouting.  
Teach us all the enchanting arts  
Of winning and of keeping hearts.  
Teach us, dear Doctor, if you can,  
To humble that proud creature man ;  
To turn the wise ones into fools,  
The proud and insolent to tools ;  
To make them all run helter-skelter  
Their necks into the marriage-halter ;  
Then leave us to ourselves with these,  
We'll rule and turn them as we please.  
Dear Doctor, if you grafit our wishes,  
We promise you five hundred kisses ;  
And rather than the affair be blunder'd,  
We'll give you *six score to the hundred*.

*Approved by 300 Ladies, 1807.*

## LORD BYRON'S REPLY.

[The following are Lord Byron's own words in reference to the preceding composition:—"This petition, a sprightly little poem, was put into my hands by a lady for whom I entertain a very *great respect*, accompanied by a wish that I would reply in the Doctor's name. Though by no means adequate to the task, I have endeavoured, in the following lines, to give such answers to the questions as my own *trifling* experience suggested, more from my dislike to refuse any request of a female than the most distant hope of affording a perspicuous or satisfactory solution of the different queries.—*March, 1807.*"]

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In all the arts, without exception,  
 The moderns show a vast perception:  
 From morbid symptoms diagnostic  
 Each Doctor draws a sage prognostic;  
 Whilst each Professor forms a project  
 From diagrams, or subtle logic.  
 Herschel improves us in Astronomy,  
 Lavater writes on Physiognomy;\*  
 The principles of Nature's history  
 To man appears no more a mystery.  
 Monboddo says that once a tail huge  
 Adorned man before the deluge;  
 And that at length mankind got rid of 'em,  
 Because they stood no more in need of 'em.  
 Since we on fours no longer went all,  
 Clothes were declared more ornamental.  
 Religion splits in many a schism;\*  
 Lectures commence on Galvanism;  
 The marvellous phantasmagoria  
 Work on the optics and sensoria;—  
 But not content with common things,  
 Behold, some daily wonder springs;  
 An infant Billington, or Banti,  
 Squalls out "Adagio" or "Andante!"  
 The town to see the veteran Kemble  
 In nightly crowds no more assemble;  
 The house is cramm'd, in every place full,  
 To see the boy of action graceful;  
 While Roscius lends his name to *Betty*,  
 Sully must yield the palm to *Petty*;  
 And last, though not the least in crime,  
 A *sucking Peer* pretends to rhyme,  
 Though many think the noble fool  
 Had better far return to school,  
 And there improve in learning faster,  
 Instead of libelling his master.  
 Knowledge is daily more prolific,  
 And babes will soon be scientific.  
 Yet, in the midst of general science,  
 One theme to sophists gives defiance,  
 Which some condemn, but most approve—  
 The *Natural History of Love!*

That love exists—sure none can doubt it ;  
 Indeed, where should *we* be without it ?  
 'Tis in the catalogue of sins ;  
 But when and where this love begins  
 Is perfectly incomprehensible,  
 Though *all* to its approach are sensible.  
 'Tis pleasure, pain—'tis old, 'tis new—  
 'Tis Alpha and Omega too ;  
 'Tis subject to no jurisdiction,  
 But burns the fiercer for restriction.  
 Some call it *passive*, others *active*,  
 We *all* agree that 'tis attractive ;  
 Others declare, when first this world,  
 In dark, promiscuous chaos hurl'd,  
 Through elements yet undigested,  
 Of shape and sense lay quite divested,  
 That *Form* \* and Matter join'd in marriage,  
 And happily, without miscarriage,  
 In blissful bonds at once uniting,  
 Produced *this earth* we draw the light in ;  
 And hence, in fable allegorical,  
 The bards of yore, most metaphorical,  
 Have drawn (the simile must strike ye)  
 The pretty tale of *Love* and *Psyche* †.  
 Thus *Form* is the first I heard of,  
 (Or, rather, ever *read* a word of,)—  
 If he, as I have stated, *be* male,—  
 Who talk'd on love or kiss'd a female.  
 We'll therefore call *him* Love, or rather,  
 Of Love, at least, the mighty father ;  
 For this to matrons must appear,  
 And husbands also, very clear,  
 That *we* are under obligation  
 To those who first produced creation ;  
 For had they never given birth  
 To this our general parent, Earth,  
 We might have trod some other sphere,  
 Or been just now—*the Lord knows where*.  
 This *origin* we'll take for granted,  
 Because *some* origin is wanted :  
 Yet still I shall be much the debtor  
 Of any one who finds a better.  
 Though Love be sprung of very great degree,  
 I know but little of his *pedigree* ;  
 Yet as his *family* was thought about,  
 A circumstance which I knew nought about,  
 To settle this I have been bold enough  
 To give him one at least that's old enough.  
 In water, fire, earth, or air,  
 Love holds his general empire there :  
 The birds who cleave yon azure sky  
 Breathe amorous warblings as they fly ;  
 In water, e'en the very fishes  
 Are periodically vicious ;

\* Timæus has written on this idea, and on this foundation I have taken the liberty of personifying *Form* and *Matter*.

† *Vide* Ovid. The story of Cupid and Psyche is also in Apuleius. See his "Golden Ass."

And fire, all elements above,  
 Is emblematical of love ;  
 On earth, since first the earth began,  
 We know the miracles he's done.  
 But why should I romances tell  
 Which every damsel knows so well ?  
 To those just now I shan't recall 'em ;  
 But may the very same befall 'em ;  
 And this, I think, with all due deference,  
 In fact, with words, would have the preference :  
 Because the best detailed narration  
 Falls very short of demonstration.  
 This truth requires no great rehearsal,  
 That Love indeed is universal,  
 From things with animation rife  
 To things of vegetable life.  
 Shells and their inmates also feel it,  
 There's not an oyster can conceal it ;  
 The loves of plants are all the fashion,  
 And *cabbage* feels the tender passion.  
 Why ladies young and tender hearts  
 So readily admit Love's darts,  
 Requires no seraph from on high  
 To make at once an apt reply ;  
 This faith is orthodox for ever—  
 A damsel's heart is Cupid's quiver ;  
 For never placed he there an arrow  
 Which found its residence too narrow,  
 But gently was at once admitted,  
 The shaft and all most nicely fitted.  
 Why they suppose a coxcomb witty,  
 A dotard wise, a *red-coat* pretty,  
 Are questions that would pose the sages  
 Of these or any former ages.  
 Some wicked wretches, who peruse  
 The patriarchs' lives but to abuse,  
 Have said that very ancient story  
 Concerning *Eve* is *allegory*,—  
 That Satan was no fiery dragon,  
 But a *fine youth*, without a rag on,  
 And held as good a claim as Adam  
 To be the spouse of *Eve*—a sad dame !  
 And consequently 'tis pretended  
 Some are from *Lucifer* descended !  
 This parentage I sha'n't dispute,  
 Or what was the *forbidden fruit* ;  
 The ancient texts have all agreed  
 The Devil was of reptile breed ;  
 Proceeding on their grave decision,  
 We'll form from thence this supposition :—  
 As serpents, it is often said,  
 Are caught with anything that's *red*,  
 Perchance *some* females may inherit  
 A secret sympathetic spirit,  
 Which binds them to this predilection,  
 And *scarlet* is to them perfection.  
 Why wit in coxcombs they discern  
 Is hardly worth our while to learn.

Why *fools* are oft preferr'd to wise men  
 I *know*, but never will advise them ;  
 We really *can't* explain the reason,  
 Because to mention it were treason.  
 Why ? all the charming easy creatures  
 Believe that Heaven is in their features,  
 Has lent her stars—that earth has given  
 Her *roses*, to *outrival* Heaven ;  
 Or why the sea, to please the girl,  
 Bids oysters mourn their absent *pearl*,  
 Requires but little explanation—  
 Their *own mistakes* are the occasion.  
 While *vanity* shall hold the glass,  
 All this will daily come to pass.  
 To cure their laughing and their weeping,  
 Their wandering dreams, and e'en their sleeping,  
 'Tis known by men of nice precision,  
 That *Hymen* is the best physician ;  
 He will unravel hopes and doubting,  
 And put an end to fits of pouting.  
 But how to tame the other sex  
 Would any saint or sage perplex.  
 Ladies ! I think you can't complain,  
 You hold a wide extensive reign ;  
 First learn to rule *yourselves*, and then,  
 Perhaps, you'll quite subdue *the men*.  
 As for that word, the marriage *halter*,  
 The very mention makes me falter ;  
 The texture is so monstrous coarse,  
 It drags us into Heaven by force.  
 Though much disposed to sin in rhyming,  
 The muses never speak of Hymen ;  
 I'm therefore almost doubtful whether  
 I'd best be silent altogether,  
 Or with a compliment conclude,  
 Since all before is downright rude ;  
 But when I read the blest reward  
 Awaits the doctor, or his bard,  
 "*Five hundred kisses !*" oh, ye Gods !  
 For *half* I'd dare all mortal odds :  
 Though I can never be victorious,  
 To *fall* in such a cause is glorious ;  
 I'll therefore, since I've made beginning,  
 Conclude, with scarce a hope of winning.  
 To make my deities propitious,  
 I'll wish what each in secret wishes ;  
 Though much I fear that e'en veracity  
 Can ne'er atone for such audacity.  
 " May each amongst you find a mate  
 Content at home in peace to wait ;  
 Grateful for each connubial blessing,  
 And quite enough in spouse possessing ;  
 A cheerful, constant, kind, and free one,—  
 But Heaven forbid that *I* should be one !'

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## ON THE

## CHARACTER OF MRS. HEMANS'S WRITINGS.

"*Oh! mes amis, rappelez-vous quelquefois mes vers ; mon ame y est empreinte.*" "*Mon ame y est empreinte.*" Such is the secret of poetry. There cannot be a greater error than to suppose that the poet does not feel what he writes. What an extraordinary, I might say, impossible view, is this to take of an art more connected with emotion than any of its sister sciences. What—the depths of the heart are to be sounded, its mysteries unveiled, and its beatings numbered by those whose own heart is made by this strange doctrine—a mere machine wound up by the clock-work of rhythm! No ; poetry is even more a passion than a power, and nothing is so strongly impressed on composition as the character of the writer. I should almost define poetry to be the necessity of feeling strongly in the first instance, and the as strong necessity of confiding in the second.

It is curious to observe the intimate relation that subsists between the poet and the public. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and those who would shrink from avowing what and how much they feel to even the most trusted friend, yet rely upon and crave for the sympathy of the many. The belief that it exists in the far off and the unknown is inherent as love or death. Under what pressure of the most discouraging circumstances has it existed, given enjoyment, and stimulated to exertion. The ill-fated and yet gifted being, steeped to the lips in poverty—that bitterest closer of the human heart—surrounded by the cold and the careless—shrinking from his immediate circle, who neglect and misunderstand him, has yet faith in the far away. Suffering discourses eloquent music, and it believes that such music will find an echo and reply where the music only is known, and the maker loved for its sake.

Fame, which the Greeks idealized so nobly, is but the fulfilment of that desire for sympathy which can never be brought home to the individual. It is the essence of such a nature to ask too much. It expects to be divined where it is too shy to express. Praise—actual personal praise—oftener frets and embarrasses than it encourages. It is too small when too near. There is also the fear of mistaking the false Florimel flattery for the true Florimel praise. Hence Hope takes the wings of the morning, and seeks an atmosphere, warm, kindly, and congenial, and where it is not ashamed. Without such timidity, without such irritability, without a proneness to exaggeration, the poetical temperament could not exist. Nor is its reliance on distance and on solitude in vain. We talk, and can never be sure but that our hearers listen as much from kindness as from interest. Their mood may or may not be in unison with our own. If this be the case even in ordinary intercourse, how much more must it be felt where the most shrinking, subtle, and sorrowful ideas are to be expressed. But the poet relies on having his written page opened when the spirit is attuned to its melody. He asks to be read in the long summer-mornings, when the green is golden on the trees, when the bird sings on the boughs, and the insect

in the grass; and yet when the weight of the past pressed heavily upon the present, when—

“memory makes the sky  
Seem all too joyous for the shrinking eye.”

In such a mood the voice of passionate complaining is both understood and welcome. There is a well of melancholy poetry in every human bosom. We have all mourned over the destroyed illusion and the betrayed hope. We have quarrelled in some embittered moment with an early friend, and when too late lamented the estrangement. We have all stood beside the grave, and asked of the long grass and ever-springing wild flowers why they should have life, while that of the beloved has long since gone down to the dust. How many have

“laid their youth as in a burial urn,  
Where sunshine may not find it.”

I remember to have read of an Hanoverian chorister, who, having lost by an early death the young village girl to whom he was betrothed, rudely carved upon her tomb a rose-bud broken on its stem, with the words beneath, “*C'est ainsi qu'elle fût.*” This might be emblem and inscription for all the loveliest emotions of the soul. While such recollections remain garnered, poetry will always have its own appointed hour. Its haunted words will be to us even as our own. Solitude and sorrow reveal to us its secrets, even as they first revealed themselves to those

“Who learnt in suffering what they taught in song.”

I believe that no poet ever made his readers feel unless he had himself felt. The many touching poems which most memories keep as favourites originated in some strong personal sensation. I do not mean to say that the fact is set down, but if any feeling is marked in the writing, that feeling has been keenly and painfully experienced. No indication of its existence would probably be shown in ordinary life: first, because the relief of expression has already been found in poetry, and secondly, from that extreme sensitiveness which shrinks from contact with the actual. Moreover, the habit has so grown up with us,—so grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, that we scarcely know the extraordinary system of dissimulation carried on in our present state of society.

In childhood, the impetus of conversation is curiosity. The child talks to ask questions. But one of its first lessons, as it advances, is that a question is an intrusion, and an answer a deceit. Ridicule parts social life like an invisible paling; and we are all of us afraid of the other. To this may be in great measure attributed the difference that exists between an author's writings and his conversation. The one is often sad and thoughtful, while the other is lively and careless. The fact is, that the real character is shown in the first instance, and the assumed in the second. Besides the impulses of an imaginative temperament are eager and easily excited, and gaiety has its impulses as well as despondency, but it is less shy of showing them. Only those in the habit of seclusion, occupied with their own thoughts, can know what a relief it is sometimes to spring, as it were, out of themselves. The fertile wit, the sunny vivacity, belong to a nature which must be what the French so happily term *impressionable* to be poetical. The writer of

a recent memoir of Mrs. Hemans deems it necessary almost to apologize for her occasional fits of buoyant spirits :—

“ Oh, gentle friend,  
Blame not her mirth who was sad yesterday,  
And may be sad to-morrow.”

The most intense sunshine casts the deepest shadow. Such mirth does not disprove the melancholy which belonged to Mrs. Hemans's character. She herself alludes to the times when

“ Sudden glee  
Bears my quick heart along  
On wings that struggle to be free  
As bursts of skylark song.”

Society might make her say—

“ Thou canst not wake the spirit  
That in me slumbering lies,  
Thou strikest not forth the electric fire  
Of buried melodies.”

But it might very well strike the sparkles from the surface.

I have said that the writer's character is in his writings: Mrs. Hemans's is strongly impressed upon hers. The sensitiveness of the poet is deepened by the tenderness of the woman. You see the original glad, frank, and eager nature

“ Blest, for the beautiful is in it dwelling.”

Soon feeling that the weight of this world is too heavy upon it—

“ The shadow of departed hours  
Hangs dim upon its early flowers.”

Soon, too, does she feel that

“ A mournful lot is mine, dear friends,  
A mournful lot is mine.”

The fate of the pearl-diver is even as her own :—

“ A sad and weary life is thine,  
A wasting task and lone,  
Though treasure-grots for thee may shine  
To all beside unknown.

Woe for the wealth thus dearly bought !  
And are not those like thee  
Who win for earth the gems of thought,  
Oh wrestler with the sea ?

But oh ! the price of bitter tears  
Paid for the lonely power,  
That throws at last o'er desert years  
A darkly-glorious dower.

And who will think, when the strain is sung,  
Till a thousand hearts are stirr'd,  
What life-drops from the minstrel wrung  
Have gush'd at every word.”

Imagine a girl, lovely and gifted as Mrs. Hemans was, beginning life,—conscious, for genius must be conscious of itself,—full of hope and of belief ;—gradually the hope darkens into fear, and the belief into doubt ; one illusion perishes after another, “ and love grown too sorrowful,”

“ Asks for its youth again.”



No emotion is more truly, or more often pictured in her song, than that craving for affection which answers not unto the call. The very power that she possesses, and which, in early youth, she perhaps deemed would both attract and keep, is, in reality, a drawback. Nothing can stand its test. The love which the spirit hath painted has too much of its native heaven for earth. In how many and exquisite shapes is this vain longing introduced on her page. Some slight incident gives the framework, but she casts her own colour upon the picture. In this consists the difference between painting and poetry: the painter reproduces others,—the poet reproduces himself. We would draw attention especially to one or two poems in which the sentiment is too true for Mrs. Hemans not to have been her own inspiration. Is it not the heart's long-suppressed bitterness that exclaims—

“ Tell me no more—no more  
Of my soul's lofty gifts! are they not vain  
To quench its panting thirst for happiness?  
Have I not tried, and striven, and failed to bind  
One true heart unto me, whereon my own  
Might find a resting-place—a home for all  
Its burden of affections? I depart  
Unknown, though fame goes with me; I must leave  
The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death  
Shall give my name a power to win such tears  
As might have made life precious.”

How exquisitely is the doom of a woman, in whose being pride, genius, and tenderness contend for mastery, shadowed in the lines that succeed! The pride bows to the very dust; for genius is like an astrologer whose power fails when the mighty spell is tried for himself; and the tenderness turns away with a crushed heart to perish in neglect. We proceed to mark what appears to bear the deep impress of individual suffering:—

“ One dream of passion and of beauty more:  
And in its bright fulfilment let me pour  
My soul away! Let earth retain a trace  
Of that which lit my being, though its race  
Might have been loftier far. . . . .  
. . . . . For thee alone, for thee!  
May this last work, this farewell triumph be—  
Thou loved so vainly! I would leave enshrined  
Something immortal of my heart and mind,  
That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,  
Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone  
Of best affection—something that may prove  
What she hath been, whose melancholy love  
On thee was lavished; silent love and tear,  
And fervent song that gushed when none were near,  
And dream by night, and weary thought by day,  
Stealing the brightness from her life away.”

‘ And thou, oh! thou on whom my spirit cast  
Unvalued wealth—who knew not what was given  
In that devotedness, the sad and deep  
And unrepaid farewell! If I could weep  
Once, only once, beloved one! on thy breast,  
Pouring my heart forth ere I sink to rest!  
But that were happiness, and unto me  
Earth's gift is fame.”

"I have been  
Too much alone."

With the same sympathy does she stand beside the grave of the author of "*Psyche*"—

"And mournful grew my heart for thee—  
Thou in whose woman's mind  
The ray that brightens earth and sea,  
The light of song was shrined."

"Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,  
A voice not loud but deep!  
The glorious bowers of earth among  
How often didst thou weep!"

Did we not know this world to be but a place of trial—our bitter probation for another and for a better—how strange in its severity would seem the lot of genius in a woman. The keen feeling—the generous enthusiasm—the lofty aspiration—and the delicate perception—are given but to make the possessor unfitted for her actual position. It is well; such gifts, in their very contrast to the selfishness and the evil with which they are surrounded, inform us of another world—they breathe of their home, which is Heaven; the spiritual and the inspired in this life but fit us to believe in that which is to come. With what a sublime faith is this divine reliance expressed in all Mrs. Hemans's later writings. As the clouds towards nightfall melt away on a fine summer evening into the clear amber of the west, leaving a soft and unbroken azure whereon the stars may shine through; so the troubles of life, its vain regrets and vainer desires, vanished before the calm close of existence—the hopes of Heaven rose steadfast at last—the light shone from the windows of her home as she approached unto it.

"No tears for thee, though light be from us gone  
With thy soul's radiance, bright and restless one—  
No tears for thee.

They that have loved an exile must not mourn  
To see him parting for his native bourn,  
O'er the dark sea."

We have noticed this yearning for affection—unsatisfied, but still unsubdued—as one characteristic of Mrs. Hemans's poetry: the rich picturesque was another. Highly accomplished, the varied stores that she possessed were all subservient to one master science. Mistress both of German and Spanish, the latter country appears to have peculiarly captivated her imagination. At that period when the fancy is peculiarly alive to impression—when girlhood is so new, that the eagerness of childhood is still in its delights—Spain was, of all others, the country on which public attention was fixed: victory after victory carried the British flag from the ocean to the Pyrenees; but, with that craving for the ideal which is so great a feature in her writings, the present was insufficient, and she went back upon the past;—the romantic history of the Moors was like a storehouse, with treasures gorgeous like those of its own Alhambra.

It is observable in her minor poems that they turn upon an incident rather than a feeling. Feelings, true and deep, are developed; but one single emotion is never the original subject. Some graceful or touching anecdote or situation catches her attention, and its poetry is developed in a strain of mourning melody, and a vein of gentle moralizing. I

always wish, in reading my favourite poets, to know what first suggested my favourite poems. Few things would be more interesting than to know under what circumstances they were composed,—how much of individual sentiment there was in each, or how, on some incident seemingly even opposed, they had contrived to ingraft their own associations. What a history of the heart would such annals reveal! Every poem is in itself an impulse.

Besides the ideal and the picturesque, Mrs. Hemans is distinguished by her harmony. I use the word harmony advisedly, in contradistinction to melody. Melody implies something more careless, more simple, than belongs to her style: it is song by snatches; our English ballads are remarkable for it. To quote an instance or two. There is a verse in that of "Yarrow Water":—

"O wind that wandereth from the south,  
 Seek where my love repaireth,  
 And blow a kiss to his dear mouth,  
 And tell me how he fareth."

Nothing can exceed the tender sweetness of these lines; but there is no skill. Again, in "Faire Rosamonde," the verse that describes the cruelty of Eleanor,—

"With that she struck her on the mouth,  
 So dyed double red;  
 Hard was the heart that gave the blow,  
 Soft were the lips that bled."

How musical is the alliteration; but it is music which, like that of the singing brook, has sprung up of itself. Now, Mrs. Hemans has the most perfect skill in her science; nothing can be more polished than her versification. Every poem is like a piece of music, with its eloquent pauses, its rich combinations, and its swelling chords. Who that has ever heard can forget the exquisite flow of "The Voice of Spring?"—

"I come! I come!—ye have call'd me long;  
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song!  
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,  
 By the winds that tell of the violet's birth,  
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,  
 By the green leaves opening as I pass."

It is like the finest order of Italian singing—pure, high, and scientific.

I can never sufficiently regret that it was not my good fortune to know Mrs. Hemans personally; it was an honour I should have estimated so highly—a happiness that I should have enjoyed so keenly. I never even met with an acquaintance of hers but once; that once, however, was much. I knew Miss Jewsbury, the late lamented Mrs. Fletcher. She delighted in speaking of Mrs. Hemans: she spoke of her with the appreciation of one fine mind comprehending another, and with the earnest affection of a woman and a friend. She described her conversation as singularly fascinating—full of poetry, very felicitous in illustration by anecdote, happy, too, in quotation, and very rich in imagery; "in short, her own poem on 'The Treasures of the Deep' would best describe it." She mentioned a very striking simile to which a conversation on Mrs. Hemans's own poem of "The Sceptic" had led:—

"Like Sindbad, the sailor, we are often shipwrecked on a strange shore. We despair; but hope comes when least expected. We pass through the gloomy caverns of doubt into the free air and blessed sunshine of conviction and belief." I asked her if she thought Mrs. Hemans a happy person; and she said, "No; her enjoyment is feverish, and she desponds. She is like a lamp whose oil is consumed by the very light which it yields." What a cruel thing is the weakness of memory! How little can its utmost efforts recall of conversation that was once an instruction and a delight!

To the three characteristics of Mrs. Hemans's poetry—which have already been mentioned—viz., the ideal, the picturesque, and the harmonious—a fourth must be added,—the moral. Nothing can be more pure, more feminine and exalted, than the spirit which pervades the whole: it is the intuitive sense of right, elevated and strengthened into a principle. It is a glorious and a beautiful memory to bequeath; but she who left it is little to be envied. Open the volumes which she has left, legacies from many various hours, and what a record of wasted feelings and disappointed hopes may be traced in their sad and sweet complainings! Yet Mrs. Hemans was spared some of the keenest mortifications of a literary career. She knew nothing of it as a profession which has to make its way through poverty, neglect, and obstacles: she lived apart in a small, affectionate circle of friends. The high road of life, with its crowds and contention—its heat, its noise, and its dust that rests on all—was for her happily at a distance; yet even in such green nest, the bird could not fold its wings, and sleep to its own music. There came the aspiring, the unrest, the aching sense of being misunderstood, the consciousness that those a thousand times inferior were yet more beloved. Genius places a woman in an unnatural position; notoriety frightens away affection; and superiority has for its attendant fear, not love. Its pleasantest emotions are too vivid to be lasting: hope may sometimes,

"Raising its bright face,  
With a free gush of sunny tears, erase  
The characters of anguish;"

but, like the azure glimpses between thunder-showers, the clouds gather more darkly around for the passing sunshine. The heart sinks back on its solitary desolation. In every page of Mrs. Hemans's writings is this sentiment impressed; what is the conclusion of "*Cerinne crowned at the Capitol*?" •

"Radiant daughter of the sun!  
Now thy living wreath is won.  
Crown'd of Rome! Oh, art thou not  
Happy in that glorious lot?  
Happier, happier far than thou  
With the laurel on thy brow,  
She that makes the humblest hearth  
Lovely but to ~~one~~ on earth."

What is poetry, and what is a poetical career? The first is to have an organization of extreme sensibility, which the second exposes bare-headed to the rudest weather. The original impulse is irresistible—all professions are engrossing when once began; and acting with perpetual stimulus, nothing takes more complete possession of its follower than

literature. But never can success repay its cost. The work appears—it lives in the light of popular applause; but truly might the writer exclaim—

“It is my youth—it is my bloom—it is my glad free heart  
I cast away for thee—for thee—ill fated as thou art.”

If this be true even of one sex, how much more true of the other. Ah! Fame to a woman is indeed but a royal mourning in purple for happiness.

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NOTE.—I have alluded to Miss Jewsbury (Mrs. Fletcher), and cannot resist a brief recollection of one who was equally amiable and accomplished. I never met with any woman who possessed her powers of conversation. If her language had a fault, it was its extreme perfection. It was like reading an eloquent book—full of thought and poetry. She died too soon; and what noble aspirations, what generous enthusiasm, what kindly emotions went down to the grave with her unfulfilled destiny. There is no word that will so thoroughly describe her as “high-minded;” she was such in every sense of the word. There was no envy, no bitterness about her; and it must be a lofty nature that delights in admiration. Greatly impressed as I was with her powers, it surprised me to note how much she desponded over them.

“Day by day,  
Gliding, like some dark mournful stream away,  
My silent youth flows from me.”

Alas! it was the shadow of the early grave that rested upon her. Her letters were very brilliant, and I believe her correspondence was extensive; what a pity that they should not be collected. Speaking of Wordsworth she said, “There is about him a grand and noble plainness, a dignified simplicity—a something of high ideal Paganism, that I never saw in any one else. He is not so much a rock covered with flowers, as a rock crowned with a castle. He is a dweller on the heights—he would have made a friend for Phocion. He reminds me of the Druidical oaks, strong and sacred.” Again, while discussing the intercourse of society,—“You consider society something like a honeycomb—sweet, but hollow; so do I. But you seemed also to consider it expedient for every one by right or courtesy termed ‘distinguished’ to play truant—laying aside all habits of thought or feeling by which such distinction had been acquired. As if the earnestness of genius were less endurable than the heartlessness of the world; nay, as if the polished chain-mail of the latter were the only garb fit to be worn by the former. Personally speaking, I should be sorry to go into public with any other disposition than one anxious to give and willing to receive pleasure. Very high or very deep conversation, anything like communion of heart, would be out of place; but I do not see that we are called upon to pay so costly a compliment to society, as to assume a character diametrically opposed to our real world; to utter sentiments we secretly disbelieve—to be as angry with our better nature for their bursting from restraint, as at other times with our inferior nature for refusing submission. I think that wisdom may wear ‘motley,’ and truth, unlike man, be born laughing; and that until we go into society thus determined to seek for more than mere amusement in pleasure, we must not be surprised to find ourselves

living in Thalaba's palace of the desert—a creation of clouds. Genius ought everywhere to be true to itself—to its origin, the divine mind—to its home, the undying spirit—to its power, that of being a blessing—to its reward, that of being remembered. If genius be not true to itself, if in reckless sport it flings around the flowers and tendrils, how are we ever to look for a fruitage time?"

I need not dwell on the eloquence and beauty of such passages, and her letters were filled with them. Mrs. Fletcher went to India, full of hope and belief—she thought she might do much good. These anticipations were fated to disappointment. The tomb has closed upon her warm and kindly heart. Better it should be thus.

"Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground  
Thy tender thoughts and high?  
Now peace the woman's heart hath found,  
And joy the poet's eye\*."

L. E. L.

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\* It is almost needless to say, that all the poetical quotations are from Mrs. Hemans's own writings.

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## THOUGHTS IN A BALCONY AT DAYBREAK.

(A Ball within.)

MORN in the East! How coldly fair  
It breaks upon my fever'd eye!  
How chides the calm and dewy air!  
How chides the pure and pearly sky!  
The stars melt in a brighter fire,  
The dew in sunshine leaves the flowers;  
They, from their watch, *in light* retire,  
While we *in sadness* pass from ours!

I turn from the rebuking morn,  
The cold, grey sky and fading star,  
And listen to the harp and horn,  
And see the waltzers near and far;  
The lamps and flowers are bright as yet,  
And lips beneath more bright than they,—  
How can a scene so fair beget  
The mournful thoughts we bear away!

'Tis something that thou art not here,  
Sweet lover of my lightest word!  
'Tis something that my mother's tear  
By these forgetful hours is stirr'd!  
But I have long a loiterer been  
In haunts where Joy is said to be;  
And though with Peace I enter in,  
The nymph comes never forth with me!

N. P. WILLIS.

# EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL KEPT DURING A RESIDENCE IN LITTLE PEDDLINGTON.

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"All the world can't be Little Peddlington; if it ~~was~~—it would be much too fine a place, and too good for us poor sinners to live in."

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*Monday, June 15.*—Those words, which made so powerful an impression upon me when uttered by mine hostess in rebuke of my evil speaking of Squashmire-gate\*—those words occurred to me, as I awoke at eight o'clock of this, the morning of the 15th of June: those words, therefore, have I placed on the first page of the journal which I now commence, and which I purpose to continue during my residence in Little Peddlington. Each night will I repeat them ere I register the events of the day past, or minute down the conversations to which I may have listened, or in which I may have shared—or ere I venture to record my judgment and opinions, whether of persons or of things: so shall the spirit of indulgence guide my pen! And should it be my chance to encounter amongst the Peddlingtonians some whose manners, whose acquirements, or whose genius may fail to satisfy my full-strained expectation, let me remember that as all the world cannot be one entire and perfect Little Peddlington, so neither can I reasonably hope to find in every Peddlingtonian a Hoppy, a Rummins, or a Jubb. Let me, O Truth! walk hand in hand with thee! And if haply upon occasion I slightly deviate from thy path severe, be it only to "hide the fault I see"—be it to "extenuate," not to "set down in malice." But if to propitiate the demon Vanity—if to purchase, or to maintain a reputation for wit or sentiment, for sensibility or sarcasm, for talent or for *tact*, I sacrifice, O Goddess! one atom of thy divine spirit at the shrine of Detraction, may I be hunted from the High-street to the Crescent, from Yawkins's skittle-ground to the "new pump which stands in the centre of Market-square," and driven with scorn and contumely from out the peaceful precincts of Little Peddlington, never to return!

And now—having made, as it were, my profession of faith—now to proceed.

Rose at eight; with what emotions did I listen to the clock of Little Peddlington Church, as, *for the first time*, I heard it strike the hour! Thought of my own dear clock which stands on the mantel-piece in my library in my still-remembered "home, sweet home," No. 16, ——— Street, ——— Square, and was preparing to shed a tear, when I was interrupted by the chambermaid, who knocked at my door and inquired whether I wished for some warm water? Not sorry for the interruption, for, on reflection, didn't come to Little Peddlington to do the sentimental. The jug of warm water she brought me being a small one, desired she would bring a larger.

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\* *Vide* Personal Narrative of a Journey to Little Peddlington, "New Monthly Magazine" for July.

[As I profess to publish *extracts merely* from my Journal, I suppress many points which are not, perhaps, of sufficient importance to interest the *general* reader: as in the present case, for instance:—"The second jug of water not being sufficiently warm, I sent it away to be heated—nearly seven minutes before she returned with it!" And afterwards, when writing of my breakfast, I have suppressed the fact, that "one of the eggs being too much boiled, I desired that another might be sent me, boiled *only three minutes and a quarter*. A hard egg is my mortal aversion." The reflection, however, I have thought worth preserving. The suppressions I shall print hereafter, in a separate volume, for distribution amongst my private friends.]

Having finished dressing, was in doubt whether to walk out before breakfast, or to take breakfast before walking out. After a long deliberation with myself, resolved, notwithstanding my impatience to see the place, to breakfast first; as, that operation being performed, I should then enjoy the uninterrupted command of the morning. On my way down to the coffee-room met the chambermaid. Inquired of her which was considered to be the principal inn of the place. Told me that *this* was—that there were two others which were so-so places upon the whole, but quite *unferior* for gentlefolks—that all the tip-top people came here. Here she was interrupted by the violent ringing of a bell. Made her excuses for being obliged to leave me so "abrupt;" but explained that if the bell of the family with the fly were not answered on the instant, the house would not be big enough to hold them. Could not comprehend what was meant by the family with the fly.

Went into the coffee-room—not a creature in it. Looked out at the window—not a soul to be seen. Thought the town must be deserted. Rang the bell—enter waiter—white cotton stockings with three dark stripes above the heel of the shoe, indicating the number of days' duty they had performed. Ordered breakfast—coffee, eggs, and dry toast; observing that if they were not *au fait* at making coffee, I should prefer to take tea. Waiter, rather piqued, assured me that I was the first gentleman who had ever said O fie! at their coffee, for that it gave general satisfaction.

Strange! It has invariably been my misfortune to be the *first* to complain of anything *whatsoever*, at any tavern, coffee-house, or hotel *wheresoever*. The slightest expression of discontent at your wine, your dinner, your accommodation—no matter what—is certain to be met with, "Dear me, Sir! that's very extraordinary! This is the very first time we have heard a complaint of *that*, I assure you." Perhaps my case in this respect is not singular.

Breakfast brought; poured out from a huge japanned-tin vessel, standing eighteen inches high, a nankeen-coloured liquid. Rose for the purpose of looking into the unfathomable machine—full to the brim! Made according to the most approved English coffee-house receipt—"to half an ounce of coffee add a quart-and-a-half of water:" but as their coffee "gave general satisfaction," I would not, by complaining, risk an appearance in so remarkable a minority as *one*.

\* \* \* \*

A hard egg is my mortal aversion.

\* \* \* \* \*



"You are the first gentleman that ever complained of our over-boiling our eggs, I assure you, Sir," said the waiter.

"Do you take a London paper here?"

"Of course, Sir, a house like our's takes a London paper. We have the "Morning Post" up to last Saturday week, Sir, and shall have all last week's down by next week's carrier. But I hope, Sir, you are in no hurry to see the papers?"

"And why so?"

"Because, Sir, the family with the fly has got them; and it would be as much as their custom is worth to ask for them till they are quite done with."

Before I had time to ask for an explanation concerning the family so oddly distinguished, the landlord, Mr. Scorewell, came hastily into the room, and angrily said to the waiter, "Don't you hear, Sir? The family-with-the-fly bell has rung twice." Away scampered the waiter as though he had been goaded on to his duty by the combined attack of every fly of every kind in Little Pedlington.

Scorewell, with inconceivable rapidity, converted his angry frown into the sweetest innkeeper smile I ever witnessed; and in a tone indescribably bland, accompanied by the matter-of-course bow, he welcomed me to "Lippleton."

"Is this your first visit to our place, Sir?"

I told him it was.

"Then, Sir, I can only say you have a great treat to come."

"Your town seems to me to be empty," said I; "except yourself and your servants, I have not seen a human being."

"Quite the contrary, Sir—fullest season ever known."

"Then what is become of all the people?"

"Dear me, Sir! didn't the waiter tell you? how very stupid of him! 'Tis his duty to tell visitors when anything particular is going on in the town. I dare say, Sir, you would have liked to go."

"What is it, and where?" I eagerly inquired.

"Why, Sir, everybody is gone down to the market-place to hear Miss Cripps's bag cried. Had the misfortune last night to lose her pea-green silk bag with a scarlet ribbon and a sky-blue binding, containing two sovereigns, a silver thimble, a lump of orris-root, three shillings, a pot of lip-salve, a new flaxen front, two half-crowns, a new tooth, a paper of carmine, and eighteen sixpences. And would you believe it, Sir, though the crier has been three times round the town already, and has offered one-and-ninepence reward, there are no tidings of it, high or low! Miss C. declares that it isn't the loss of the money she cares about; but she is anxious on account of the new tooth, the orris-root, the carmine, lip-salve, and flaxen front—which belonged to a friend of hers."

These latter words the landlord (checking his volubility) uttered with particular emphasis, accompanied by a comically grave expression of countenance.

"A thousand pities, Sir," continued Scorewell, "that you should have missed hearing the crier; the more so, owing to the extraordinary coincidence of so interesting a thing occurring the very first morning of your being in Lippleton—when all the town, as I may say, is in a state of excitement about it."

"I am greatly annoyed at my loss," said I; "but concerning Miss

Cripps's, I entertain no apprehensions ; for if what I hear of your town's-people be true—that they are as remarkable for their goodness and virtue, as your town is for its beauty——”

“ You may say that, Sir ; and, though I am a Pedlingtonian myself, this I will say, that for good-heartedness, and honour and honesty—with never a grain of envy, hatred, or malice—and as for evil-speaking, why, bless you, Sir, we don't know what the thing means. Ah ! it is *indeed* a proud thing to be able to say, that in such a prodigious population as ours (for we count twenty-nine hundred and seventy-two, men, women, and children) there are only two rascals to be found.”

“ Then pray tell me who they are, in order that I may avoid them.”

“ O, Sir, they are very well known : one is that villain Stintum that keeps the Golden Lion ; the other is that scoundrel Snargate of the Butterfly and Bullfinch. But I suppose, Sir, there must be a black sheep or two in every flock, or the world would not be the world. Foul-mouthed villains, too ! Why, Sir, they never mention my name without——But I beg pardon, Sir——there's the family-with-the-fly bell——will be with you again in a minute.”

Ere I had ceased to wonder that a community so near to perfection as that of Little Pedlington should allow itself to be thus defiled, when it might become immaculate by ejecting only two of its members, Scorewell returned.

Not choosing to inquire directly what they meant by their family with the fly, I led to the question by asking Scorewell if his house was full.

“ Why, Sir, I should have been full if it hadn't been for those villains who kidnaps, positively kidnaps, customers into their houses. Sending their cards about——under-charging so, that *I'm* sure they cannot get a living profit——and then, setting about a report that my chimneys smokes, d—n 'em !——I'm a man, Sir, that speaks ill of nobody, and wishes ill to no man ; but as for *them*, the day I see their names in the Gazette (and it won't be long first) will be the happiest day of *my* life. And then again, Sir, those boarding-houses ! Full, indeed ! I'll ask you, Sir, how *is* one to be full, or how is an honest-inn-keeper to get a livelihood with such opposition as that ? Little Pedlington, Sir, would be a perfect Paradise if it warn't for them boarding-houses ; but they are the pest of the place. They ought to be *annihilated*. Government ought to interfere and put them down. When we send members to Parliament (which we have as good a right to do as many other places), I'll give my vote and support to whosoever will go in upon the independent interest, and bring in a bill to put down boarding-houses. And yet, upon the whole, I can't say they do *me* much harm, for real gentlefolks don't go to them. Real gentlefolks don't like to be *pisen'd* with stale fish and bad meat. I know how much a-pound Mrs. Stintum of the Crescent boarding-house pays for her meat ; and I know how Mrs. Starvum of South-street bargains for her fish and poultry. I don't say it to their disparagement, poor devils ! because people must live ; and those who sell cheap must buy cheap——only, they ought to be a *little* more careful in cholera times. But go to my butcher, Sir, and ask him what sort of meat Scorewell of the Green Dragon buys——my son George, who is the most pre-eminent butcher in the market ; and ask my other son, Tobias, who serves me with every morsel of fish and poultry that

comes into this house, what prices I pay for my commodities: I'm not ashamed to have *my* larder looked into before the victuals is cooked. If, indeed, they would only live and let live, as I say—but two stingy, cheating, undermining, evil-speaking old tabbies like them, who cannot bear to see anybody thrive but themselves—especially me! They are the only two nuisances in the place, and it would be better for every body if they were out of it. The world is big enough for us all, so there's no need of envy and jealousy, and of trying to do one's neighbour harm: that's my maxim; and I wish that they, and those rascals at the Butterfly and Bellfinch, and the Golden Lion, would profit by it."

I took advantage of Scorewell's taking breath to ask him who were the visitors he had in his house.

"Why, Sir," replied he, "I have not many, but they are all of the first respectability. There's Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-bobbin, Mr. St. Knitall and *his* lady, Mr. De Stewpan, Mr. Twistwireville, and Mr. Hobbs Hobbs and his family—*very* tip-top people, indeed, Sir—the family with the fly—they always honour us with their company—the fourth season they have been at my house—Mr. Hobbs Hobbs and his lady; their two daughters, Misses Eleonora and Florentina; Master William Hobbs Hobbs, the younger son, and Mr. Hobbs Hobbs Hobbs, the elder—six altogether, sir, and always travel in their own one-horse fly."

So; the mystery of the "family with the fly" was explained.

"Of course, Sir," continued Scorewell, "as you are from London you must know most of the parties—have heard of them, at any rate?"

There was a touch of aristocracy—of gentility at the least—implied by the *Fitzes* and the *Villes*, and the imposing duplication of the Hobbs; yet I could not call to mind that I had ever heard any one of those names before.

At this moment there was again a violent ringing of bells.

"Nobody answering the family-with-the-fly bell!" exclaimed the landlord. "Beg pardon for leaving you, Sir, but I must attend to it myself. You know, Sir, it behoves a person in my situation to be most *particularly* attentive and obliging to *carriage* company."

I felt something like a shock on learning that there were *two* rascals (the inn-keepers) in so virtuous a town as Little Pedlington; but when Scorewell informed me that there were two ladies also in the same unfortunate category—making an aggregate of four bad characters—I was inclined to believe that the reputation of the place for goodness, however it might deserve it for beauty, had been over-rated. And yet, thought I, compared with the mass of crime, villany, and roguery, of every description, that exists in London, and other great cities, four offenders in such "a prodigious population as twenty-nine hundred and seventy-two" constitute no very alarming proportion of wickedness. The guide-book of Felix Hoppy, Esq., M.C., aided by the commentary of my landlady at Squashmire-gate, had determined me to think favourably of Little Pedlington, and I resolved not to abandon my good opinion of it for four's sake.

As I rose from my seat, and struck my hands together, as one does upon having made up one's mind with one's-self, Scorewell entered the room, and, with a low how, handed me a visiting ticket; saying, "With his very best compliments and most profound respects, he has

the inexpressible honour and greatest possible felicity in welcoming you to Little Pedlington."

Heavens! what did I behold? It was from the illustrious M.C. himself! A card (somewhat larger than Hardy's Great Moguls) beautifully glazed and richly embossed; having at the top an Apollo's head; at the four corners, respectively, a lyre, a French-horn, a fiddle and bow, and the Pandean pipes; these connected with the sides by true-lovers' knots and roses placed alternately. In the midst of this vast combination of elegance and splendour there appeared in characters of gold—as such a name deserved to appear—

MR. FELIX HOPPY, M.C

No. 4.

WEST-STREET,

LITTLE PEDDLINGTON.

*Please to ring the bottom bell.*

"A great man, Sir!" said my loquacious host; "and a dancing-master. Lippleton, Sir, would never have been what it is without him—I mean for elegance and fashion. He has made the Lippleton ladies what they are. You may tell his pupils a mile off by their walk. Bless you, Sir, he makes them turn their toes out till they almost come behind their heels! And then such a dancer as he is himself! I sometimes read in the London papers about the Opera; and Lord! the fuss they make with their *Cooluns* and *Parrots* and *Tugglenonis*! I wish they'd just come to Lippleton and see the great Hoppy: he'd soon take the shine out of them, I promise you. Ah! Sir, there ar'n't many Hoppys in the world, you may rely upon *that*."

"I was not aware of his excellence in that way," said I; "my admiration of him is grounded upon his book,—his '*Little Pedlington Guide*.'"

"A book, indeed! Ah, Sir, you may well call it a book! Not many books in the world like that, eh, Sir? But, as the saying is, man's work is never perfect: there are two terrible faults in it, and I once made bold to tell him so. How *could* he make mention of the Butterfly and Bullfinch, and the Golden Lion,—and those rascally boarding-houses, too! But it shows his good-nature. But after all, Sir, for *writing* you must see our Jubb, — '*Pedlingtonia's Pride*,' as he calls himself somewhere in his poetry. And Rummins, too—the great Rummins! Of course you'll stay here till Friday if it's only to see his museum. But be sure you ask him to show you the sliding-board of the old stocks that were removed when the new cage was built: there you see the holes that the folks' legs used to go through, as plain, aye, Sir, as plain as if they were only made yesterday. Antiquities are wonderful things, Sir, ar'n't they?"

"As I came not only to see the place, but its celebrated inhabitants also, I shall endeavour to obtain introductions to Mr. Rummins and Mr. Jubb; and to your painter Daubson, too!"

"There, again; Daubson! a great creature, indeed! Some of your Lunnuners—saving your presence, Sir—come down here as big as bulls, talking of their celebrated '*this*' and their great '*t'other*;' but

when they have seen what we can show in *Lippleton*, they soon draw in their horns, that I can tell you, Sir."

"Well," said I, somewhat impatiently, (for, to confess the truth, although I was prepared to pay due homage to the great men of Little-Pedlington, I was growing envious of their superiority to all the rest of the world)—"Well, Mr. Scorewell, that will do for the present. I will now, guide-book in hand, pay a visit to the town; at five o'clock I will return; and since (as I perceive by the book) you have a well-supplied market——"

"The best in the whole universe, Sir."

"Well, then, you will let me have a nice little dinner; some fish and——"

"Fish! To-day is Monday, you know, Sir, and Wednesdays and Saturdays are our fish-days. Couldn't get fish to-day in *Lippleton* for love or money. But I tell you what, Sir; if Joe Higgins should bring any gudgeons in to-morrow, I'll take care of 'em for *you*,—unless, indeed, the family with the fly should want 'em."

"A veal cutlet then, and——"

"Veal? We only kill veal in *Lippleton*, Sir, once a week, and that's o' Tuesdays. But if you'd please to leave it to my cook, Sir, she'll send you up as nice a little dinner as you could wish to sit down to."

I adopted the landlord's suggestion. As I was preparing to depart, he exclaimed, "Dear me, Sir! I was near forgetting to remind you. But if Miss Cripps's bag shouldn't be found before twelve o'clock, you'll be sure to hear it cried then, if you go down to the market-place. As these things don't happen every day they are the more interesting, you know, Sir. Besides, when——But, beg pardon, Sir;—there's the family-with-the-fly bell again."

Went first of all to the \*\*\*\*\*.

Next went to see the \*\*\*\*\*.

Afterwards went to look at the \*\*\*\*\*.

[On comparing my own notes with the masterly descriptions by the M.C., I find them so decidedly inferior to his, that (with only one or two exceptions) I shall suppress them; confining myself chiefly to events, characters, and conversations.]

Nearly twelve o'clock. Crowds of persons, with countenances eager and anxious, hurrying from all quarters to the Market-square. Joined them. Exclamations of "Cruel loss!" "Unparalleled villainy!" "Poor Miss Cripps!" "Serve her right!" "It will be the death of her!" &c. &c. Guessed the cause of the assemblage. As the clock struck twelve the crier appeared. Sudden silence,—almost awful, from its contrast with the previous buzz. The crier carried a bell, which he sounded thrice, each time exclaiming (as nearly as I could understand the words) "O Yes!" Here some heartless reprobate in the crowd cried out, "O no, if you think the bag will ever come to light." Symptoms of just indignation and cries of "Shame! shame!" The crier then proceeded; and after detailing, in a tone of voice interestingly monotonous, the contents of the bag, as already described to me by Scorewell, he concluded by offering a reward of two-and-three-pence for its recovery, (an advance of sixpence on the first tempting inducement to an honest proceeding.)

and declaring that "no higher reward won't be offered." Altogether an impressive ceremony. Would not have missed it for worlds.

Went into a shop to purchase a pair of gloves. Found my pocket turned inside out and my purse gone. Could not have been better done in London. Assured by the glover—who was a hardware-man also, and vendor of Burgess's fish-sauces and Day and Martin's blacking—that "It was never no Pedlingtonian what did that—they were above such things." My nasty, suspicious mind doubted for a moment whether Little Pedlington were *much* better than other places after all. Four not over-good people in it by Scorewell's own admission,—and he a staunch Pedlingtonian, too. Psha! it must have been the work of one of the London swell mob. Fortunately my pocket-book was safe.

Went to Messrs. Yawkins, Snargate, and Co. (the "obliging bankers" as they are truly designated in the guide-book, and agents to the London Salamander Fire-office, and for the sale of James's powders), to change a twenty-pound note. Asked me how I chose to take it. Replied, "Sovereigns." Mr. Snargate, the junior partner, went into the back office. In a few minutes returned with Mr. Yawkins, the head of the respectable firm. Mr. Yawkins regretted that at that moment they were *rather* short of specie. Obliginglly paid me nineteen of their own notes (with a beautiful picture of the new pump upon them), a half-sovereign, seven and sixpence in silver, and half-a-crown in halfpence. Suspect I must have looked rather queer at the notes, for Mr. Yawkins, without any other provocation, assured me they were "as good as the Bank." "Which?" thought I. Obliginglly offered to send their "head clerk," a scrubby-headed boy who was watering the shop, with the halfpence to my inn. "Obliging bankers," indeed! A lesson for Lombard-street. Inquired how the subscription for the erecting of a new theatre went on. Mr. Yawkins shook his head. Said that although Mr. Ephraim Snargate, the architect (proposer of the scheme), had patriotically headed the list with a subscription of ten shillings,—although Mr. Luke Snargate, the builder, had nobly followed his example,—although the learned Jummins had kindly promised an inscription for the foundation-stone, and the celebrated Jubb a poetical address for the opening night,—nay, although their "house" had voluntarily offered to receive subscriptions, he was sorry to add that "the Pedlingtonians *did—not—subscribe.*" Shook my head in reply, and took my leave. Sighed as I reflected on such neglect of the drama even in Little Pedlington.

Being so near the new pump, took the opportunity to examine it. Deserves all the praise that has been bestowed upon it: with its lion-mouthed spout, dolphin-tailed handle, and the figure of Neptune brandishing his trident on the top, it is certainly far superior to any pump I have seen in London, not even excepting that in Burlington Gardens. Yet, at the risk of being suspected of partiality, I must say that I think the *form* of the ladle attached to the latter is preferable; *certainly it is more capacious.* Perhaps a Pedlingtonian would not admit this; but as the point is one not of mere taste, but of positive depth and circumference, an actual measurement of both ladles would settle it with mathematical precision, should any serious dispute arise on the subject: let us hope, however, that such will never occur. Made sketches of the

pump from three different points of view. Whilst I was thus engaged, was accosted by a fat little man in nankeen jacket and trousers, and a straw hat. Name (as I afterwards learned) Hobbleday. He had been observing me for several minutes, and with evident satisfaction.

"Man of taste, I perceive—intelligent traveller—laudable curiosity—you don't pass over the wonders of nature with half an eye. From London, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Never saw London; in fact, never was out of Little Pedlington. Had the honour of being born in the place—have had the honour of passing all my life in it—hope to have the honour of laying my bones in it. Should have no objection, though, to pass two or three days in London, just to see the sights; and yet, a Pedlingtonian needn't break his heart if he never did. You can show nothing there like *that*, I take it" (pointing to the pump).

"I don't think we can, Sir—exactly."

"Well, well, Rome wasn't built in a day; but as I understand you are making great improvements there, why, one of these days, perhaps—Sir, I am old enough to remember when we had nothing but a draw-well here; then came the old pump—a wooden thing with a leaden handle, which in those days we thought a very fine affair; at length—but you behold it. Ah, Sir, this is a wonderful age we live in! If my poor father could rise out of his grave and see this, where would he fancy himself? certainly not in Little Pedlington. By-the-by, Sir, my dearest friend, as I am proud to call him, Mr. Simcox Rummins, the celebrated antiquary, has got the old pump-handle in his museum, and I'm sure he'll have great pleasure in showing it to you; *but—but*—you must not attempt to take a drawing of it; *that* he *won't* allow."

"Perhaps, Sir," said I, "as I am a stranger here, whose chief object in this visit is to see your great men, and Mr. Rummins is a friend of yours, you would favour me with an introduction to him."

"With the greatest pleasure in life, Sir."

"And to the Reverend Jonathan Jubb, your great poet?"

"Why, that is rather more difficult, for he is literally torn to pieces by the curiosity of strangers to see him; however, as I am proud to say he is the best friend I have in the world, I will."

"I fear you will think me indiscreet; but Mr. Daubson, the celebrated painter——"

"Daubson? proud to say the oldest friend I have in the world—introduce you with pleasure."

"As for Mr. Hoppy——"

"Dear, darling Hoppy! proud to say my most intimate friend—will introduce you. Most elegant creature! perfect gentleman! On Wednesday he gives a public breakfast at Yawkins's skittle-ground; you ought not to miss that—the prettiest sight in all Pedlington. Daubson's greatest work is there, you know—the "*Grenadier*," so finely described by Jubb. They'll fire the gun off too—an immense cannon; they *do* say it is a six-pounder, but for my part I only believe half what I hear. And that extraordinary creature, too, *he'll* exhibit his wonderful talents—a man, Sir, who actually plays on the Pandean pipes and beats a drum at the same time—true, I assure you. Ah, Shrubsole," said he, to a person who approached us, "anything new to-day?"

"Yes," replied Shrubsole, "Mrs. Sniggerston was brought to bed of twins, at two minutes past two this morning."

"Queen Anne's dead," said the other; "that's old news to me; long before a quarter past I heard of it. But what about Miss Cripps's bag?"

"No tidings of it. I just called there, but she is in such a state of mind she doesn't see anybody—wouldn't even see *me*."

"Ahem! I say, my dear S., now between you and me, what is *your* opinion about the two sovereigns which she *says* were in the bag?"

"She *says* so, so no doubt there they were; but as I said just now to Mrs. S., who ever saw Cripps with gold in her purse? You know her whole income is but fifty-five pounds a-year, and her quarter won't be due till next Wednesday week. Besides, I know a certain person who wanted two pounds of her on Friday, when she had not got them to pay; and *you* know that when her money *does* come in, nobody pays more punctually than poor dear Cripps. But the false front, the tooth, the rouge, and the orris-root! that is a cruel exposure, to be sure. My little woman was right: she always insisted that Miss Cripps wore a false front, and now the murder's out."

"Psha! that's nothing," said *my* friend; "but the orris-root—that's very odd. Though, I say, my dear Shrubsole, isn't it good for the breath?"

"So I've heard; and, as all Little-Pedlington knows, she was always gnawing it. Well, good day, Hobbleday; I must go home. Mrs. Applegarth has just put up her *new* drawing-room curtains, and I have promised to take Mrs. S. to see them. I think they are the old ones dyed in turmeric, and I'll answer for it my little woman will be of the same opinion."

"That Mr. Shrubsole, Sir," said Hobbleday, "that Shrubsole and his 'little woman' are the most insufferable gossips in the place, and censorious to a degree! The Mrs. Sniggerston he mentioned—the twin lady—is the wife of Sniggerston, the library-keeper, who once tried to set up a guide-book in opposition to Hoppy's—wouldn't do—my friend Hoppy's carried all before it. Well, Sir, she and Tupkin, the butcher here in the market—ahem!—How poor Sniggy can be so blind is astonishing, when the affair is talked of from one end of Little-Pedlington to the other. But she comes of a bad stock—she's a Shrapnell; her father, Tom Shrapnell, the grocer, formed a connexion with Mrs. Rumble, an actress in Strut's company here—turned his wife (a dear good soul) out of doors—and compelled her to live upon a separate maintenance of fifteen pounds a year. Then her sister Flora, who was housemaid at my uncle's at the time he had the honour of being churchwarden here, ran off with the guard of the Winklemouth coach, and has never since been heard of."

"What," thought I, "slander and detraction, robberies, elopements, separate maintenances, and worse, in such a place as Little-Pedlington!—then have honesty, honour, and virtue abandoned the world, and one might almost as well pass one's life in wicked, abominable London."

"Now, Sir," continued Hobbleday, in a half-whisper, "these things would not so much matter if they were confined to our own class; but when one sees upper-servants in families, and tradesfolks—mere tradesfolks—apeing their betters, it puts an end to all distinctions you know, Sir."



After a short pause, he resumed. "Will you walk, Sir? Perhaps you would like to see our Zoological Garden? The admission to strangers is two-pence, but as I have the honour of being a life-governor, I have the privilege of introducing a friend."

"There is no mention of such a thing in the guide-book," said I.

"Why, no—all done, projected and executed within these three months; and, considering the time, we are getting on very well. Let me see"—(and he counted on his fingers)—"parrot, cockatoo, guinea-pig, duck—pot your common duck-and-green-peas sort of duck, but a Virginia duck, I think they call it—two monkies, a stuffed leopard, nearly fifty stuffed birds, two live canaries, and—we *shall* have an uncommon fine *swan* when the man has finished digging the pond for it. Getting up something of the same sort in London, I understand. Lost no time in taking our hint, eh? But will you go? Won't be at all out of my way: going to the Vale of Health to pay visits of condolence to poor Hubkins, who has just lost his wife and three children by scarlet-fever, and to Widow Grieves, whose *other* daughter is just dead of asthma. Go? All in my way—our Zoo is just between the Vale of Health and the new burying-ground. How do, Digges—how do? Nothing fresh about Miss Cripps's bag, eh?"

This he addressed to a tall, stout, rosy-faced man in black, who was walking along at a stately pace.

"That man, Sir, ought to be the happiest fellow in Little-Pedlington, for he's making a fortune. It is Digges, the undertaker—just married Dr. Drench's eldest daughter—*great* connexion for him. Come; now do go!"

To the Zoological Garden. Cockatoo good—could not say much for the guinea-pig; but, in consideration of my new acquaintance's civility, abstained from uttering an unfavourable opinion, which would have given him pain. Like Samuel Johnson, LL.D. (who, it is at length discovered, was but a mere twaddler after all), I may be set down for "a fat old fool—a dense fool," for this: so be it; yet can't help wishing that some of my fellow journalizers would follow my squeamish example. My conductor kindly (importunately, I had almost said) directed my most particular attention to every individual thing that was to be seen, even to the last tail of the last stuffed bird in the collection—reading their several descriptions from the well-digested catalogue (written on a slate), with which, as life-governor, he had been furnished by the keeper (who was digging the pond for the swan), on our entrance. N.B. Catalogue the joint work of Simcox Rammins, F.S.A., and Dr. Drainum; assisted (on particular points of natural history) by Mr. Chickney, the poulterer. Good-naturedly detained me upwards of ten minutes looking at the parrot swinging on a wire. "Vastly curious!" as he justly observed. Unfortunately, the monkies sulky, and would not show. To go again on Sunday, at a quarter-past one, immediately on coming out of church, to see them do something or other which he assures me is the most beautiful sight in the universe. worth going miles to see, and is all the rage at Little-Pedlington.

Being so near the new burying-ground, Hobbleday kindly insisted on taking me all over it. Was so obliging as to stop me at every individual tomb-stone, and to read aloud every word of every inscription—assuring me, now and then, that if I chose to copy any of them that *particularly*

pleased me, he was not in the least hurry. This I declined, being unwilling to trespass overmuch on his good-nature. Having looked at seventy-two of these interesting memorials, I complained of the heat, which (under a broiling sun) was intense, and proposed to depart. Hobbleday put his arm through mine, and declared he could not think of my going till I had seen all—*only* about forty more to see. *Did* see all, as I thought. Yet one more, which he had reserved for the last—the *bonne bouche*—on account of its “sweetly pretty” epitaph, as he termed it, and which, he said, was attributed to Jubb. Had to re-traverse the whole length of the ground to get at it. Forced me to take a copy of it, he repeating it to me:—

“Afflictions sore  
Long time I bore;”—\*

As he uttered these four words, involuntarily exclaimed, “You do!” *Il ne m'épargnera pas un oignon*, thought I.

“And now,” said my obliging cicerone, “being so near the Vale of Health, we’ll see *that*.” Endeavoured to excuse myself, on the score of the trouble to *him*, fatigue, and the inconvenience of the heat, to myself; but in vain. On to the Vale of Health. On our way thither I expressed my admiration of the virtues of the Pedlingtonians, as proved by the “short and simple annals” recorded on the tomb-stones of the departed who reposed in the new burying-ground:—they being the “best of husbands,” the “most affectionate of wives,” the “most dutiful of children,” or the “most faithful of friends.” “True,” said Hobbleday; “and it is something for us to be proud of. ’Tis the same thing, too, in the old burying-ground—angels upon earth, rest their souls! I wish, though, we could say as much of the live ones: I could name a few of them, who, when *they* go, won’t be quite so favourably mentioned. Stop—pardon one moment, whilst I leave my compliments of condolence over the way.” Left me for a few minutes. Took refuge in my own reflections. Not comfortable at hearing this slur upon some of the live Pedlingtonians. Felt certain misgivings as to whether this retired country-town were much more moral, or, in other respects, much better than “populous cities proud.”

Whilst I was waiting the return of Hobbleday, Mr. Shrubsole came up to me.

“I think, Sir,” said he, “that was my friend Hobbleday who just left you?”

I told him it was.

“I dare say you find him a charming companion. What a tongue he has! I wish, though, he didn’t sometimes make so ill a use of it. He is the most censorious little wretch in the place; slanderous, malicious, malignant! Well; he may say what he pleases about me: thank my stars, he can say nothing to my disadvantage. Good mor—Oh, when Hobbleday returns, pray tell him that my little woman and I have just seen the *new* window-curtains, which, as we suspected, turn out to be nothing but the old ones dyed in turmeric, after all. But that old woman *is* the vainest, the most boastful—in short, the greatest liar in all Little-Pedlington. Good morning, Sir.”

In one respect I was not sorry to learn that Mr. Hobbleday was of

Having since been informed by an intelligent friend that this epitaph is to be found in two or three other places in England besides Little-Pedlington, I suppress the remainder.

somewhat a censorious turn: it gave me hope that some of the live Little-Pedlingtonians might be better than his report of them. He returned. I delivered the message, but suppressed the opinion. Took me all over the Vale of Health. Must admit that we have nothing at all like it in or near London—if, indeed, we except a cow-field near Camden-town. Eighteen small houses, scattered about, chiefly occupied by invalids, who retire thither on account of the superior salubrity of the spot. At a very pretty cottage, called Hygeia Lodge, saw two mutes standing at the door. Taken to the extreme corner of the Vale. A man busy planting shrubs and young trees about a deep hole. Wondered what that was for. Informed by Hobbleday that Doctors Drench and Drænum (their celebrated physicians, and the proprietors of that portion of the ground) had had the good fortune to discover there a mineral spring of the nastiest water you ever put to your lips. "I've tasted it," continued Hobbleday; "enough to poison a dog! It will be the making of the place, as they say; but what is to become of Cheltenham, Harrowgate, Tunbridge-wells, and such places?—however, poor devils! that's their affair." Fancied I smelt something like the detestable odour of a tan-yard. Peeped through the window of a small shed, the door of which was fastened by a strong padlock. Saw a box of sulphur, a couple of bags of iron-filings, a pile of stale red-herrings, some raw hides cut into strips, and a quantity of bark, such as the tanners use. Wondered what *that* was for. As Hobbleday wondered also, I was nothing the wiser for my inquiry.

Went by the way of High Street; returned by the Crescent. Crescent worthy of all the praise bestowed upon it by Felix Hoppy. Mr. H. regretted that the sun had "gone in," so that the "highly-polished brass knockers" did not shine half as much as he had sometimes seen them. Beheld the house where "dwelt the tuneful Jubb!" An odd feeling, which I shall neither attempt to describe nor to account for, comes over one upon these occasions. Contemplating the abode of genius! At this moment, perhaps, the bard of Pedlingtonia is in a raptured trance.

Walked down South Street. Hobbleday directed my attention to a board just underneath the first-floor window of No. 18: it bore the words "Little-Pedlington Universal-Knowledge Society;" and these were surmounted by a Britannia (evidently copied from a penny-piece), with a trident in the left hand, and a cockatoo held forth in the right. With a slight inclination of the head, accompanied by a complacent smile, he said, "I—I, Sir, have the honour of being a member, conjointly with Rummins, Jubb, Hoppy, Daubson—in short, all the big-wigs of Little-Pedlington. We have meetings—*conversishonys*—twice a-week: a library, too:—Murray's 'Grammar,' Entick's 'Dictionary,' Guthrie's 'Geography,' and (besides other useful works) we have the 'Penny Magazine,' complete from—the—very—first."

"But what is the meaning of that figure, Sir?" said I, pointing to the Lady Britannia.

"Ha! thought you'd notice that. That, Sir, is the work of our own Daubson: needn't go out of Little-Pedlington for such things. The figure, I needn't tell *you*, is Minerva—'fitting emblem!' as Hoppy says of the Dolphin's tail for our pump-handle."

"Minerva!—and with a cockatoo in her hand!"

"Dear me! that's very odd. You are almost the first person—a

visiter, I mean—who ever noticed that. Of course, *we* know very well it ought, in strictness, to be an owl; but Daubson, who is the *arbitratur elegantium* of Little-Pedlington, thought that a cockatoo would be a prettier thing; and as we luckily happened to have one in our Zoo for him to paint from, why——. I say, how naturally he has got the yellow tuft on the head, and the red spot on the neck! Clever creature! clever creature! *Shall* we go at once to the skittle-ground, and see his *great* work—the famous grenadiér?”

This I declined, pleading, as my excuse, fatigue and the intense heat.

“Well, then,” said my obliging companion, “to-morrow. You must allow me to call upon you to-morrow, and I’ll show you more of the beauties and curiosities of our place. No denial, now—no trouble to me. Never so happy as when I am in the company of an *intelligent* visiter”—(here he bowed)—“who can appreciate—you understand. Besides, from my position in society, I enjoy opportunities which—— For instance, Rummins’s public day for his Museum is Friday: now I, from my position, as I said, am allowed the privilege of introducing a friend there any day in the week: for, besides being a member of the Knowledge Society, and a life-governor of the Zoo, I have the honour, Sir, to be—ahem!—Chairman of the Little-Pedlington Savings Bank. Good morning; I wish you a *very* good morning. Ha! a rush at Yawkins’s library. Shou’dn’t wonder if they have news of Miss Cripps’s bag.”

Dying of heat and thirst. Inquired of a boy, who was carrying a band-box, whether they had a confectioner’s in the place?

“What!” said he, “a confectioner’s in such a place as Lippleton! Where do *you* come from, I should like to know? *We* have *two* in our place—Stintum’s, over the way, and Mrs. Shanks’s, in Market Square. I say, Bill”—(this was addressed to another boy who happened to pass)—“here’s a gentleman wants to know if we hav’n’t never a confectioner’s in Lippleton. That’s a good one, isn’t it?”

To Stintum’s.—A confectioner’s! Gingerbread, raspberry-tarts, hard biscuits, and three-cornered puffs on the counter; bottles of lollipops, sugar-candy, bull’s-eyes, and coloured sugar-plums on the window-shelves;—a clear case of a Gunter adapted to the capacity of the rising generation. Mr. Stintum told me, in answer to my request for an iced cream, that he had nothing to do with such nonsense, nor had his father before him; that he didn’t want to get himself into the Gazette, by going out of his line, though a certain person in Market Square might. He didn’t care to make a fine show in *his* window: all he desired was to maintain his character as an honest tradesman. “I don’t want to speak ill of a neighbour,” continued he: “every one must look after their own soul; I’ve done nothing in this world to forfeit mine. I can sleep at night, because I’ve nothing weighty upon my conscience; and if it were the last word I had to speak”—(What horrid crime can that unhappy Mrs. Shanks have committed, thought I, that should excite the fears even of a rival pastrycook for her salvation?)—“if it were the last word I had to speak, I could safely say that I never put *salt* butter in *my* tarts.”

Went to the shop of Mrs. Shanks in Market Square; in all respects, except one, worthy of Little-Pedlington. Window decorated with an exquisite model, in barley-sugar, of the new pump in Market Square, and paste figures innumerable of Apollos and Venuses, shepherds and

shepherdesses, &c. &c. Announcements in various parts of "Suppers provided on the shortest notice," "Confectionary of all sorts," "Water ices and iced creams." Mrs. Shanks, a skinny little woman, perched on a high chair behind the counter; yellow face; green patch over the right eye; curly, flaxen wig, encircled by a wreath of faded artificial roses; pale-blue silk dress; huge gilt neck-chain and bracelets; a jug before her, with flowers in it. Reminded me of the once-celebrated divinity of the *Café des Mille Colonnes* in the *Palais Royal*. Lamentable to reflect that the soul contained in such a body should be in jeopardy, and all on account of a little salt butter smuggled into a tart.

"What ice can I have, Mrs. Shanks?"

"Whatever you please, Sir."

"Lemon-water, then."

Mrs. Shanks opened a long, narrow book, in a parchment cover, dipped a pen into the ink, and inquired, "When for, Sir? and how much do you wish to have?"

"Now, if you please; and one glass to begin with."

"Oh! we don't keep ices ready-made, Sir; but we can make you any quantity you please, not less than a quart, at only one day's notice."

Assuredly Little-Pedlington possesses many advantages; yet, oh! dear London!

"Is there any other shop in the town where I may get some? I'm dying for it."

"No, Sir; ours is the only house in the line in all the place where respectable people can go. We don't make our pastry with mutton dripping; we don't use red-lead and copper to colour our sugar-plums; we never gave poor little Susan Gobbleton—the sweetest child in the world!—the colic if died of. But I'm certain that monster Stintum, Sir, can't sleep in his bed; and that's the comfort of it."

Little more than twelve hours, sleeping and waking, in this place—"too good for us poor sinners to live in"—and have already heard of as much vice, immorality, and roguery, great and small, going on in it, as if it were a wicked large town; yet not the convenience of procuring an iced cream on a hot day (except, indeed, by ordering it a day beforehand) as a set-off against it all!

*Four o'clock.* Went to Yawkins's library. Subscribed for a month. Set my name down also in the M.C.'s book. Wished to know the present station of the —th dragons, as I was desirous of writing by that night's post to a friend who was in it, and requested Mr. Yawkins to let me see the Army List. Fortunate in subscribing with him, for his was the only library in the place that had one. Produced the list for last November twelvemonth. Yawkins deserves his character for "urbanity" (*vide* "Guide"), for he told me that if I particularly wished to see it, he would order a new one down, along with the magazines, next Tuesday week. Purchased Jubb's "Pedlingtonia," price two shillings, and Rummins's "Antiquities of Little-Pedlington," price one-and-sixpence. Yawkins assured me they were the two greatest works that had ever issued from the Little-Pedlington press—Hoppy's "Guide" scarcely excepted. Yawkins expressed some astonishment that neither of those works had been noticed either in the "Quarterly" or the "Edinburgh." Thought such marked neglect of the two master-minds of the age a manifestation of a paltry spirit. Quite superior to all such pettiness at Little-Pedlington. The Pedlington "Weekly Observer" had

spoken of Rogers, and Moore, and Campbell, of Hallam, Lingard, and Sharon Turner, and such like;—aye, and with great kindness, too, notwithstanding. “I verily believe,” he continued, “I verily believe there are but two men in our town who would *not* have acted with equal generosity, and those are Snargate and Sniggerston, who keep an inferior sort of circulating libraries here: but they are, notoriously, a couple of paltry fellows, and I have no hesitation in saying so!”

“What! two more of them!” thought I.

“And pray, Mr. Yawkins, is Mr. Rummins engaged upon any new work?”

“A work which will produce a powerful sensation, Sir; especially here in Little-Pedlington. Rummins is writing the ‘*Life and Times*’ of his great contemporary Jubb.”

“And Mr. Jubb?”

“Jubb, Sir, is writing the ‘*Life and Times*’ of his illustrious townsman, Rummins. Rummins, you know, Sir, is an F.S.A., so that the world will naturally look for a biography of *him*.”

“Would not the ‘*Table-Talk*’ of such a man be interesting?”

“Why—aw—to speak candidly, I *do not* think that—to the generality of readers, at least—I don’t think it would; for, to say the truth, he—aw—never says anything at all. No, Sir; he is one of your thinking men, as you may gather from his writings. But Jubb, now—Jubb’s ‘*Table-talk*,’ indeed! But I have reason to believe Hoppy is engaged upon that work, and the very man for the purpose. I have lived in Little-Pedlington all my life, Sir, yet, I give you my honour, such a talker as Jubb *I never met with*. Wonderful, truly wonderful! I have heard him talk for three hours without stopping; and so profound, so amazingly profound is his conversation, that one-half of what he says his hearers cannot understand, whilst he himself does not understand the other. Truly wonderful, indeed!”

At this moment a tall, thin, elderly lady, in deep mourning, entered the shop. One end of a long black ribbon she held in her hand, and to the other was fastened a fat, waddling, French poodle. The lady was attended by a jaded-looking footman, in an orange-coloured coat, profusely ornamented with green worsted lace; he carried a large, wadded, black silk cloak, a shawl, a book, a bag of biscuits, a camp-chair, and a foot-stool.

“Good morning, Mem,” said Yawkins, as the lady took a seat; “I hope you are a little better to-day?”

“I shall never again be the person I was,—at least in this world, Yawkins. I shall never recover from the effects of it.”

“It was a heavy blow,—a sad loss indeed, Mem. And that the monster who perpetrated the crime should have escaped undiscovered! But justice will overtake him, sooner or later, take my word for it, Mem.”

“That will be a benefit to society, Yawkins, but no consolation to me. That won’t restore him to life.”

“Poor lady!” thought I; “some relation, or dear friend, barbarously murdered!”

The lady continued. “Is the first volume of the ‘*Sad Story*’ at home yet? I have been upwards of a month ‘down’ for it.”

“No, Mem; but as soon as it does come home you shall have it.”

"Remember that, now; for you know I read the two last volumes first, to oblige Miss Cripps, who was waiting for them."

"Why, Mem, you know if subscribers didn't accommodate each other in that way we shouldn't get on at all. Talking of Miss Cripps, sorry to say that the report so general, about an hour ago, of her having recovered her bag, is not true."

"Poor Cripps! I'm very sorry for it,—not that I believe a word about the two sovereigns. Pray, Yawkins, now does the raffle for the tea-tray and patent snuffers get on?"

"Why, Mem, you know the list hasn't been up above a fortnight, and forty chances at a shilling a-piece take a long while to fill up. However, we are getting on: eighteen down already, and I have every reason to expect that Mrs. Hobbs Hobbs and Mrs. Fitz-bobbin—visitors from London—will each take two chances. They *are* considering about it."

"Well, Yawkins, it is but fair to tell you that, on Saturday, I tea'd with Mrs. Hobbleday in the Crescent; there was a large party; the whole evening we talked about little else but your raffle; and the general opinion was that you would have done much better with eighty at sixpence."

"How, Mem!" exclaimed Yawkins, with an air of offended dignity; "much obliged to Mrs. Hobbleday and her *party*: a sixpenny raffle might do very well at such a place as Sniggerstone's, or Snargate's, but I should like to know what the company at *Yawkins's* would say to such a thing. No, Mem;"—(here he turned his eyes up to the ceiling and placed his hand upon his heart)—"No, Mem; rather than so compromise the respectability of *my* establishment, I would almost sooner return the eighteen shillings to the subscribers, and sell the tea-tray and snuffers at prime cost."

The lady, after feeding the fat poodle with a couple of biscuits from the bag, withdrew—having first sent her unhappy servant forward with her commands that he would place her chair and foot-stool ready for her at the sunny corner of the Crescent.

"That's the Miss Tidmarsh you must have heard so much about in London, Sir," said Yawkins.

"I never heard the name till now," replied I. "But what is the nature of the calamity which has befallen her?"

"Why, *that* is it, Sir. Dear me! it's very extraordinary you should not have heard of it in London! Why, Sir, it set all Little-Pedlington in a ferment for a month. Except about that atrocious affair of stealing the pump-ladle—which of course you must have heard of—I never knew the town in a state of such tremendous excitement. She had a most beautiful French poodle, Sir—twice as fat as the one she has got with her now—such a quantity of hair, too, and as soft as silk! She was in this very shop with it, Sir, only the day before it happened. Well, Sir, one morning she missed the dog: about two hours afterwards the poor thing returned, but in what a state! Conceive her horror—conceive the agonizing shock to her feelings! Some monster, some fiend in human form, had cut all its hair off—got hold of Miss Tidmarsh's poodle and shaved it—shaved it, Sir, as smooth as the palm of your hand!"

"Horrible, indeed!" I exclaimed; "and that an event of such

‘stirring interest’ in Little-Pedlington should remain unknown to *us* !” Adding, “But strange as it may seem to you, Mr. Yawkins, it is my fixed belief that were a troop of monsters, a legion of fiends in human shape, to shave all the dogs of every description that infest one-half of London, the other half would probably never know anything of the occurrence.”

“Then blessed be Little-Pedlington!” replied Yawkins, “where everybody is acquainted with everybody else’s affairs, at least as well as with his own.”

Yet half an hour to spare before dinner. Time enough, perhaps, to see Daubson’s grand picture—the Grenadier. Inquired whereabouts was Yawkins’s skittle-ground. Informed that it was an immense way off—quite at the farther end of the town. Hopeless for to-day, thought I; but asked what the distance might be. Told, nearly four minutes’ walk. Went; stood before the “all-but-breathing Grenadier,” as it is designated by Jubb. Hard to describe its first effect upon me. As I approached it, involuntarily took off my hat. Thermometer 84° in the shade. Daubson certainly an original genius; unlike Reynolds, Lawrence, Phillips, or Pickersgill. Neither did his work put me much in mind of Titian or Vandyke—not in the least of Rembrandt. No servile imitator—in fact, no imitator at all. Perhaps a military critic might object that the fixed bayonet is rather longer than the musket itself; be this as it may, owing to that contrivance it appears a most formidable weapon. In order that the whole of the arms and accoutrements may be seen by the spectator, the painter, with considerable address, has represented the cartridge-box and the scabbard of the bayonet *in front*. Scabbard about one-third the length of the bayonet—judicious—needless to exaggerate in this—nothing formidable in the appearance of a long scabbard, whatever may be thought of a long bayonet. Legs considerably thicker than the thighs—grand idea of stability—characteristic of a “grenadier standing sentry.” Resolved to sit to Daubson.

*Five o’clock.* Returned to “as nice a little dinner as I could wish to sit down to.” Such was I promised by mine host. Thermometer inveterately holding to 84°. Huge hot round of beef, which filled the room with steam—hot suet dumplings, and hard—hot carrots, each as big as the grenadier’s leg—scalding hot potatoes *in their skins*. Nice little dinner indeed—for the season!

*Five minutes past five.* Finished dinner and ordered some wine. Wine fiery as brandy, and warm: complained of it. Scorewell assured me it was the very same wine he was in the habit of serving to the family with the fly, and that *they* never complained of it. Indeed, neither the St. Kuitalls, nor the Fitz-bobbins, nor Mr. Twistwircville, nor even Mr. De Stewpan (who was remarkably particular about his wine)—in short, this was the first time his (Scorewell’s) wine had ever been complained of by mortal man. Such authorities it would have been downright insolence to oppose. Said no more, but simply ordered a little weak brandy and water. Scorewell undertook to “try again.” Whilst he was away, fancied I heard a pump-handle at work. Returned; wine by no means so strong, and much cooler. The first decanter chipt at the lip; so was this—odd coincidence. Inquired how the decanter came to be so wet outside? Scorewell replied, that he had just given it a minute in ice. That’s a reason, thought I.

Whilst I was sipping my wine, and reading Jubb’s “Pedlingtonia”—(found Rummins’s “Antiquities” too learned, too profound, for after-



dinner reading), Mr. Hobbleday came in. Merely looked in to see the time by the coffee-room clock. Recollecting his civilities to me in the morning, invited him to wine. Ordered a fresh bottle. "Know the sort of wine Mr. Hobbleday likes," said Scorewell, as he quitted the room.

"Good creature that Scorewell," said Hobbleday, "and one of the best inns in Little-Pedlington."

"Then I am fortunate," said I, "in having accidentally been brought to it. The other inn-keepers are but moderately honest—at least, so I am told by Scorewell; and for a stranger as I am to have fallen upon the only one who——"

"What I say, understand me, I say in confidence. Good creature—capital inn; but call your bill every morning—that is, if you should find it *possible* to stay at it for more than a day or two. Call it, I say, every morning—you understand. In the hurry of business people sometimes forget what you have *not* had, and down it goes into the bill. After a week or so, you can't tax your memory as to whether you had such or such a thing, or not; and, rather than dispute about it, why you——ahem! Now, Scorewell, what have you done for us, eh? Is that some of Squire Dribble's wine?" Scorewell assured us that it was.

"Squire Dribble? Isn't that the gentleman who has a place in this part of the country—a collection of pictures—statues?" inquired I.

"The same," replied Hobbleday; "about a mile beyond Squashmire Gate. My most intimate friend. I'll give you a letter of introduction to him, which you'll find very useful. Fine place, fine place! Squire himself as great a curiosity as anything he has to show."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Eight o'clock.* "No more wine," said Hobbleday, "I must go. We have a meeting of our Universal-Knowledge Society. Never miss it. Although I have been a member upwards of two years, I am still in want of an immense deal of knowledge—you'd be astonished to hear how many things I am ignorant of! Some of our learned members say that I bore them to death with questions. Can't help that, you know. No use to subscribe one's money to a Knowledge-Society, unless one is allowed to profit by it."

Expressed a desire to attend the meeting.

"Take you with the greatest pleasure—not to-night—'tis not my turn—any other night you choose."

Reminded him of his promise to introduce me to Rummins, Jubb, and the rest of the great Little-Pedlingtonians.

"To-morrow I'll introduce you to them all. Let me see—come and take a bachelor's chop with me at five: I'll invite them to meet you—Hoppy and Daubson, too—just we six—'flow of reason, feast of soul,' eh? If they are *all* unengaged and can *all* come—five to-morrow, eh? Let you know by twelve. Good evening. Capital wine, that." (To Scorewell, who just then entered the room)—"I say, Scorewell, if you should hear anything positive about Miss Cripps's bag, send word to me at the U. N. S. Good evening."

"What does he mean by the U.N.S., Mr. Scorewell," inquired I.

"Universal Knowledge Society, Sir. Pleasant gentleman, Mr. Hobbleday, Sir."

"And exceedingly civil to me," said I.

"Invited you to dine with him to-morrow, Sir. Ahem! Nice gentleman, Sir, but the greatest humbug in Little-Pedlington. He never

gave a dinner to anybody in his life—a tea and turn-out now and then—and never once offered an invitation without an *if* tacked to it. He knows that to-morrow is Mr. Hoppy's teaching day, so *he* can't come: he knows that Mr. Jubbs is engaged to dine with Mr. Rummins (for he heard Mr. R. order a bottle of Cape Madeira to-day for the purpose), so *they* can't come."

This was "the most unkindest cut of all." That there should be to be found in Little-Pedlington roguish innkeepers, disreputable librarians, poisoning pastry-cooks, and pick-purses; the envious, the malicious, and the scandal-monger; wicked husbands and naughty wives; nay, even purloiners of pump-ladles, and shavers of pet-poodles—little as I expected to hear of all or any of these, I might, in the course of time, have reconciled myself to the circumstance. Knowing *them*, I might avoid them. But that there should exist in this pre-eminently virtuous town one of that contemptible race so emphatically named by mine host—a race (as I had hitherto imagined) peculiar to London—"As soon should I have expected," I exclaimed, "to hear, that you have amongst you one of those uttermost miscreants who are at once the scorn of the honourable profession, which they disgrace, and the despised of the society they infest—a pettifogging attorney!"

"Unhappily for us, Sir," said Scorewell, "we have one. To-morrow I'll tell you some of the rogue's tricks. His name is———Beg pardon, Sir; I hear the family-with-the-fly bell."

Regretted that I didn't hear his name. Resolved to inform myself of it to-morrow; and (together with the account of his tricks, with which Scorewell is to favour me) to hitch it into my journal, that it may stand as a "Beware" to all future visitors to Little-Pedlington. \* \* \* \* \*

*Ten o'clock.*—Finished reading "Pedlingtonia." Very Pope-ish, and the work of a Protestant minister! Fatigued by the excitement of the day, and a busy mornow in store for me. Rang for chambermaid. Mem. Inquire of Hoppy (when I shall have the honour and happiness of seeing him) who and what those *Fitzes* and *Villes* really are. From a momentary glimpse I had of Hobbs Hobbs, Esq., fancied there was something of the valet cut even about him. Chambermaid to "marshal me the way." Met Scorewell in the passage. Nothing certain yet about Miss Cripps's bag. Had just returned from the office of the Pedlington Weekly Observer. Editor keeps the press open till the last possible moment, in order to give their readers to-morrow the latest intelligence concerning it. Happy Pedlingtonians! An affair of ten times this "stirring interest" would scarcely produce a perceptible effect upon us poor over-excited Londoners. Desired they would let me have the paper in the morning, to extract anything *remarkably* interesting. "Good night."

*Half-past twelve.*—A loud knocking at my door.

"Are you asleep, Sir?"

"I was, and soundly too, till you disturbed me. Who is it, and what do you want?"

"Please to get up, and open the door a-jar, Sir. It's chambermaid."

"Ugh! There—now—what's the matter?"

"Master thought you'd like to know, Sir: Miss Cripps has got her bag safe, with everything in it—except the money."

P<sup>r</sup>.

(To be continued.)

## WILLIAM COBBETT.

Oh, bear him where the rain can fall,  
 And where the winds can blow,  
 And let the sun weep o'er his pall,  
 As to the grave ye go !  
 And in some little lone churchyard,  
 Beside the growing corn,  
 Lay gentle nature's stern prose bard—  
 Her mightiest peasant-born !  
 Yes, let the wild flower wed his grave,  
 That bees may murmur near,  
 When o'er his last home bend the brave,  
 And say, " A MAN lies here."  
 For Britons honour Cobbett's name,  
 Though rashly oft he spoke ;  
 And none can scorn, and few will blame,  
 The low-laid heart of oak.  
 See, o'er his prostrate branches, see,  
 Ev'n factious hate consents  
 To reverence in the fallen tree  
 His British lineaments !  
 Though gnarl'd the storm-toss'd boughs that braved  
 The thunder's gather'd scowl,  
 Not always through his darkness raved  
 The storm-winds of the soul.  
 Oh, no ! in hours of golden calm  
 Morn met his forehead bold ;  
 And breezy evening sung her psalm  
 Beneath his dew-dropp'd gold.  
 The wren its crest of fibred fire  
 With his rich bronze compared,  
 While many a youngling's songful sire  
 His acorn'd twiglets shared.  
 The lark, above, sweet tribute paid,  
 Where clouds with light were riven ;  
 And true-love sought his blue-bell'd shade,  
 " To bless the hour of Heav'n."  
 Ev'n when his stormy voice was loud,  
 And guilt quaked at the sound,  
 Beneath the frown that shook the proud,  
 The poor a shelter found.  
 Dead Oak, thou liv'st ! Thy smitten hands,  
 The thunder of thy brow,  
 Speak, with strange tongues, in many lands,  
 And tyrants hear thee now !

June 23rd, 1835.

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## THE GIPSY OF SARDIS\*.

I HAD many unhappy thoughts about Maimuna. The glance I had snatched on board the Trebizond slaver left in my memory a pair of dark eyes full of uneasiness and doubt, and I knew her elastic motions so well, that there was something in her single step as she came over the gang-way which assured me that she was dispirited and uncertain of her errand. Who was the old Turk who dragged her up the vessel's side with so little ceremony? What could the child of a gipsy be doing on the deck of a slaver from Trebizond?

With no very definite ideas as to the disposal of this lovely child should I succeed in my wishes, I had insensibly made up my mind that she could never be happy without me, and that my one object in Constantinople was to get her into my possession. I had a delicacy in communicating the full extent of my design to Job, for, aside from the grave view he would take of the morality of the step, and her probable fate as a woman, he would have painful and just doubts of my ability to bear this additional demand upon my means. Though entirely dependent himself, Job had that natural contempt for the precious metals, that he could not too freely assist any one to their possession who happened to set a value on the amount in his pocket; and this, I may say, was the one point which, between my affectionate monster and myself, was not discussed as harmoniously as the loves of Corydon and Alexis. The account of his expenditure, which I regularly exacted of him before he tied on his bandana at night, was always more or less unsatisfactory; and though he would not have hesitated to bestow a whole scudo unthinkingly on the first dirty dervish he should meet, he was still sufficiently impressed with the necessity of economy, to remember it in an argument of any length or importance; and for this and some other reasons I reserved my confidence upon the intended addition to my suite.

Not far from the Burnt Column, in the very heart of Stamboul, lived an old merchant in attar and jessamine, called Mustapha. Every one who has been at Constantinople will remember him and his Nubian slave in a small shop on the right, as you ascend to the Hippodrome. He calls himself essence-seller to the sultan, but his principal source of profit is the stranger who is brought to his divans by the interpreters in his pay; and to his credit be it said, that for the courtesy of his dealings, and for the excellence of his extracts, the stranger could not well fall into better hands.

It had been my fortune, on my first visit to Mustapha, to conciliate his good will. I had laid in my small stock of spice-woods and essences on that occasion, and the call which I made religiously every time I crossed the Golden Horn was purely a matter of friendship. In addition to one or two trifling presents, which (with a knowledge of human nature) I had returned in the shape of two mortal sins—a keg of brandy and a flask of gin, bought out of the English collier lying in the bay; in addition to his kind presents, I say, my large-trousered friend had made me many pressing offers of service. There was little pro-

hability, it was true, that I should ever find occasion to profit by them; but I nevertheless believed that his hand was laid upon his heart in earnest sincerity, and in the course of my reflections upon the fate of Maimuna, it had occurred to me more than once that he might be of use in clearing up the mystery of her motions.

"Job!" said I, as we were dawdling along the street of confectioners with our Jew behind us one lovely morning, "I am going to call at Mustapha's."

We had started to go to the haunt of the opium-eaters, and he was rather surprised at my proposition, but, with his usual amiableness (very inconvenient and vexatious in this particular instance), he stepped over the gutter without saying a word, and made for the first turning to the right. It was the first time since we had left New England that I wished myself rid of his company.

"But, Job!" said I, calling him back to the shady side of the street, and giving him a great lump of candy from the nearest stall (its Oriental name by the way, is "peace-to-your-throat"), "I thought you were bent on eating opium to-day?"

My poor friend looked at me for a minute, as if to comprehend the drift of my remark, and as he arrived by regular deduction at the result, I read very clearly in his hideous physiognomy the painful embarrassment it occasioned him. It was only the day before, that, in descending the Bosphorus, we had seen a party of the summary administrators of justice quietly suspending a Turkish woman and her Greek paramour from the shutters of a chamber window—intercourse with a Christian in that country of liberal legislation being punishable without trial or benefit of dervish. From certain observations on my disposition in the course of our adventures, Job had made up his mind, I well knew, that my danger was more from Dalilah than the Philistines; and while these victims of love were kicking their silken trousers in the air, I saw, by the look of tender anxiety he cast upon me from the bottom of the caïque, that the moral in his mind would result in an increased vigilance over my motions. While he stood with his teeth stuck full of "peace-to-your-throat," therefore, forgetting even the instinct of mastication in his surprise and sorrow, I well understood what picture was in his mind, and what construction he put upon my sudden desire for solitude.

"My dear Philip!" he began, speaking with difficulty from the stickiness of the candy in his teeth, "your respected mother——"

At this instant a kervas, preceding a Turk of rank, jostled suddenly against him, and as the mounted Mussulman, with his train of runners and pipe-bearers came sweeping by, I took the opportunity of Job's surprise to slip past with the rest, and, turning down an alley, quietly mounted one of the saddle-horses standing for hire at the first mosque, and pursued my way alone to the shop of the attar-merchant. To dismount and hurry Mustapha into his inner and private apartment, with an order to the Nubian to deny me to everybody who should inquire, was the work of a minute, but it was scarcely done before I heard Job breathless at the door.

"*Ha visto il signore?*" he exclaimed, getting to the back of the shop with a single stride.

"*Effendi, no!*" said the imperturbable Turk, and he laid his hand

on his heart, as he advanced, and offered him with grave courtesy the pipe from his lips.

The Jew had come puffing into the shop with his slippers in his hand, and dropping upon his hams near the door, he took off his small grey turban, and was wiping the perspiration from his high and narrow forehead, when Job darted again into the street with a sign to him to follow. The look of despair and exhaustion with which he shook out his baggy trousers and made after the striding Yankee, was too much even for the gravity of Mustapha. He laid aside his pipe, and, as the Nubian struck in with the peculiar cackle of his race, I joined myself in their merriment with a heartiness to which many a better joke might have failed to move me.

While Mustapha was concluding his laugh between the puffs of his amber pipe, I had thrown myself along the divan, and was studying with some curiosity the inner apartment in which I had been concealed. A curtain of thick but tarnished gold cloth (as sacred from intrusion in the East as the bolted and barred doors of Europe) separated from the outer shop a small octagonal room that in size and furniture resembled the Turkish boudoirs which, in the luxurious palaces of Europe, sometimes adjoin a lady's chamber. The slipped foot was almost buried in the rich carpets laid, but not fitted to the floor. The divans were covered with the flowered and lustrous silk of Brusa, and piled with vari-coloured cushions. A perpetual spice-lamp sent up its thin wreaths of smoke to the black and carved ceiling, diffusing through the room a perfume which, while it stole to the innermost fibres of the brain with a sense of pleasure, weighed on the eyelids and relaxed the limbs; and as the eye became more accustomed to the dim light which struggled in from a window in the arched ceiling, and dissolved in the luxurious and spicy atmosphere, heaps of the rich shawls of the East became distinguishable with their sumptuous dyes, and, in a corner, stood a cluster of crystal *narghiles*, faintly reflecting the light in their dim globes of rose-water, while costly pipes, silver-mounted pistols, and a rich Damascus sabre in a sheath of red velvet, added gorgeously to the apartment.

Mustapha was a bit of a philosopher in his way, and he had made his own observations on the Europeans who came to his shop. The secluded and oriental luxuriousness of the room I have described was one of his lures to that passion for the picturesque which he saw in every traveller; and another was his gigantic Nubian, who, with bracelets and anklets of gold, a white turban, and naked legs and arms, stood always at the door of his shop, inviting the passers-by—not to buy essences and pastilles—but to come in and take sherbet with his master. You will have been an hour upon his comfortable divans, have smoked a pipe or two, and eaten a snowy sherbet or a dish of rice-paste and sugar, before Mustapha nods to his slave, and produces his gold-rimmed jars of essences, from which, with his fat forefinger, he anoints the palm of your hand, or, with a compliment to the beauty of your hair, throws a drop into the curl on your temples. Meanwhile, as you smoke, the slave lays in the bowl of your pipe a small pastille wrapped in gold leaf, from which presently arrives to your nostrils a perfume that might delight a Sultan; and then, from the two black hands which are held to you full of cubical-edged phials with gilded stoppers, you are requested

with the same bland courtesy to select such as in size or shape suit your taste and convenience—the smallest of them, when filled with attar, worth near a gold piastre.

This is not very ruinous, and your next temptation comes in the shape of a curiously-wrought censer, upon the filagree grating of which is laid strips of odorous wood which, with the heat of the coals beneath, give out a perfume like gums from Araby. This, Mustapha swears to you by his beard, has a spell in its spicy breath provocative as a philtre, and is to be burnt in your lady's chamber. It is worth its weight in gold, and for a handful of black chips you are persuaded to pay a price which would freight a caïque with cinnamon. Then come bracelets, and amulets, and purses, all fragrant and precious, and, while you hesitate, the Nubian brings you coffee that would open the heart of Shylock, and you drink and purchase. And when you have spent all your money, you go away delighted with Mustapha, and quite persuaded that you are vastly obliged to him. And, all things considered, so you are!

When Mustapha had finished his prayers, (did I say that it was noon?) he called in the Nubian to roll up the sacred carpet, and then closing the curtain between us and the shop, listened patiently to my story of the Gipsy, which I told him faithfully from the beginning. When I arrived at the incident on board the slaver, a sudden light seemed to strike upon his mind.

"Pekhe, filio mio! pekhe!" he exclaimed, running his forefinger down the middle of his beard, and pouring out a volume of smoke from his mouth and nostrils which obscured him for a moment from my sight.

(I dislike the introduction of foreign words into a story, but the Turkish dissyllable in the foregoing sentence is as constantly on an Eastern lip as the amber of the pipe.)

He clapped his hands as I finished my narration, and the Nubian appeared. Some conversation passed between them in Turkish, and the slave tightened his girdle, made a salaam, and, taking his slippers at the outer door, left the shop.

"We shall find her at the slave-market," said Mustapha.

I started. The thought had once or twice passed through my mind, but I had as often rejected it as impossible. A free-born Zingara, and on a confidential errand from her own mother!—I did not see how her freedom, if there were danger, should have been so carelessly put in peril.

"And if she is there?" said I; remembering, first, that it was against the Mahomedan law for a Christian to purchase a slave, and next, that the price, if it did not ruin me at once, would certainly leave me in a situation rather to lessen than increase my expenses.

"I will buy her for you," said Mustapha.

The Nubian returned at this moment, and laid at my feet a bundle of wearing apparel. He then took from a shelf a shaving apparatus, with which he proceeded to lather my forehead and temples, and after a short argument with Mustapha, in which I pleaded in vain for two very seducing clusters of curls, those caressed minions dropped into the black hand of the slave, and nothing was left for the *petits soins* of my thumb and forefinger in their leisure hours save a well-coaxed and rather respectable moustache. A skull-cap and turban completed the transformation of my head, and then, with some awkwardness, I

got into a silk shirt, big trousers, jacket, and slippers, and stood up to look at myself in the mirror. I was as like one of the common Turks of the street as possible, save that the European cravat and stockings had preserved an unoriental whiteness in my neck and ankles. This was soon remedied with a little brown juice, and after a few cautions from Mustapha as to my behaviour, I settled my turban and followed him into the street.

It is a singular sensation to be walking about in a strange costume, and find that nobody looks surprised. I could not avoid a slight feeling of mortification at the rude manner with which every dirty Mussulman took the wall of me. After long travel in foreign lands, the habit of everywhere exciting notice as a stranger, and the species of consequence attached to the person and movements of a traveller, become rather pleasures than otherwise, and it is not without pain that one finds oneself once more like common people. I have not yet returned to my own land, (Slingsby is an American, gentle reader,) and cannot judge, therefore, how far this feeling is modified by the pleasures of a recovered home; but I was vexed not to be stared at when playing the Turk at Constantinople, and, amusing as it was to be taken for an Englishman on first arriving in England, (different as it is from every land I have seen, and still more different from my own,) I must confess to have experienced again a feeling of lessened consequence, when, on my first entrance into an hotel in London, I was taken for an Oxonian "come up for a lark" in term time. Perhaps I have stumbled in this remark upon one of those unconfessed reasons why a returned traveller is proverbially discontented with his home.

Whether Mustapha wished to exhibit his new pipe-bearer to his acquaintances, or whether there was fun enough in his obese composition to enjoy my difficulties in adapting myself to my new circumstances, I cannot precisely say; but I soon found that we were not going straight to the slave-market. I had several times forgotten my disguise so far as to keep the narrow walk till I stood face to face with the bearded Mussulmen, who were only so much astonished at my audacity that they forgot to kick me over the gutter; and passing, in the bazaar of saddle-cloths, an English officer of my acquaintance, who belonged to the corvette lying in the Bosphorus, I could not resist the temptation of whispering in his ear the name of his sweetheart, (which he had confided to me over a bottle at Smyrna,) though I rather expected to be seized by the turban the next moment, with the pleasant consequences of a mob and an exposure. My friend was so thoroughly amazed, however, that I was deep in the crowd before he had drawn breath, and I look daily now for his arrival in England, (I have not seen him since,) with a curiosity to know how he supposes a "blackguard Turk" knew anything of the lock of hair he carried in his waistcoat pocket.

The essence-seller had stopped in the book-bazaar, and was condescendingly smoking a pipe, with his legs crossed on the counter of a venerable Armenian, who sat buried to the chin in his own wares, when who should come *pottering along* (as Mrs. Butler would say) but Job with his Jew behind him. Mustapha (probably unwilling to be seen smoking with an Armenian) had ensconced himself behind a towering heap of folios, and his vexed and impatient pipe-bearer had taken his more humble position on the narrow base of one of the chequered



columns which are peculiar to the bazaar devoted to the bibliopoliſts. As my friend came floundering along "all abroad" with his legs and arms, as uſual, I contrived, by an adroit inſertion of one of my feet between his, to ſpread him over the muſty tomes of the Armenian in a way calculated to derange materially the well-ordered ſequence of the volumes.

"Allah! Maſhallah!" exclaimed Muſtapha, whoſe ſpreading lap was filled with black-letter copies of the *Kikrah*, while the bowl of his pipe was buried in the fallen pyramid.

"Bestia-Ingleſe!" muttered the Armenian, as Job put one hand in the inkſtand in endeavouring to riſe, and with the next effort laid his blackened fingers on a heap of choice volumes bound in ſnowy vellum.

The officious Jew took up the topmoſt copy, marked like a *cinq-foil* with his ſpreading thumb and fingers, and quietly aſked the Armenian what Il Signoré would be expected to pay. As I knew he had no money in his pocket, I calculated ſafely on this new embarrassment to divert his anger from the original cauſe of his overthrow.

"Tre colonati," ſaid the bookſeller.

Job opened the book, and his well-known guttural of ſurpriſe and delight aſſured me that I might come out from behind the column and look over his ſhoulder. "It was an illuminated copy of Hafiz, with a Latin tranſlation,—a treaſure which his heart had been ſet upon from our firſt arrival in the Eaſt, and for which I well knew he would ſell his coat off his back without heſitation. The deſire to give it him paſſed through my mind, but I could ſee no means, under my preſent circumſtances, either of buying the book or relieving him from his embarrassment; and as he buried his noſe deeper between the leaves, and ſat down on the low counter, forgetful alike of his dilemma and his loſt friend, I nodded to Muſtapha to get off as quietly as poſſible, and, fortunately ſlipping paſt both him and the Jew unrecog niſed, left him to finiſh the loves of Guliſtan and ſettle his account with the incenſed Armenian.

## II.

As we entered the gates of the ſlave-market, Muſtapha renewed his cautions to me with regard to my conduct, reminding me that, as a Chriſtian, I ſhould ſee the white female ſlaves at the peril of my life, and immediately aſſumed, himſelf, a ſauntering and *poco-curante* manner, equally favourable to concealment and to his intereſts as a purchaſer. I followed cloſe at his heels with his pipe, and, as he ſtopped to chat with his acquaintances, I now and then gave him a ſhove with the bowl between his jacket and girdle, rendered impatient to the laſt degree by the ſight of the cloſe lattices on every ſide of us, and the ſounds of the chattering voices within.

I ſhould have been intereſted, had I been a mere ſpectator, in the ſcene about me, but Muſtapha's unneceſſary and provoking delay, while (as I thought poſſible, if ſhe really were in the market) Maïmuna might be bartered for at that moment within, wound my rage to a pitch at laſt ſcarcely endurable.

We had come up from a cellar to which one of Muſtapha's acquaintances had taken him to ſee a young white lad he was about to purchaſe, and I was hoping that my ſuſpenſe was nearly over, when a man came

forward into the middle of the court, ringing a hand-bell, and followed by a black girl, covered with a scant blanket. Like most of her race (she was an Abyssinian), her head was that of a brute, but never were body and limbs more exquisitely moulded. She gazed about without either surprise or shame, stepping after the crier with an elastic, leopard-like tread, her feet turned in like those of the North-American Indian, her neck bent gracefully forward, and her shoulders and hips working with that easy play so lost in the constrained dress and motion of civilised women. The Mercury of Giovanni di Bologna springs not lighter from the jet of the fountain than did this ebony Venus from the ground on which she stood.

I ventured to whisper to Mustapha, that, under cover of the sale of the Abyssinian, we might see the white slaves more unobserved.

A bid was made for her.

"Fifteen piastres!" said the attar-seller, wholly absorbed in the sale, and not hearing a syllable I said to him, "She would be worth twice as much to gild my pastilles!" And handing me his pipe, he waddled into the centre of the court, lifted the blanket from the slave's shoulders, turned her round and round, like a Venus on a pivot, looked at her teeth and hands, and after a conversation aside with the crier, he resumed his pipe, and the black disappeared from the ground.

"I have bought her!" he said, with a salacious grin, as I handed him his tobacco-bag, and muttered a round Italian execration in his ear.

The idea that Maimuna might have become the property of that gross and sensual monster just as easily as the pretty negress he had bought, sent my blood boiling for an instant to my cheek. Yet I had seen this poor savage of seventeen sold without a thought, save a mental congratulation that she would be better fed and clad. What a difference one's private feelings make in one's sympathies!

I was speculating, in a kind of tranquil despair, on the luxurious evils of slavery, when Mustapha called to him an Egyptian, in a hooded blue cloak, whom I remembered to have seen on board the Trebisondian. He was a small-featured, black-lipped, willowy Asiatic, with heavy-lidded eyes, and hands as dry and rusty as the claws of a harpy. After a little conversation, he rose from the platform on which he had crossed his legs, and taking my *pro-tempore* master by the sleeve, traversed the quadrangle to a closed door in the best-looking of the miserable houses that surrounded the court. I followed close upon his heels with a beating heart. It seemed to me as if every eye in the crowded marketplace must penetrate my disguise. He knocked, and answering to some one who spoke from within, the door was opened, and the next moment I found myself in the presence of a dozen veiled women, seated in various attitudes on the floor. At the command of our conductor, carpets were brought for Mustapha and himself; and, as they dropped upon their hams, every veil was removed, and a battery of staring and unwinking eyes was levelled full upon us.

"Is she here?" said Mustapha to me in Italian, as I stooped over to hand him his eternal pipe.

"Dio mio! no!"

I felt insulted, that with half a glance at the Circassian and Georgian dolls sitting before us, he could ask me the question. Yet they were handsome! Red cheeks, white teeth, black eyes, and youth, could

scarce compose a plain woman ; and thus much of beauty seemed equally bestowed on all.

"Has he no more?" I asked, stooping to Mustapha's ear.

I looked around while he was getting the information I wanted in his own deliberate way ; and, scarce knowing what I did, I applied my eye to a crack in the wall, through which had been coming for some time a strong aroma of coffee. I saw at first only a small dim room, in the midst of which stood a Turkish manghal, or brazier of coals, sustaining the coffee-pot from which came the agreeable perfume I had inhaled. As my eye became accustomed to the light, I could distinguish a heap of what I took to be shawls lying in the centre of the floor ; and presuming it was the dormitory of one of the slave-owners, I was about turning my head away, when the coffee on the manghal suddenly boiled over, and at the same instant started, from the heap at which I had been gazing, the living form of Maimuna !

"Mustapha !" I cried, starting back, and clasping my hands before him.

Before I could utter another word, a grasp upon my ankle, that drew blood with every nail, restored me to my self-possession. The Circassians began to giggle, and the wary old Turk, taking no apparent notice of my agitation, ordered me, in a stern tone, to fill his pipe, and went on conversing with the Egyptian.

I leaned with an effort at carelessness against the wall, and looked once more through the crevice. She stood by the manghal, filling a cup with a small filagree-holder from the coffee-pot, and by the light of the fire I could see every feature of her face as distinctly as daylight. She was alone, and had been sitting with her head on her knees, and the shawl, which had now fallen to her shoulders, drawn over her till it concealed her feet. A narrow carpet was beneath her, and as she moved from the fire, a slight noise drew my attention downward, and I saw that she was chained by the ankle to the floor. I stooped to the ear of Mustapha, told him in a whisper of my discovery, and implored him, for the love of heaven, to get admission into her apartment.

"*Pekhe ! pekhe ! filio mio !*" was the unsatisfactory answer to my impatience, while the Egyptian rose and proceeded to turn round, in the light of the window, the fattest of the fair Circassians, from whom he had removed every article of dress save her slippers and trowsers.

I returned to the crevice. Maimuna had drunk her coffee, and stood, with her arms folded, thoughtfully gazing on the fire. The expression in her beautiful and youthful face was one I could scarcely read to my satisfaction. The slight lips were firmly but calmly compressed, the forehead untroubled, the eye alone strained, and unnaturally fixed and lowering. I looked at her with the heart beating like a hammer in my bosom, and an impatience in my trembling limbs which it required every consideration of prudence to suppress. She moved slowly away at last, and sinking again to her carpet, drew out the chain from beneath her, and drawing the shawl once more over her head, lay down, and sunk apparently to sleep.

Mustapha left the Circassian, whose beauties he had risen to examine more nearly, and came to my side.

"Are you sure that it is she?" he asked, in an almost inaudible whisper.

"Si!"

"He took the pipe from my hand, and requested me, in the same suppressed voice, to return to his shop.

"And Maimuna"——

His only answer was to point to the door, and thinking it best to obey his orders implicitly, I made the best of my way out of the slave-market, and was soon drinking a sherbet in his inner apartment, and listening to the shuffle of every passing slipper for the coming of the light step of the Gipsy.

### III.

The rules of good-breeding discountenance in society what is usually called "a scene." I detest it as well on paper. There is no sufficient reason, apparent to me, why my sensibilities should be drawn upon at sight, as I read, any more than when I please myself by following my own devices in company. Violent sensations are, abstractly as well as conventionally, ill-bred. They derange the serenity, fluster the manner, and irritate the complexion. It is for this reason that I forbear to describe the meeting between Maimuna and myself after she had been bought for forty pounds by the wily and worthy seller of essences and pastilles—how she fell on my neck when she discovered that I, and not Mustapha, was her purchaser and master—how she explained, between her hysterical sobs, that the Turk who had sold her to the slave-dealer was a renegade gipsy, and her mother's brother (to whom she had been on an errand of affection)—and how she sobbed herself to sleep with her face in the palms of my hands, and her masses of raven hair covering my knees and feet like the spreading fountains of San Pietro—and how I pressed my lips to the starry parting of those raven tresses on the top of her fairest head, and blessed the relying child as she slept—are circumstances, you will allow, my dear Madam! that could not be told passably well without moving your amiable tenderness to tears. You will consider this paragraph, therefore, less as an ingenious manner of disposing of the awkward angles of my story, than as a politic and praiseworthy consideration for your feelings and complexion. Flushed eyelids are so *very* unbecoming!

### IV.

My confidential interviews with Job began to take rather an unpleasant colouring. The forty pounds I had paid for Maimuna's liberty, with the premium to Mustapha, the suit of European clothes necessary to disguise my new companion, and the addition of a third person in our European lodgings at Pera, rather drove my finances to the wall. Job cared very little for the loss of his allowance of pocket-money, and made no resistance to eating kibaubs at a meat-shop instead of his usual silver fork and French dinner at Madame Josepino's. He submitted with the same resignation to a one-oared caique on the Bosphorus, and several minor reductions in his expenses, thinking nothing a hardship, in short, which I shared cheerfully with him. He would have donned the sugar-loaf hat of a dervish, and begged his way home by Jerusalem or Mecca, so only I was content. But the *morality* of the thing!

"What will you do with this beautiful girl when you get to Rome? how will you dispose of her in Paris? how will your friends receive a

female, already arrived at the age of womanhood, who shall have travelled with you two or three years on the continent? how will you provide for her? how educate her? how rid yourself of her, with any Christian feeling of compassion, when she has become irrevocably attached to you?"

We were pulling up to the Symplegades while my plain-spoken Mentor thrust me these home questions, and Maimuna sat coiled between my feet in the bottom of the caique, gazing into my face with eyes that seemed as if they would search my very soul for the cause of my emotion. We seldom spoke English in her presence, for the pain it gave her when she felt excluded from the conversation amounted in her all-expressive features to a look of anguish, that made it seem to me a cruelty. She dared not ask me, in words, why I was vexed; but she gathered from Job's tone that there was reproof in what he said, and flashing a glance of inquiring anger at his serious face, she gently stole her hand under the cloak to mine, and laid the back of it softly in my palm. There was a delicacy and a confidingness in the motion that started a tear into my eye; and as I smiled through it, and drew her to me and impressed a kiss on her forehead, I inwardly resolved, that, as long as that lovely creature should choose to eat of my bread, it should be free to her in all honour and kindness, and, if need were, I would supply to her, with the devotion of my life, the wrong and misconstruction of the world. As I turned over that leaf in my heart, there crept through it a breath of peace, and I felt that my good angel had taken me into favour. Job began to fumble for the lunch, and the dancing caique shot forth merrily into the Black Sea.

"My dearest chum!" said I, as we sat round our brown paper of kibauks on the highest point of the Symplegades, "you see yourself here at the outermost limit of your travels."

His mouth was full, but as soon as he could conveniently swallow, he responded with the appropriate sigh.

"Six thousand miles, more or less, lie between you and your spectacted and respectable mother; but nineteen thousand, the small remainder of the earth's circumference, extending due east from this paper of cold meat, remain to you untravelled!"

Job fixed his eye on a white sea-bird apparently asleep on the wing, but diving away eastward into the sky, as if it were the heart within us sped onward with our boundless wishes.

"Do you not envy him?" he asked enthusiastically.

"Yes; for Nature pays his travelling expenses, and I would our common mother were as considerate to me! How soon, think you, he will see Trebisond, posting at that courier speed?"

"And Shiraz, and Isphahan, and the valley of Cashmere! To think how that stupid bird will fly over them, and, spite of all that Hafiz, and Saadi, and Tom Moore have written on the lands that his shadow may glide through, will return, as wise as he went, to Marmora! To compound natures with him were a nice arrangement, now!"

"You would be better looking, my dear Job!"

"How very unpleasant you are, Mr. Slingsby! But really, Philip, to cast the slough of this expensive and il-locomotive humanity, and find yourself afloat with all the necessary apparatus of life stowed snugly into breast and tail, your legs tucked quietly away under you, and, in-

stead of coat and unmentionables, to be put off and on and renewed at such inconvenient expense, a self-renewing tegument of cleanly feathers brushed and washed in the common course of nature by wind and rain—no valet to be paid and drilled—no dressing-case to be supplied and left behind—no tooth-brushes to be mislaid—no tight boots—no corns—no passports nor post-horses! Do you know, Phil, on reflection, I find this ‘mortal coil’ a very inferior and inconvenient apparatus!”

“If you mean your own, I quite agree with you.”

“I am surprised, Mr. Slingsby, that you, who value yourself on knowing what is due from one highly-civilized individual to another, should indulge in these very disagreeable reflections!”

Maimuna did not quite comprehend the argument, but she saw that the tables were turned, and, without ill-will to Job, she paid me the compliment of always taking my side. I felt her slender arm around my neck, and as she got upon her knees behind me and put forward her little head to get a peep at my lips, her clear bird-like laugh of enjoyment and triumph added visibly to my friend’s mortification. A compunctious visiting stole over me, and I began to feel that I should scarce have revenged myself for what was, after all, but a kind severity.

“Do you know, Job,” said I (anxious to restore his self-complacency without a direct apology for my rudeness), “do you know there is a very deep human truth hidden in the familiar story of ‘Beauty and the Beast?’ I really am of opinion, that, between the extremes of hideousness and the highest perfection of loveliness, there is no face which, after a month’s intercourse, does not depend exclusively on its expression (or, in other words, on the amiable qualities of the individual) for the admiration it excites. The plainest features become handsome unaware when associated only with kind feelings, and the loveliest face disagreeable when linked with ill-humour of caprice. People should remember this when selecting a face which they are to see every morning across the breakfast-table for the remainder of their natural lives.”

Job was appeased by the indirect compliment contained in this speech; and, gathering up our kibabes, we descended to the caique, and pulling around the easternmost point of the Symplegades, bade adieu to the Orient, and took the first step westward with the smile of conciliation on our lips.

We were soon in the strong current of the Bosphorus, and shot swiftly down between Europe and Asia, by the light of a sunset that seemed to brighten the West for our return. It was a golden path homeward. The East looked cold behind; and the welcome of our far-away kinsmen seemed sent to us on those purpling clouds, winning us back. Beneath that kindling horizon—below that departed sun—lay the fresh and free land of our inheritance. The light of the world seemed gone over to it. These, from which the day had declined, were countries of Memory—ours, of Hope. The sun, that was setting on these, was dawning gloriously on ours.

On ordinary occasions, Job would have given me a stave of “Hail, Columbia!” after such a burst of patriotism. The cloud was on his soul, however.

“We have turned to *go back*,” he said, in a kind of musing bitterness, “and see what we are leaving behind! In this fairly-shaped boat you are gliding like a dream down the Bosphorus. The curving shore

of Therapia yonder is fringed for miles with the pleasure-loving inhabitants of this delicious land, who think a life too short, of which the highest pleasure is to ramble on the edge of these calm waters with their kinsmen and children. Is there a picture in the world more beautiful than that palace-lined shore? Is there a city so magnificent under the sun as that in which it terminates? Are there softer skies, greener hills, simpler or better people to live among, than these? Oh, Philip! ours, with all its freedom, is a 'working-day' land. There is no idleness there! The sweat is ever on the brow, the 'serpent of care' never loosened about the heart! I confess myself a worshipper of Leisure: I would let no moment of my golden youth go by unrecorded with a pleasure. Toil is ungodlike, and unworthy of the immortal spirit, that should walk unchained through the world. I love these idle Orientals. Their sliding and haste-forbidding slippers, their flowing and ungirded habiliments, are signs most expressive of their joy in life. Look around, and see how on every hill-top stands a *maison de plaisance*; how every hill-side is shelved into those green platforms\*, so expressive of their habits of enjoyment! Rich or poor, their pleasures are the same. The open air, freedom to roam, a *caïque* at the water-side, and a *sairgah* on the hill—these are their means of happiness, and they are within the reach of all: they are nearer Utopia than we, my dear Philip! We shall be more like Turks than Christians in Paradise!"

"Inglorious Job!"

"Why? Because I love idleness? Are there braver people in the world than the Turks? Are there people more capable of the romance of heroism? Energy, though it sound a paradox, is the child of Idleness. All extremes are natural and easy; and the most indolent in peace is likely to be the most fiery in war. Here we are, opposite the summer serai of Sultan Mahloud; and who more luxurious and idle? Yet the massacre of the Janissaries was one of the boldest measures in history. There is the most perfect Orientalism in the description of the Persian beauty by Hafiz:—

'Her heart is full of passion, and her eyes are full of sleep.'

Perhaps nothing would be so contradictory as the true analysis of the character of what is called an indolent man. With all the tastes I have just professed, my strongest feeling on leaving the Symplegades, for example, was, and is still, an unwillingness to retrace my steps. 'Onward! onward!' is the perpetual cry of my heart. I could pass my life in going from land to land, so only that every successive one was new. Italy will be old to us; France, Germany, can scarce lure the imagination to adventure, with the knowledge we have; and England, though we have not seen it, is so familiar to us from its universality, that it will not seem, even on a first visit, a strange country. We have satiety before us, and the thought saddens me. I hate to go back. I could start now, with Maimuna for a guide, and turn gipsy in the wilds of Asia."

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\* All around Constantinople are seen what are called *sairgahs*—small green-sward platforms levelled in the side of a hill, and usually commanding some lovely view, intended as spots on which those who are abroad for pleasure may spread their carpets. I know nothing so expressive as this of the simple and natural lives led by these gentle Orientals.

"Will you go with him, Maimuna?"

"Signor, no!"

I am the worst of story-tellers, gentle reader; for I never get to the end. The truth is, that, in these rambling papers, I go over the incidents I describe, not as they should be written in a romance, but as they occurred in my travels: I write what I remember. There are, of course, long intervals in adventure, filled up sometimes by feasting or philosophy, sometimes with idleness or love; and, to please myself, I must unweave the thread as it was woven. It is strange how, in the memory of a traveller, the most wayside and unimportant things are often the best remembered. You may have stood in the Parthenon, and, looking back upon it through the distance of years, a chance word of the companion who happened to be with you, or the attitude of a Greek seen in the plain below, may come up more vividly to the recollection than the immortal sculptures on the frieze. There is a natural antipathy in the human mind to fulfil expectations. We wander from the thing we are told to admire, to dwell on something we have discovered ourselves. The child in church occupies itself with the fly on its prayer-book, and "the child is father of the man." If I indulge in the same perversity in story-telling, dear reader,—if, in the most important crisis of my tale, I digress to some trifling vein of speculation,—if, at the close even, the climax seem incomplete, and the moral vain,—I plead, upon all these counts, an adherence to truth and nature. Life—real life—is made up of half-finished romance. The most interesting procession of events is delayed, and travestied, and mixed with the ridiculous and the trifling, and, at the end, oftenest left imperfect. Who ever saw, off the stage, a five-act tragedy, with its proprieties and its climax?

For another month, gentlest reader, adieu!

SLINGSBY.

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SONNET TO SLEEP.

Soft! not a breeze is stirring in the trees!  
Oh! gently breathe, sweet Sleep, upon mine eyes:  
Each outward object from my vision flees,  
And nothing answers to my inward sighs.  
I am a wanderer in an alien land,—  
A lonely watcher by the fold of years!  
Weigh down my lids with thine untroubled hand,  
And gently dry upon my cheek the tears.  
Though oft I chase thee with unquiet thought,  
I do remember in the nights o'erpast  
How sweet it was to find thee whom I sought,—  
How sad at morn to part with thee at last,  
When, ah! I felt thee from my spirit flown,  
And I was left unto the world alone!

G. L. MONTAGU.

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## THE DREAM.

“ Sleep hath its own world,  
 And a wild realm of wide reality;  
 And dreams in their development have breath,  
 And tears and tortures, and the touch of joy.  
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts.”

Of thee, love, I was dreaming  
 Beneath the moon's pale light;  
 The trees were silver seeming,  
 And the meadow grass was white.

The lark below was sleeping,—  
 He asks, whene'er he springs  
 From the dewy clover's keeping,  
 For sunshine on his wings.

The leaves hung dark and shivering  
 O'er the colourless dim flowers;  
 And the aspen's restless quivering  
 Alone disturbed the hours.

Pale were the roses, stooping  
 Beneath the heavy dews,  
 And the wan acacia drooping  
 Forgot its morning hues.

Perhaps my sleep might borrow  
 Its likeness from the shade;  
 For the shadow of some sorrow  
 Upon my soul was laid.

We seem'd to be together,  
 And yet we seem'd apart;  
 In sleep,—I question'd whether  
 Mine was the sleeper's part.

Pale faces gather'd round us,—  
 The faces of the dead;  
 With cold white wreaths they bound us,—  
 We shudder'd, and they fled.

Next came a crowd; I lost thee  
 Amid the rapid throng,  
 While hurrying strangers cross'd me,  
 And forced my steps along.

Strange mirth was there,—but lonely;  
 It was not made for me:  
 I sought for thee—thou only,—  
 I sought in vain for thee!

Again we met,—but alter'd:  
 Thy brow was not the same:  
 I strove to speak, but falter'd,—  
 I could not breathe thy name.

And then I saw thee leave me,  
 And wear another's yoke!  
 In sleep thou couldst deceive me!  
 But ah! at once I woke.

## PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE.

## LIFE AFTER DEATH.

HAPPINESS in marriage, according to the proverb, is most likely to be attained by an equality of age, rank, and fortune on both sides—an axiom, to be sure, militating in no small degree against the principle of “bettering one’s self” by matrimony.

This phrase “bettering one’s self” is at all times a very doubtful one. A pampered footman, who is found in every comfort and almost luxury in life, “better himself” by marrying his mistress’s maid, and setting up a public-house, where, in the course of a couple of years, he drinks up his profits and constitution, and is found figuring away in the “Gazette” as a bankrupt; while the housemaid of the family “better herself” by leaving service and marrying a journeyman painter, who, after having stocked his garret with three small children, either pitches head-foremost from a three-pair of stairs window which he is cleaning, or sinks into pallidity and paralysis, arising from the use of white lead:—so much for bettering one’s self! And if we look through the ranks of bettermost life, we shall find that all marriages made with the same view, however exalted one of the parties may be, and however *exigant* the other, are equally disappointing to the “high contracting powers,” with the inferior pursuits of the publican or the painter.

So thinking, it must be gratifying to a reader to know that he is about to peruse the history of two lovers whose parents were equals in rank and station, and fortune—assimilating in their pursuits—congenial in their characters and dispositions—both excellent and amiable men. Their wives were equally agreeable persons, and people who knew them best, said that the Rue St. Honore never had two families more closely allied by sympathies and friendship than those of Claude St. Pierre and Joseph Desbrouillan.

St. Pierre was a clothier, well to do in the world, who lived on the right-hand side of the street, in a shop the admiration of Paris. Desbrouillan was a silk mercer, and lived on the left-hand side of the same street, in a *magazin* of first-rate character—St. Pierre had a son—Desbrouillan had a daughter—the families were upon the most intimate terms—need I say another word? Adelaide Desbrouillan and Florence St. Pierre were in their hearts affianced.

“Florence St. Pierre,” said Madame Desbrouillan to her husband, “is a *very* nice young man.”

“Adelaide Desbrouillan,” said Madame St. Pierre to *her* husband, “is a *very* nice girl.”

Nobody—the most fastidious critic alive—could have dissented from these two propositions.

“He is twenty-four,” said M. Desbrouillan to his wife.

“She is nineteen,” said M. St. Pierre, to *his*.

And so they went on; and while the old ones seemed tacitly to agree to the union, the young ones, who really *did* love each other, saw no great reason for depriving themselves of the pleasure—above all others in the world—derivable from the sweet and enthralling interchange of hopes and wishes, doubts and fears, with which such an intimacy is so thickly studded.

Paris perhaps is not exactly the *locale* in which a romance-writer would lay the scene of such an attachment as that, which existed between Florence and Adelaide; but what I write is no romance—it is truth; and although that gayest of cities (which to me conveys no idea of the metropolis of a great nation, but rather seems to resemble an overgrown watering-place, where *bons-bons* and *eau sucré* are the necessaries of life, and into the calculation of whose people neither care nor business ever enters) is certainly not the fittest soil for sentiment—still, passion, pure and sincere, may exist in Paris, as they tell us there is honour amongst thieves; it sounds improbable, but the Rue St. Honore, to gentle hearts like that of Adelaide, is as sylvan a scene as the Woods of Chambord or the Groves of Beaujencil. There *may* be simplicity in Regent-street or the Quadrant—all I know is, that Adelaide was one of the most amiable girls in the world, and Florence as devoted a lover as ever worshipped a divinity in the shape of a mistress.

“I suppose, Clotilde,” said the elder St. Pierre to his dame, “this will be a match; and why not? If Florence really love Adelaide, he shall have her—that is, if she will have *him*. My business is a good one; I have neither chick nor child but him; I have made my money here—so may he, when I am gone; and the moment Desbrouillan opens his heart upon the subject, I will meet him half-way.”

“Monsieur Desbrouillan,” said Madame St. Pierre, “is a good man, and loves his daughter dearly; but I think—I wou’dn’t say a syllable against people with whom we are so intimate—I *do* think that Madame Desbrouillan would not so readily agree to our proposition in the affair. She is ambitious; she knows Adelaide is pretty and accomplished; and recollect, *she* comes of an old family, toppled down, I admit, by some of those changes which have occurred in our dear country, and which have brought us to the happy state in which we now are. I think she would prefer a step upwards for her girl.”

“Ah, no!” said St. Pierre; “do you think so? Life, then, is really like what one reads in novels and plays: there is always some adverse interest to true affection.”

“You are right, Vincent,” said Madame St. Pierre. “Recollect our own difficulties when *we* were young. As that English play-writer, at whom our great Voltaire used to laugh, says,—

‘The course of true love never did run smooth;’

and I suspect that Count Jourmont is *the* man selected by Madame Desbrouillan for Adelaide.”

“Jourmont!” exclaimed St. Pierre; “why, he is old enough to be her father.”

“What then? she may be sooner a rich young widow.”

“Psha, wife of mine!” cried he; “do not let us believe that there are fathers and mothers in the world capable of calculating so coldly as that comes to. No, no. If Madame Desbrouillan thinks Count Jourmont likely to flirt with a tradesman’s daughter, well and good: rely upon it, that is the extent of her manœuvring.—But he never comes to the house.”

“I doubt that,” said the lady. “Of course, he is never there at supper-time, when we go: he never escorts her to the theatre; and is not to be seen with her in the Tuileries Gardens or the Champs Elysées;

but I believe he is mad to marry her, and that mamma is entirely in his interest."

"I should like to know the rights of it," said St. Pierre; "for of *this* I am certain—if the acquaintance of our son and their daughter is not to terminate in marriage, the sooner it ends the better."

"I agree with you entirely," said Madame; which being the case, it is not difficult to imagine that some mode was speedily adopted to ascertain the real state of the case. Much trouble, however, it was not necessary to take in order to effect this purpose; for Madame Desbrouillan was, as it appeared, almost sympathetically struck with the necessity of coming to an explanation with her daughter. Her plan of proceeding was, if possible, to provoke Count Jourmont into an offer, which she thought would perhaps be best accelerated by permitting the constant association of the lovers, so as to pique him into jealousy, and drive him to a proposal.

Jourmont was devotedly fond of Adelaide; but he was of a noble family, and held a high command in the army. Pride and love struggled in his heart; but as this exemplary personage had reached the shady side of fifty, the former seemed likely to predominate. After all, Adelaide was the daughter of a shopkeeper; and, however indifferent the English are to such distinctions, in a country like France, which had been recently liberalized by the salutary process of revolution, it appeared to be a matter of difficulty to reconcile the difference of rank with the usages of society. To be sure, Jourmont lived but little in Paris; peace had given him the opportunity of reposing upon his laurels at a country-house, dignified into the Château de Jourmont, some few miles from Orleans, to which he would, without a doubt, bear off his bride, if he could once "screw his courage" to the asking point.

Adelaide was by no means blind to his intentions, nor insensible of the impression she had made upon his middle-aged heart; neither did she fail to communicate her apprehensions to Florence, who, being about four-and-twenty years old, looked upon the idea of a man of the surprising age of fifty-two enacting lover to a girl of nineteen, as the excess of absurdity, and endeavoured to laugh away his Adelaide's apprehensions; but it was a feverish life to lead—it was a continued scene of mystery and mystification. When Jourmont made a visit, Adelaide was dressed to the best advantage, and old Desbrouillan kept Florence St. Pierre in conversation in the *magazin*; and when Jourmont was gone—for he seldom stayed throughout the evening—the attachment which one family felt towards the other, permitted the lovers to meet again, as if there really were no rival in the case.

This was not the result of hypocrisy or artifice: the truth is, that Adelaide's mother and father very highly esteemed young St. Pierre. They admitted to themselves that a match between them would be both agreeable and suitable, and therefore they did not wish to appear to oppose their growing intimacy, or break off an alliance which could not fail to give mutual comfort and respectability. But still if Adelaide *could* be Countess Jourmont, the wife of a colonel in the army and a member of the Legion of Honour, all minor considerations, even to the extent of a daughter's happiness, must give way; for, as has already been said, Madame Desbrouillan came from a noble family, of which two had been exiled and died in England, and three had suffered death

in the glorious days of Robespierre. To place a child of hers back again in the circle from which she had thus unhappily fallen was the height of her ambition. Thus it will be seen that, with the best disposition towards Florence, and the kindest intentions towards Adelaide, she was doing what, in fact, threatened to be, and eventually proved, the cruellest thing possible to be done.

One evening, as usual, Florence called at Desbrouillan's. There was nobody in the *magazin* but the clerk. Florence went in familiarly, as usual; but he found the door leading to the apartments inhabited by the family not, as usual, open—it was locked within. Florence did not like this check upon his proceedings; nor was he at all better satisfied when the clerk told him that Count Jourmont was with his master and mistress and Miss Adelaide; and that Desbrouillan had left word that nobody was to be let in—an order the obedience to which, it appears, he had most decidedly secured, by locking up the only passage which led to his dwelling.

Florence returned home, restless and uneasy. His father and mother saw in a moment that something had happened.

"What is the matter with you, Florence?" said St. Pierre. "Is Adelaide Desbrouillan ill?"

"Not that I know of," said Florence. "All I know is that I am shut out from her father's house—refused admission; while that Count Jourmont, whom I hate and detest, is closeted with the family."

"I told you so," said Madame St. Pierre. "I foresaw this. I knew that you were living on false hopes; and yet I could not have fancied the Desbrouillans would have allowed matters to have gone on so long and so smoothly, if they had resolved to marry their girl to the Count."

"Marry her to the Count!" exclaimed Florence. "Do you really believe, my dear mother, that they have any intention of sacrificing poor Adelaide to that old coxcomb, or that he would be so great a fool as to become her husband?"

"The former part of your question," said St. Pierre, "I can only answer by saying, that both your mother and myself have heard Madame Desbrouillan speak, (hypothetically, to be sure,) in a manner to convince me that if the opportunity offered by which she could restore her daughter to the station her mother once filled, she would do it at all risks. As for the second part, touching the folly of the Count in marrying a girl of nineteen at fifty-two, I can only say, that whatever our opinions may be of age, which are invariably formed by comparison, the *decadence* of humanity is so gradual and so nearly imperceptible to the individual who sees himself once every day at shaving time, that he is wholly unconscious of the change so clearly visible to other eyes; and as for the change of life itself, the man of fifty-two feels much the same as the man of twenty-six. Now, there's myself, for instance——"

"Don't talk of yourself, Mr. St. Pierre," interrupted his lady. "You are not going to marry a girl of nineteen, and, for all you say, would not, I should think, be such a simpleton as to do so, even had I given you the opportunity. The fault I find with Count Jourmont is more with his temper than his age. I cannot endure him: besides, if what Madame Desbrouillan told me is the fact, nothing would induce me to consent to the match. He makes it a condition that Adelaide is never to visit or receive any of her own family at her *château*."

"Adelaide will never enter into such an engagement," exclaimed Florence. "I know her better,—she is too much attached to her parents to abandon them at the desire of such a lover."

"I think so, too, Florence," said her mother; "but still the very affection she feels for her parents may be the cause of her yielding to their solicitations."

"What!" said St. Pierre, "will they solicit her to give them up? Well, heaven preserve me from ambition!"

It was shortly after the termination of this conversation that Florence repeated his visit to Desbrouillan's house. He saw both him and his wife. Count Jourmont was gone, and Adelaide had retired to her room. There was an air of hesitation and mystery about both father and mother; the usual invitation to the family supper was not given, and there was such an air of restraint over the whole proceeding, that Florence felt it impossible to inquire why Adelaide was absent, or even to mention her name. Madame Desbrouillan closed the scene by quitting the apartment, while her husband made preparations for closing the *magazin*. Florence and he descended the stairs together. The young man fancied he heard Adelaide sobbing as he passed the door of her apartment, and when they reached the door of the shop, Desbrouillan, taking his hand, pressed it affectionately, and saying, "Good night, my poor fellow!" turned from him with tears in his eyes.

There could be no doubt that Adelaide had been prevailed upon to accept the Count, neither could there be any difficulty in tracing the surrender of her happiness to the earnest persuasions of her ambitious mother, whose desire to replace her child amongst the *noblesse* was so great and uncontrollable as to drive her to the attainment of her object by the most abject self-degradation. Yet hope, which "springs eternal in the human breast," whispered in Florence's ear that, although Adelaide might have been induced or compelled to give a favourable hearing to Count Jourmont, she could not have returned a definitive answer to his proposal, "because," said Florence to himself, "her faith is pledged to me."

Poor Florence! that night sleep never closed his eyes: the sobs he had heard in quitting Desbrouillan's still rang in his ears; they afforded a true and melancholy evidence of the wretchedness of his beloved. Yet even these might console and support him, for in proving his Adelaide's misery and grief, they were certain proofs of the affection which caused her woe.

The next morning Florence was early at Desbrouillan's. Desbrouillan was out: Madame received him. She was evidently agitated. Florence trembled like a leaf. At length the Dame Desbrouillan broke silence.

"I was going over to see your mother, Florence," said the old lady; "is she within?"

"Yes," replied Florence.

"I have something to tell her," said Madame Desbrouillan. "Adelaide is going to be married, Florence."

"God forbid!" exclaimed he, bursting into a convulsive flood of tears.

"She is," continued Madame Desbrouillan; "and that almost immediately."

"Then life is no longer worth possessing," said Florence.

"Why?" asked her mother.

"Need I tell you," said Florence, "need I now declare that Adelaide is all the world to me? that I could live but in her society? that every hope—every wish—every thought of mine are centred in her? and that if we are parted, death alone can relieve me from misery and wretchedness!"

"You, Florence!" exclaimed Madame Desbrouillan. "Why, you never even whispered such a feeling to me or her father; nor did she ever mention your name with more than sisterly affection. We know you were friends,—dear friends,—the children of dear friends;—so you will remain, I hope."

"Friendship," said Florence, "at our age, seldom lasts long. Was it possible for me to live all my life with Adelaide and not adore her? Was it unnatural that, seeing me devoted to her, as I have been, she should sympathize with me? Even on the score of prudence there was no objection; our rank and station in society,—the intimacy of our parents,—the readiness, the anxiety of mine to meet our views, all conspire to bind me to her, by ties which mortal hands may never break!"

This artless appeal of Florence's to Adelaide's mother had a powerful effect; it brought to her mind the duplicity of which she had too clearly been guilty. It was too true the bold, the debasing project of making her girl a Countess had since entered her head. She was as fond of Florence as if he had been her own son, and, as the reader already knows, was perfectly *d'accord* with her husband, and the young man's parents with regard to the match between them.

"Do you tell me," said Florence, "that Adelaide has really consented to the marriage?"

"It is fixed,—settled," said the lady. "The Count is anxious that no delay should take place: the contract will be signed to-morrow, and the corbeille—a splendid one, I assure you—will be home on Friday."

"It must be a dream!" said Florence. "Adelaide cannot have abandoned me."

"It is all true, Florence," said Madame Desbrouillan, "and, rely upon it, all for the best. Adelaide is of a very delicate constitution; the occupations of middling life are too laborious for her; the air of Paris disagrees with her. In the country, where she will reside, in the possession of rank and independence, she will gain strength and health—"

"And happiness?" said Florence.

"I trust so," said her mother. "Count Jourmont is a brave and honourable man, devotedly attached to her, and anxious to render himself worthy of her affections."

"But," said Florence, "does he now possess them? or do you hope for happiness for Adelaide, if she marries a man she does not love, upon the chance of becoming attached to him in time?"

"The thing is irrevocable," said the lady.

"One favour alone I ask," said Florence; "that, at least, you will not deny me. I may see Adelaide, and hear from her own lips the sentence that dooms me to despair."

"When she is well enough to see you," said Madame Desbrouillan, "you shall see her."

"What!" anxiously asked Florence, "is she ill?"

"Flurried, feverish, agitated," said Madame Desbrouillan; "nothing more. It is natural: the event is enough to turn her head."

"Rather to break her heart," said Florence. "But when shall I have this interview?"

"In the evening, I dare say," said Madame Desbrouillan, "she will be well enough to see you."

"And if I prevail upon her to rescind the consent you say she has given, may I hope——?"

"She will not do that," said the lady; "she has too much propriety of feeling, to trifle with the feelings of others. She has accepted the Count: it is not probable she will exhibit so much indecision as to recall her acceptance of him."

"But," said Florence, "her indecision is marked by that very acceptance. *We* are pledged to each other. Has she broken her faith to *me*, in order to evince her steadiness of purpose?"

At this moment the door of the room opened, and Adelaide herself stood before them. She was as pale as death: her eyes were red and swollen. As she advanced into the apartment, her gaze fell upon Florence. She uttered a loud scream, and, hiding her face in her hands, fell senseless into her mother's arms.

Her mother, who had enjoined her not to quit her chamber, was not in the least prepared for this scene. She motioned to Florence to leave them, as she led her sorrowing child back to her bed-room. Florence, completely overcome by the sight of his beloved, so evidently labouring under grief and agitation, stood transfixed like a statue. Madame Desbrouillan felt assured that, if he remained, Adelaide would only recover to relapse again into convulsions, and implored him to go.

"How," said Florence, "can I leave her in such a state? How can I endure to see her suffer thus, without one effort to release her heart from all its sorrows? She loves me! she loves me! now let me plead my cause."

"Not now, Florence," said Madame Desbrouillan, parting her daughter's dishevelled hair on her forehead. "Not now—she is senseless; you shall see her in the evening. Come this evening, Florence; but not now."

The maternal feelings of the old lady were excited by the sight of her child; and the latent affection which she had always entertained for Florence broke through the restraint which her interested feelings had induced her to put upon it. The words "Come this evening" were spoken in the tone of other times; and Florence hastened home, to wile away the time until the hour should arrive when he felt convinced that Adelaide would discard her new old lover, and prevail upon her parents to combine with him to ensure their mutual happiness.

The anxiety of St. Pierre and his wife for the health of their son, which they felt convinced would receive a heavy blow if Adelaide were lost to him, felt much relief from his appearance after his return from the home of his beloved. He spoke cheerfully, dined rationally with his father and mother, and felt himself doubly assured of his eventual success by the non-appearance of Adelaide's mother at their house, the avowed object of her intended visit having been the communication of Count Jourmont's offer and acceptance: in short, he was enjoying one



of the sunshiny moments of his April passion, and resolved upon shortening the period which was to elapse before what he felt to be the most important interview of the evening, by a stroll through the Champs Elysées with a friend and confidant; so that, while varying the scene, and enjoying the air and exercise, he might still have the satisfaction of talking of nothing but Mademoiselle Desbrouillan.

The hours flew faster than Florence had expected. One bottle of Bourdeaux between himself and his friend, the whole of which had been expended in drinking to their respective mistresses, had enlivened his spirits, and he returned home in great force to plead his cause, and gain it. No sooner had the clock struck than Florence was at Desbrouillan's door. The *magazin* was shut—the private door open—in bounded the lover. A minute was not consumed in reaching the top of the stairs, and gaining the sitting-room, where he found the father of his beloved dozing, with some account-books on the table before him. The noise of Florence's arrival awakened him.

"Ah, Florence," said he, "are you there? Come in. Sit down—sit down."

Florence did as he was bid, pulled up his shirt-collar, and ruffled up his black curling hair.

"Fine evening," said Desbrouillan.

"Very fine," echoed Florence. "Where are the ladies, Sir—out?"

"Yes, they are out indeed, Florence," replied the father.

"When do you expect them in?" inquired the lover.

"That is more than I can tell you," said Desbrouillan. "Adelaide and her mother have taken their departure for the country."

"The country!" exclaimed Florence; "what part of the country?"

"Faith, I scarcely can tell you," said Desbrouillan. "My wife has taken into her own management the match which she has made up with Count Jourmont, and I don't intend to interfere one way or another. She says it will ensure Adelaide's happiness; I think not. For my part, I always looked upon Adelaide as betrothed to you. I had no objection—your father had none. However, I hear Adelaide is pleased with the prospect before her; and so my wife is gone down to her cousin, for the purpose, as she tells me, of sparing you and Adelaide the pain of a meeting."

"Why, Sir," said Florence, "I am here now by Madame Desbrouillan's invitation, to see your daughter!"

"She is gone," said Desbrouillan, evidently affected; "she will return here no more. The marriage is to take place from her cousin's house, in order to spare the Count the mortification of having *noces et festin* in a shop; and I am to be permitted to be present at the ceremony; but after that—we are to lose our child."

Here the afflicted parent shed tears of regret, in which the sanguine Florence saw fresh ground for hope. He argued eloquently with him on the imprudence, and indeed apathy, of permitting his wife so completely to govern him, and to take a course in the most important point of her daughter's life, in direct opposition—for so it seemed to be—to his wishes and intentions; but however readily Desbrouillan agreed in all the arguments of his once-intended son-in-law, he wound up the conversation by declaring that it was now too late to recede—that the fault he had committed was in first admitting his wife's suggestions

about Jourmont, but having done so, he could not now retract; he therefore entreated Florence to be patient, and console himself for the loss of Adelaide by looking out for some girl who equally suited him, and whose constancy might be less equivocal.

To describe Florence's feelings were impossible; to have lost her—to know that she was the affianced bride of another—events of the last four-and-twenty hours—was all like a dream; but to find her false—to find himself deceived by both mother and daughter—the combination of distress threw him into a fever—delirium followed, and from the evening of this conversation with Desbrouillan, he remained for five weeks in bed, his afflicted father and mother fearing every hour would be his last. For upwards of twenty days he was wholly unconscious of anything around him: lucky, perhaps, it was that he *was* so, for during that period Adelaide Desbrouillan had become Countess Jourmont—*fêtes* had been given at her husband's chateau—his family had received her with great affection and kindness—and Orleans and its vicinity were charmed with the beauty of the bride.

What her feelings were none but herself could tell; a combination of ills had plunged her in the splendid misery of marriage. After her precipitate removal from Paris, she had contrived to write to Florence, imploring him, if he were sincere in his affection for her, to lose no time in following them to the house of her mother's cousin—that she would rather die than marry Jourmont—and that nothing but the evidence of his indifference, which his lengthened absence would afford, could induce her to consent to the match—and finally imploring him to come to her rescue.

This letter reached his house at the moment when he was overwhelmed with illness, and illness too of a character calculated to risk his life should he be subjected to any mental excitement. His father knew whence it came, but dare not let him have the letter. In the anxiety of his heart he ventured to open it—as a desperate effort to rouse Desbrouillan to a sense of the misery to which he was consenting to doom his child, he communicated it to him. The weak husband, when he joined his wife, in order to be present at the ceremony, urged this circumstance—Madame Desbrouillan advised him to observe perfect silence, while she impressed upon her daughter's mind the belief that Florence himself had betrayed her to her father.

It was not until Florence had sufficiently recovered from his fever to remove from Paris for the benefit of the air, that the Countess Jourmont discovered the deception that had been practised upon her, or that her devoted lover, instead of trifling with her affections, had nearly died for her sake. Then was the woman roused—then was she resolved to vindicate herself in the eyes of the only man she loved, and clear herself from an imputation of fickleness and crime equal only to that of which she had so unjustly accused him. She accordingly dispatched the following letter to Florence, which safely reached his hand:—

“We are separated, never to meet again in this world; God forbid that we should! You are now aware of the hateful deceptions which have been practised upon us—their success has made me the most unhappy of women. All I desire is, to justify myself in *your* eyes, as *you* are justified in mine, by discoveries I have made of conduct which I could have hoped my mother would have scorned. I write to bid you

farewell ; to implore you, as you value my peace of mind—nay, my life—never to seek to see me or write to me. I am doomed to wretchedness, and any attempt to alleviate it would only add to its weight. As far as unshaken, disinterested affection goes, you are as dear to me as ever—no power on earth would induce me to see you ; but you live in my heart—I will strive to do my duty in the station in which I am placed, and if I do, I may surely pray for you.

“The ring you gave me last summer is now on my finger, which it has never left since you placed it there ; when I die—and if you saw me, Florence, you would think it would not be long first—it shall be buried with me. Oh ! never, never was heart betrayed or broken as mine has been—never was parent so mistaken in her views of happiness as mine is ! I feel a conscious rectitude of mind which justifies this last adieu—it is the last—it must not be replied to. Florence, Florence ! farewell—I cannot write—farewell, and Heaven bless you !”

This letter—if letter it could be called—bore evident marks of its writer's agitation ; but little did Florence think, when he received it, how soon the event to which poor Adelaide alluded to in it was to occur.

The Desbrouillans had removed from their shop and retired from business, in order to gratify Count Jourmont—their intercourse with the St. Pierres had ceased—three or four months had elapsed, and, obedient to the injunctions of his beloved, he had neither written nor ventured to obtain an interview, and in consequence of his entire alienation from the society of her family, was in utter ignorance of everything connected with her. While he was suffering under the effects of illness, he bore with something like patience the suspense in which he was kept ; but with improving health anxiety returned, and, young as he was in the world's ways, and impressed as he was with the purity and excellence of Adelaide, he began to think that the earnestness of her desire that he should make no attempt to see her, and the fervour of her prayer that they might not meet, might not be altogether sincere, or at any rate so binding upon him as to prevent his making the attempt. She admitted that she loved him alone ; and with that admission in the outset, a man may perhaps take credit for a good deal more than meets the ear. Whatever might be the motive, it matters little now ; suffice it to say that Florence St. Pierre made an excursion to Orleans, and having reached that city in the afternoon, put up at the Boule d'Or, I believe the name of the sign to be.

Orleans is a dullish place ; but to Florence it was, of course, full of interest. He took some slight refreshment, and walked forward in the direction in which he knew the Château Jourmont to stand. He was scarcely aware whether the Count *propriétaire* knew him personally—he might have seen him—at the shop ; still, by way of precaution, he enveloped himself in a cloak which covered his figure, and proceeded, according to his geographical knowledge of the position of the château, towards its gates.

It was about dusk when he reached it. He lingered for some minutes near the gates of the *terrain* (for park it could scarcely be called) before he dared tread upon what, to him, seemed almost hallowed ground. It had grown dusk. At the lodge there was nobody to admit him or check his progress ; he therefore walked forward till he came in sight of the house. Coeval with that sight were the sounds of woe. There issued

forth from the door which first met his eye a funeral train; and the first sound that struck upon his ear was the knell of death!—yes; they were bearing to the grave the broken-hearted Adelaide—the wife of Jourmont, the beloved of St. Pierre!

No human being could attempt to describe the effect produced upon the heart and mind of Florence when he saw the procession, and knew its cause: a thunderbolt from heaven could scarcely more powerfully have stricken him to the earth. Adelaide—his beloved, his martyred Adelaide—was borne to the grave before his eyes. Unobserved, he followed the funeral train—unheeded, he watched the melancholy procession: but his heart was in the coffin which he gazed upon; and it was with scarcely a mortal feeling that he saw the sad and sacred crowd of attendants, and heard the sorrowful cries which most sincerely burst from those who loved, and almost worshipped, her.

There is a frenzy of despair—there is an agony of remorse—there is a desperation in disappointment indescribable;—by all these the wretched Florence was overwhelmed. He heard the service—he saw the splendid mausoleum of the Jourmonts opened—he heard the coffin deposited in it—his heart sank; but when he saw the massive door of the tomb left unclosed, even then there sprang a hope in his heart—a hope undefined—a wish almost undefinable.

Upon what trifles great events turn! He lingered in the darkness of the church; all departed save one, the sexton, who remained to close the vault, and lock it; for Count Jourmont's family sepulchre had survived the great commotion so surprisingly, that neither the ashes of his ancestors had been disturbed, nor had the sanctuary which contained them been violated, owing, probably, to the distance at which it was placed from the metropolis, the scene of the most tremendous evidence of the effects of the Revolution.

Lighted alone by his lantern, De Grave, the sexton, having seen the solemn train depart, proceeded to perform, literally, the last duty. No man can account for the feelings of another. Amidst the agony and despair of Florence, which, in the first instance, would have prompted him to wish for death on the spot where he stood, a new and dreadful anxiety arose. Adelaide was dead—entombed beneath his feet—within a few yards of where he stood. God only knows how men are acted upon. As he saw De Grave approach and close—at least upon him—for ever the “marble jaws” of the tomb, a last, flickering, hopeful wish—a thought, a desire indescribable—a sentiment incalculable—sprang into his breast. “Adelaide is dead,” said Florence to himself, “beyond the reach of mortal ill—beyond the reach of mortal strife. I now may see her, without the imputation of an interested feeling; I now may feel the blessed satisfaction of knowing that my ring sleeps on her finger in her eternal rest. But this man—we are alone—will he permit it?”

The sexton went towards the tomb: he coughed and spat, and perhaps sang; for he “had no feeling in his trade.” Florence trembled, doubted, actually shivered, while he hesitated what he should next do. His object the reader knows.

The sexton placed the massive padlock on the marble cemetery,—the key grated in the lock.

“Stay!” cried Florence.

“Mercy on us! what's that?” exclaimed the sexton.

"A friend," said Florence, in a whisper.

"A friend! What do you want?" said De Grave.

"A few minutes' conversation," said Florence.

"What about?" said the sexton, who seemed to have an infinitely greater degree of fear of the living than the dead.

"Money," said Florence.

"Money!" echoed the sexton; "money is not much a subject of conversation with *me*."

"Ten Napoleons *are* something," said Florence.

"Something!" said De Grave, "everything! But what are you loitering about in this church for? Do you want ten Napoleons? You are not likely to get them either of *me* or the gallant Count Jourmont, the widower."

"Is he niggardly?"

"As a miser."

"I want nothing of *him*," said Florence. "I want to give *you* ten Napoleons."

"Indeed!" said De Grave, raising his lantern; "and what am I to do for them?"

"Shut the church door, and lock it," said Florence.

"Is that all?"

"No," said Florence, "that is the beginning——"

"Oh! and be killed afterwards."

"Why," said Florence, "why should I kill you? Your body would not fetch ten Napoleons."

"Not to look at," said De Grave.

"Sexton," said Florence, trembling at the request, and at the consequence of its accordance, "I will give you ten Napoleons to look at a corpse."

"The deuce you will," said De Grave. "Well, now, that's odd. I see so many on 'em in the course of the week, that it's no pleasure to *me*. What corpse d'ye want to see?"

"Is the door safe?" said Florence.

"I have locked it," replied De Grave.

"Let me behold my Adelaide," sobbed Florence.

"Adelaide what?" said De Grave.

"Countess Jourmont."

"Whew!" said the sexton. "What! Monseigneur's wife! Oh, no, no, no! A mere bourgeoisie—a little milliner—or—but oh! a Countess!"

"Here are ten Napoleons," said Florence. "Lift the coffin lid, and let me kiss her cold cheek once, and let me see if my ring rests upon her finger in her last sleep—the money is yours."

"Do you mean it?" said De Grave.

"Here is the money."

"I'll just step and make the door fast," said De Grave. "I see no great objection. 'Twixt you and me, poor dear lady, she never cared for him; and, as I believe—he is deuced stingy—her death has been owing—at least, so the doctors say—to drinking laudanum, to sooth her sorrows. I'll be back in a minute. Stop at the door of the tomb."

Consider his position. Florence stood at the door of the mausoleum, left in darkness by the sexton, divided by a massive iron door from

all he once had loved on earth. The owl hooted on the roof—the bat fluttered in his face—but he was firm in his purpose, and saw a hope of once more beholding the features of his beloved Adelaide.

De Grave returned.

"Sir," said he, "we are now secure; but I *do* trust—for the ten Napoleons, now we come to *that*, would be no inducement to gratify your extraordinary wish—I do trust that you are not attempting to mislead me, or get me into a scrape."

"You may trust me," said Florence. "All I ask is, remove the coffin lid—permit me to kiss her cold cheek, and see whether my ring is on her finger."

"'Tis done," said De Grave. "Come—come. What's that, eh? The lock is not fastened—come down. We had better light a second light. Close the door after us. Come—come."

Florence obeyed his injunctions.

"That blue coffin there," said the sexton, "is the Count Henri de Jourmont; he died before I was born; that black coffin on the left, with the box on the side of it, contains Count Francis, guillotined in 1793, his head was sent down by the diligence afterwards; that is Mademoiselle Eloise, niece of Count Francis; and here, as you see, is the last arrival: you can read it—'Adelaide de Jourmont'."

Read it! yes! There it stood, holding within its sides the body of the martyred girl.

"Yes!" said Florence, "that is it! Open that for me."

"Open!" said De Grave.

"Yes," said Florence; "that is our bargain."

"What will the Count say?"

"What have *you* said? 'Tis our bargain."

"Hush, hush!" said De Grave. "No need of noise: a bargain is a bargain; be calm,—it shall be done."

Saying which, he produced a small iron crow-bar, and placing it between the coffin and the lid, separated them in an instant, and exhibited to view the placid countenance of Adelaide Jourmont.

"Gracious God! there she is!" said Florence, sinking backward against one of the pillars of the crypt.

"By Heavens," said De Grave, "she has turned!"

The meaning of this exclamation was lost upon Florence, who fancied it some technicality, and scarce attended to it. He gazed upon the features of his beloved with an intenseness of agony no man can appreciate.

"I say, Sir," said De Grave, "she has turned!"

"What then?" said Florence.

"What then!" cried De Grave; "what then! why, by Heaven, she's alive!"

"Alive!" exclaimed Florence, falling on his knees and clasping those of the old sexton; "alive!"

"As sure as we are," said the man; "calm yourself—be quiet—listen—lay your ear close to her mouth—she is warm—by Heaven, she breathes!"

Can any human being fancy the state in which Florence felt himself, in the tomb with the dead yet living widow of his hated rival? He obeyed the sexton's injunctions; it was true she *did* breathe—the breath

was low and doubtful—it seemed to hover on the lips; but the lips were warm, and——

“What’s to be done?” said Florence.

“Are you to be trusted?” said De Grave.

“Trust me, and you shall never be deceived,” said Florence.

“This woman may be saved,” said De Grave.

“Woman!” said Florence.

“Angel, if you will, Sir,” answered the sexton; “for she *was* one. Be steady—be firm—’tis a trial, a great one, for you,” continued the old man; “the sooner she is moved from this, the better; thank God it is as it is, let what come of it that may; I confide in you.”

“And I in you,” said Florence, scarcely knowing what he said.

“What’s next to be done?” ●

“My house is close at hand,” said De Grave; “she must not stay there long; are you St. Pierre?”

Florence started at the appeal.

“My daughter was her maid,” said the sexton; “that’s enough.”

“*I am* that man,” said Florence.

“Then I shall be justified in the course I take,” said the sexton; “a few hours will revive her—you must take measures accordingly; she is dead to *him*—the niggard—the tyrant! Leave it to me.”

The unpopularity of Jourmont, it seems, very greatly contributed to the issue of this most extraordinary adventure; for the sexton, who hated his lord, most readily aided his daughter (devotedly attached to Adelaide) and Florence in removing the body to his cottage. Pauline, the maid, happened to be the very best colleague upon the occasion; for to her had devolved various dresses of her late mistress, which were thus in readiness for her use after her most extraordinary resurrection.

It seems that her apparent death was the consequence of an over-dose of opium, to the use of which she had recourse to soothe her miseries; from this it will be seen she eventually recovered.

After what has been said of the arrangements made by the sexton and his daughter, at the suggestion of Florence, little more is requisite to inform the reader that in a few days Adelaide was restored and actually alive. The case is one which makes a figure in the French Law Books. What followed? The miraculous escape from immolation obtained by the extraordinary arrival of Florence at Orleans on the night of the funeral, and the equally extraordinary pertinacity of the lover in urging upon the sexton a desire scarcely accountable, added to all her previous love for St. Pierre, induced her—in no small degree urged thereto by De Grave and his daughter, who had, it seems, become a sort of confidante of the exalted Adelaide—to accept the offer of immediate marriage to Florence, or rather immediate flight and subsequent marriage, carrying with her Pauline, whose absence De Grave undertook to account for by some history of a distant grandmother.

After two days’ concealment in De Grave’s cottage, the rescued wife and corpse, in company with Florence, and attended by Pauline, reached Blois, where they were married, under names to be sure not their own, but to which course they were, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, reconciled by the reflection that as a woman always changes her name in marriage, it made but a trifling difference if the man did so too. There they were united, and having admitted their parents into

their confidence, they proceeded to Bordeaux, whence they proceeded to America.

This romantic and apparently impossible proceeding was crowned with success, and certainly there never was a happier couple known. There might have been some alloy to their bliss in the continual recollection that Adelaide was in fact the wife of two husbands; however, Pauline, who continued the favourite—almost friend of her mistress—seemed in herself a hostage for her safety as regarded the circumstances which brought about the union; and as far as conscience went, it seemed quite clear that when a man had buried his wife, he became a widower.

So they went on, and so they lived happily, until at last St. Pierre felt anxious to see his family and friends. Three years had elapsed—Count Jourmont was very little in Paris—and they resolved to return to France, for it had been impossible—or at least it would have been the height of imprudence—to have written any account of what had happened to the St. Pierres, who of course were in a state of the greatest possible anxiety about their son, the last intelligence they received of him being that he had left his lodgings at Pithiviers with a portmanteau and *sac de nuit*, since which period no tidings of him had reached them. Florence felt how much his parents must have suffered, and therefore, with Adelaide's concurrence, the strangely-placed couple resolved on a voyage to France.

This expedition they undertook—the voyage was a prosperous one—they arrived safely—landed, and proceeded to the inn; they dined, rejoicing in the little luxuries of the hotel after the privations of the voyage, and after dinner, accompanied by Pauline, indulged themselves with a walk. They had not been out a quarter of an hour before they met Count Jourmont; he started with surprise at seeing Adelaide, whom he thought he recognised, but who would in all probability have escaped his observation if she had not been accompanied by Pauline De Grave; the circumstance—the connexion—the coincidence were too strong; Jourmont claimed the exhumed Adelaide as his wife—he was convinced of her identity.

Of all unfortunate circumstances this was the most tremendous. Florence St. Pierre was not a man to render himself notorious by any violent assumption of right; he contended—let the circumstances be known—that to all intents and purposes M. Jourmont had lost his wife—that he believed her dead—that he had seen her buried. However, Jourmont, who, the moment he saw his wife alive and married (as report said) to Florence St. Pierre, the recollection that M. Desbrouillan had told him that Florence St. Pierre was the great obstacle to his marriage, coupled with the appearance of his own tenant's daughter, whom he had himself placed in capacity of soubrette and spy over his new wife, completely convinced him that he had been the martyr to a combination of treachery, contrived by the agency of a set of people who, in point of fact, were the most innocent and the most unhappy individuals in existence.

It was natural, however, that he should adopt these opinions. The next step was to search the tomb—the coffin was empty—the case was complete. De Grave was apprehended, and in terror confessed the circumstances. Pauline was cited. The facts being established, the case



was brought before the Tribunal in Paris, to which Florence and Adelaide were summoned: the trial came on—the legal defence was much like the moral one which St. Pierre had previously set up for himself—that Count Jourmont had lost his wife, that she was buried, and that the extraordinary resurrection was an affair with which, if circumstances had not conspired to bring it to his knowledge, he could have nothing to do.

This, it appears, was over-ruled, and after a trial of eleven hours, it was decided that Count Jourmont was to take his wife back again, without prejudice to her character, or to the rights of her former marriage.

Poor Florence waited in the court with breathless impatience—or rather, considering the length of the trial, one might say patience—for the decision, he heard it, and turned deadly sick; however, there was no appeal, and his hated rival Jourmont had triumphed. The order of the court issued—the domicile of Adelaide, Countess Jourmont, was named—and the Count, his features animated with a look of ferocity which no painter could record, almost shrieked for joy when the decree was put into his hand. He had with him several of his tenants and dependents, and when he entered his carriage to proceed to the lodgings of his late and present wife, they cheered him, and he bowed and pressed his hand to his heart, and then he waved his hat, and then they cheered him again; and so, with an officer of the court in the open barouche, they proceeded to the residence of the devoted Adelaide.

The carriage being drawn up, the officer stepped out and entered the house—Adelaide and Florence were *au troisième*—he mounted the stairs—he reached the door of the rooms—thrice he called her name, and thrice he struck the door—but answer there was none. This display of “contumace” irritated the officer, who returned to the carriage, begged the Count to accompany him, and calling to his aid a powerful functionary of the law, directed him to break in the door which the refractory pair refused to open.

Count Jourmont encouraged the efforts of the subordinate, and under the authority of the *huissier* the door was broken open.

“Now, Count,” said the officer, “in virtue of the decree of our court, claim your wife, and take her hence, and at his peril shall M. St. Pierre interfere.”

Take his wife!—God help him!—he entered the ante-room clothed in his brief authority—he passed into the sitting-room, and there found his Adelaide. *His* Adelaide!—Ha! ha! ha!—he found the lovely creature stone dead!—her beautiful face shivered to atoms by a brace of pistol bullets. And did she die alone? No! by her side, stone dead too, lay her poor, fond, faithful Florence. The sentence of the court decreed it: he waited but to hear it—he ran home and——

A word more would be superfluous. No part of this history is, perhaps, justifiable—some people will say it is not probable—*it is true*—it is registered in the records of the French courts. What became of Jourmont nobody knows, and, we should say, few people care.

And how does this illustrate a proverb? may be asked. Look at the blind ambition of Madame Desbrouillan, and all the crooked policies of her life, and will you not say—

“HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.”

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## TAXES ON NECESSARIES *VERSUS* TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

A TAX is a thing odious alike to Radical and Conservative, unless, indeed, he be feelingly persuaded that taxation is a necessary evil, by deriving his means of life through his Majesty's Exchequer—an instinct common, it has been but too often invidiously insinuated, to both classes of politicians. But however this may be, a tax in the general is a thing odious. Some are more odious than others, says modern political economy; and of all others, cries the Liberal, nor doth the Conservative exert himself to contradict the doctrine, of all others, the most odious are the "taxes on knowledge." To this we stand engaged as lovers of, and perhaps as livers by, literature to say "Amen." But considering that honesty as well as interest is a little concerned in this matter, we are anxious to inquire further before we yield an unqualified assent to a proposition which is now but too generally taken for granted upon the credit of the assertors, by a very large portion of his Majesty's lieges, who (chiefly through the solicitations of a certain society circulated by certain members of the Legislature) have been induced to offer up their prayers and petitions to the Commons' House of Parliament for the repeal of the said "taxes on knowledge." And if the agitation has been more vivid and continuous than of other political and financial objects, it should not be forgotten that journalists and publishers, the persons interested, are the masters of the spell; they are, in this instance, not only the instruments, but the cause.

A tax we for the third time pronounce to be an odious thing—yet taxes must be raised, so long as there is a national debt and a government. We are alike ready to admit that England suffers under many, too many of them—that the whole scheme of her taxation wants to be remodelled; still taxes must be raised. This granted, those taxes are the least injurious, and therefore the best, that interfere least with the necessities, the morals, the comforts, and the business, and press least upon the purses, of the people. By this test we propose dispassionately and impartially to investigate the merits and the demerits of the "taxes upon knowledge."

The first inquiry must be, what in this sense constitutes knowledge? Books of all classes and newspapers—a wide definition, but one which the public, and especially the reading public, has been well contented to accept.

No trifling obloquy and effect attach to a name, and the adoption of the phrase "taxes on knowledge" raises in no small degree the force of the talisman. The word "knowledge," it has been so contrived, now not only stands for Lord Bacon's acceptance of "power," but for the very source and fountain of place, honour, distinction, wealth, conduct, and happiness itself, as the combination of all these attributes. Knowledge is declared, from a million of oracles, to be the be-all and the end-all of this our intellectual existence. To restrict, to limit, or in any degree to confine this the sole strong, simple means of all that is valuable in life—in a word, to "TAX" this *summum bonum* becomes instinctively, as it were, a thing too horrible to be endured by a free and

intelligent people: yet still, we say, the evil is but comparative. Taxes on knowledge are not the only taxes—they may not, perhaps, we venture to hint, be those which subtract most from the happiness of the subject. First, however, let us estimate their actual pressure.

Of knowledge, most rightly so called, books are the best if not the mightiest vehicle. There are two ways in which these taxes affect them: directly on the paper, and indirectly by advertisements.

The tax on paper is three pence per pound weight—the tax on mill-board, the substance in which books are bound, twenty-one shillings per hundred weight. A just understanding of this matter has been a good deal mystified and perverted by the way in which it has been treated. The expenses of paper, print, and publication, have been aggregated according to the numbers of the edition—500, 750, or 1000,\* and a per centage struck. Computations of how many are sold have been made, and it has been attempted to substantiate a plea of injustice in the mode of imposing the tax (that is both in the principle and the manner) chiefly, indeed, by the fact that a very large proportion of books printed are not sold. This method of argument does not however appear very satisfactory, and when estimated by a comparison between the taxation of luxuries and necessities, it seems still less so; for when taxes are laid upon necessities, the Government extorts, inevitably extorts, from every one, according to his absolute occasions, a certain portion of his expenditure. When taxes are imposed on articles which it is optional with the purchaser to buy or not—he is able to consult his purse, to weigh his ability against his inclination to purchase, and to decide accordingly. It has, therefore, been hitherto held to be a recommendation that an article of revenue be chosen which may thus afford to prudence an alternative. This recommendation applies strictly to books, and therefore (to the payer of taxes) it forms a beneficial item in the consideration.

The paper usually employed for book-printing is called demy, and varies in price according to weight and quality; but that which is most generally used, that which affords an average, may be computed to weigh twenty pounds the ream of twenty (inside, or perfect) quires of twenty-four sheets each quire; *ergo*, twenty pounds' weight of paper will give 480 sheets, which, in quarto, will amount to 3,840 pages—in

\* In the "Edinburgh Review," No. CVI., pages 429–430, according to the following formula:—

Estimate of the cost of an octavo volume of 500 pages, printed on respectable paper, when 500 copies are printed, showing which part of this cost consists of taxes.

	Cost.	Duty.
Printing and correction	£88 18 0	
Paper	38 10 0	£ 5 12 10
Boarding	10 0 0	3 3 8
Advertising	40 0 0	20 0 0
	177 8 0	31 16 6

11 copies to public libraries

14 copies, say to author

475 copies for sale, at 8s. 5d. . . . . £179 17 11

Deduct cost . . . . . 177 8 0

Profit to author and publisher, commission, interest

on capital, &c., when all are sold . . . . . 22 9 11

octavo, to 7,680 pages—in duodecimo, to 11,520. The average contents of a *volume* may be fairly taken at 500 pages in round numbers. Five shillings being the duty upon a ream of such paper, it follows that upon a quarto volume of 500 pages, requiring sixty-two sheets and a half, the tax amounts to *seven pence three farthings*, the price of such volumes being rarely less than from thirty shillings to two guineas. Applying the same rule to an octavo of twelve shillings price, the tax is found to amount to a fraction *less than fourpence*, and upon a duodecimo sold for about six shillings, to *twopence halfpenny*!

The duty on book advertisements, however, constitutes the heaviest charge. But even this is exaggerated to a degree incredible. The duty on each advertisement is 1s. 6d., and commonly the booksellers advertising in the country journals include from one to twenty different books in one advertisement. When, therefore, 20*l.*, 25*l.*, and 30*l.* is taken, (as in the “*Edinburgh Review*,”) the calculation, however true in one instance it may be, does not apply to the general run of publications. For estimating the average at six different works only to each advertisement, a single edition may be advertised (as far as the duty is in question) sixteen hundred times for the amount of 20*l.*,—a thing which we will venture to aver never happened; and if we suppose the book to be advertised by itself, the advertisement must appear 272 times to amount to the sum,—an extension of advertising we entirely disbelieve. We think we may defy any bookseller in England to prove that any work ever formed the subject of 272 single advertisements during the sale of one edition; when, then, the amount is stretched to 30*l.*, or 400 single insertions, it becomes utterly incredible. Yet such are the allegations upon which the abrogation of the taxes on knowledge have been supported.

Further, the statement in the “*Edinburgh Review*,” to which we have alluded, estimates the duty at 50 per cent. of the whole cost. In the case of the very shortest advertisement, this might by possibility be true *at that time*, before the two shillings were taken off; it could then only be true in the instance of the shortest annunciations of a single volume. Now, since the duty has been reduced to eighteen-pence, it does not hold perhaps in any one case. No journal of any circulation charges less than five shillings for the shortest insertion, and, as the charge rises according to the number of lines (that is, according to the space occupied, the duty remaining the same), the amount to which we refer is a perfect fallacy. The 50 per cent. is also taken upon a single volume, whereas works in general run to more than one volume. Yet upon this computation have stood all the arithmetical statements we remember to have seen. Where the advertisements contain more than one book, of course the duty bears according to number. Two examples of works published by the house of Longman and Co. now lie before us, advertised in May last in a provincial newspaper, which contain the one seventeen, the other twenty volumes: of course, in the one instance, the advertisement cost something more, in the other something less than *one penny* per volume duty. The aggregate value of the books enumerated in the one amounts to *seventeen pounds* (advertised for eighteen pence duty), and the price of three of the articles is not specified. The aggregate value of the other list is 11*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* The one contains works of science, the other the *belles lettres*. Now, observe the real

bearing of these facts and illustrations, admitting the estimate of 20*l.* charge upon a *single work* (not *volume*). The commonest novel in *three* volumes will reduce it to 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Upon the edition of Lord Byron's work, in seventeen volumes, the 20*l.* would come down to nearly a single pound each; and in Sir Walter Scott's novels, in forty-eight volumes, the 20*l.* would dwindle to 8*s.* 4*d.* So much for arithmetical truth. And this, too, observe, embraces the supposition that each work is advertised alone.

We come next to the taxes on newspapers and advertisements, which we trust it will be seen, from what we have said, form the main part of the question. The evidence of Lord Brougham, "given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Libel Law," is chiefly relied upon and put forth as the foundation of, and indeed it contains the great objections to, these imposts. The sum and substance of his Lordship's observations will be found in the following extract:—

"It appears quite obvious, that in these circumstances there are but two ways of meeting this great evil: the one is, having recourse to the ordinary principle in all such cases, namely, taking away the impediments from the fair dealer, from the respectable publisher, and thus removing the advantage which the law now gives the unfair dealer. The fair dealer is now liable to a stamp, of 3*d.* or 4*d.*, which the other escapes. The latter not only highly seasons the food he prepares for the perverted taste of the people, with highly-flavoured ingredients, but he has also a more effectual advantage; he undersells the fair dealer by 300 per cent. The consequence is, that the fair trader has no sort of chance in such a competition. It is quite clear, if you remove the stamps, you apply the common principle of destroying the smuggler, by lowering the duties. This has been found quite effectual in other branches of legislation. I cannot see why it should not be made equally effectual in this. The only other mode of meeting this great mischief, is by providing more wholesome food for the reading portion of the people, and that happily has been attempted, and attempted with great success. I believe I speak in the presence of some colleagues of mine of the Society of Useful Knowledge, who could inform the Committee more in detail: but I think the 'Penny Magazine' destroyed a great number of those wicked publications, some of the most obnoxious of them, in three or four weeks after it was begun: the most obnoxious of all, perhaps, were not put down, for the same profligate class of readers do not find harmless matter equally palatable; but the great bulk of readers prefer this publication, circulating a couple of hundred thousand, sold for a penny, containing articles of great value (for, regard being had to its value, it is about one-fourth part of the price of the common penny unstamped paper). If these two means were adopted together, that is, increasing the number and variety of innocent and useful publications, and taking off the tax which prevents competition, and thus provide more good, cheap papers for the bulk of the community, I have no doubt the public would no longer have any reason to fear the worst kind of libel. I beg to add, that though the 'Penny Magazine' has been enabled to be sold so cheap, in consequence of its immense numbers, and still increasing sale, that is a price which could not be afforded by any private individual; a society can afford it; and a sale of tens and hundreds of thousands can afford it; but a great many things would be very proper to be published, for which there is not a demand of above 500 or 1000; and this is quite impossible, unless at a higher price. But the public require papers of less value than the 'Penny Magazine,' and will buy them, though of less value, and therefore not so cheap, provided they be sold for a penny, or two-pence, and also contain news. The people wish to read the news, in which

they take an interest, and in which it is fit they should take an interest. In public affairs they are nearly concerned, and it is both their right and their duty to attend much to public affairs. I am of opinion that a sound system of government requires the people to read and inform themselves upon political subjects, else they are the prey of every quack, every impostor, and every agitator, who may practise his trade in the country. If they do not read, if they do not learn, if they do not digest, by discussion and reflection, what they have read and learnt, if they do not thus qualify themselves to form opinions for themselves, other men will form opinions for them, not according to truth and to the interests of the people, but according to their own individual and selfish interests, which may, and most probably will, be contrary to that of the people at large. The best security for a Government like this, for the Legislature, for the Crown, and generally for the public peace and public morals, is, that the whole community should be well-informed upon its political as well as its other interests; and it can be well-informed only by having access to wholesome, sound, and impartial publications. Therefore they will and ought to read the news of the day, political discussions, political events, the debates of their representatives in Parliament, and of the other House of Parliament; and on not one of these heads can any paper be published daily or weekly, without coming under the Stamp-law; consequently the people at large are excluded, by the dear form in which alone the respectable publishers can afford it, while they pay the duty. They can only have it in a cheap form by purchasing of publishers of another description, who break the revenue-law by paying for no stamps, and also break all other laws by the matter they publish. If, instead of newspapers being sold for sixpence or a shilling, they could be sold for a penny, I have no manner of doubt there would immediately follow the greatest possible improvement in the tone and temper of the political information of the people, and therefore of the political character and conduct of the people. It is my decided and deliberate opinion, from very long and anxious consideration, that the danger is not of the people learning too much, but knowing too little. It is no longer a question whether they shall read or not; it is no longer a question whether they shall be instructed or not; it is no longer a question whether they shall be politicians, and take part in the discussions of their own interests or not; that is decided long and long ago. The only question to answer, and the only problem to solve is, how they shall read in the best manner; how they shall be instructed politically, and have political habits formed the most safe for the constitution of the country, and the best for their own interests. I can devise no other means than making that accessible at a cheap rate, which at present they must have at a rate they cannot afford, without having it bad as well as cheap. I wish to give it them both cheap and wholesome."

A penny newspaper is then to be the panacea against the evils here enumerated. Very well; let us argue the matter upon this ground.

The existing price of newspapers is, in the common run, sevenpence each. If then the whole duty of fourpence (with a discount of 20 per cent.) were taken off, the papers could not, probably, be sold under threepence, and the price is fixed even thus low, because of the profits upon advertisements; for it is a well-known fact, substantiated by actual accounts, that the entire profits of publishing a journal lie in the advertisements—the largest circulating journal in England would not, from the profits upon the mere sale, pay its expenses. A few of the weekly prints may, perhaps, afford an exception, but the exception does not apply to twenty of the three hundred and twenty journals which, according to the "*Edinburgh Review*," are printed in the United

Kingdom ; Lord Brougham's postulate is therefore impracticable to the present journals. But let us go a little deeper into the inquiry.

By far the greater proportion of the London journals are taken by reading-rooms and houses of public resort, inns, and even alehouses, where their contents are read by the multitude. The diffusion is still further extended by partnerships in papers, and by purchasing the journal of one day on the day following, from London coffee-houses, and other such places, at half-price. This plan, therefore, not only reduces the cost, but extends the utility. With respect to the provincial journals now circulating to the amount of thirty millions of stamps per annum, this custom of partnerships is notorious and universal. The most intelligent practical men estimate that every single paper is read, upon an average, by from twenty to thirty persons—so that a journal enjoying a circulation of two thousand is read by an average number of 50,000 individuals. Taking these facts into view, and they cannot be contradicted, is it rationally to be supposed that the reading, “the diffusion of knowledge,” could be much more extended by reducing the cost of newspapers about one-half, below which, it should seem, they could hardly be brought down? Upon this point hangs the main utility of the reduction. We think it could not. Were the paper-duties as well as stamps taken off, perhaps the price might be brought one half-penny lower than the moiety of the present price. When Lord Brougham spoke of a penny newspaper\*, he appears to have forgotten the size and contents of the present race of journals ; to compete with these, a penny paper must contain the same quantity, for the million love quantity dearly. The technical experience of journalists would have also acquainted his Lordship that he is in error concerning the contents most sought and approved by rural readers: the practical trader generally

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\* “We have been trying to get useful publications not only into parts of the country where men are gregarious, the manufacturing districts, in which they naturally and easily read ; but into farm-houses and cottages, where the case is different. The great difficulty is to get the peasants to read ; first, because they do not work together ; and next, because people working in the open air are sleepy when they come home ; but in long winter nights, when they are not so hard worked and have much more spare time, it is particularly desirable that they should not have recourse to beer-shops or to bad publications. It would be of great advantage if we could furnish them with publications that have a tendency to make men good members of society, rather than those which are now propagated and are read by great numbers, teaching them that the most infamous of characters—a man, for instance, who is about to be executed for the foulest murder, from the moment he becomes converted to some particular spiritual doctrine, is safe from retribution in another world. I cannot conceive a more pernicious doctrine, and all which is said about absolution in the Catholic Church is not one whit worse even in its abuse, and I know it is very much abused. Those publications which are in farm-houses, to my knowledge, for want of better, teach that if a man commits murder, and will only afterwards become a fanatic, he is in acceptance with Heaven, and his murder forgiven him. If a man can have in his cottage, at a cheap rate, accounts of the debates, which they look to with great interest, and which it is their duty as well as their interest to read ; the proceedings in courts of justice, which they also are delighted with reading ; if, in addition to these departments, commonly called the news of the day, we could circulate four pages more, which could all be done for a penny without this pernicious stamp-duty, we might give the cottager for one penny a newspaper with wholesome general information, which might be of use to him in various ways, besides giving him all the intelligence of the week. I am quite certain that this would be the effect of repealing the stamp.”

knows best what suits his customers. Now if Lord Brougham examines the mode of filling the columns of the bulk of provincial journals, he will find the debates, except on very particular occasions, cut down to nothing, the news of the day—that is, the political discussions and the political events—reduced to the shortest possible digest, and that the local intelligence, the local advertisements—the business of the district, in short, forms the solid body of the information they contain: this satisfies the inquiry. Now this can be furnished only by the resident provincialist, and it is furnished at an expense which no imaginable circulation could reduce below twopence halfpenny or threepence. We are to be supposed, in this instance, to speak of the ordinary mode of conducting this commerce, for it will hardly stand within the general computation, that a Society (even *The Society*) could monopolise to itself the entire supply by one such newspaper as Lord Brougham describes. A sheet of large news demy (which costs more than three-farthings at the mill) would scarcely contain such a digest of debates, law proceedings, political events, and political discussions, even were all lighter topics of information and amusement excluded. A circulation of thirty thousand per week would barely repay the cost of its preparation.

The London weekly journal of the widest circulation does not average anything like that number, and we are strongly tempted to believe that the stimulant contents of the sporting papers alone ensure a very large sale. That a weekly newspaper, priced and conducted as his Lordship describes, would obtain a large sale, there can be no question, but it would be principally among the middle orders, and not where Lord Brougham desires to introduce it, namely, into the cottages. It might, amongst certain classes, supersede a stamped London weekly paper at a heavy cost, but when the general price was brought down to twopence halfpenny or threepence, the competition of London daily papers occupying attention every twenty-four hours, and thus forestalling the weekly digest, together with the local attractions of the district-journals would very much abridge its reception, and then *cui bono*? Would this journal instil sounder principles than the present vehicles? There is no fair reason to imagine it would. On the contrary, the aggregate of the talent of the many now engaged in journalism must probably be more than a match for that selected (however able) for the conduct of a single paper.

But suppose such a monopoly could be attained, would it not place in the hands of one set of men a power over the public mind, of an extent too great to be regarded without alarm, or endured without a struggle? Allowing to its conductors the purest and best motives, the most judicious and honest execution, it still must have a political bias. To counteract that bias would become an equal object with opposing partisans, and thus its circulation would be narrowed. For such a vehicle the Penny Magazine forms no exemplar. The Penny Magazine is a compendium of entertaining contents, entertaining to all alike; inviting little of theological, political, or moral controversy. It startles no man's prejudices, it alarms no man's principles—it amuses every man, woman, and child who takes it up. Its reception is consequently universal. With a newspaper it would be far different; it would find objectors and competitors, and even enemies at every door. Nor does it seem, from



Lord Brougham's own showing, that the unstamped papers carry with them any considerable danger. He says—

"It is in vain to say that some persons would prefer obscene matter, and some ribaldry, and some blasphemy; but it would be an insignificant portion of the whole country. The bulk, who are innocently and morally disposed, are more or less respectable, and would be ashamed to bring this trash to their cottages where their wives and children are; nay, I believe that they would not desire to read it themselves."

Where, then, is the necessity to put down what finds so slight, so cold a reception?

The Noble Lord appears to be also imperfectly informed concerning the real apparatus and capital of the provincial journals, which, at least, divide the empire of intelligence, "the diffusion of knowledge," with the metropolitans. The stamp-duties have little or nothing to do with the capital necessary to such an undertaking. Every man of sufficient responsibility to commence a provincial paper can obtain three months credit from a London stationer for stamps; and if he do so, his sale must be small indeed not to furnish ready money enough to take up his three months' bill when it falls due. The proprietors of provincial journals are commonly printers: the outlay for the type, presses, journey-men's wages, editor's and reporter's salaries, postage, carriage of papers, and long credit for papers and advertisements, eat up their capital, which can rarely be less than from five to ten thousand pounds, according to circumstances. The mechanical apparatus for printing a paper of modern size alone amounts to near one thousand pounds of the money. Thus the reduction of the stamp-duties would afford little or no facility to new publications of this class; many, no doubt, would start up, but they would perish like the enterprises which have been so frequently undertaken in different districts, to the utter ruin of the adventurers, and the injury of their creditors. Competition has almost done its best and its worst, and there is scarcely a corner of the kingdom which is not fully supplied, or more than supplied. If his Lordship will examine the Parliamentary return reciting the names and numbers of the provincial papers, he will find abundant reason to be satisfied of the fact. Several of the new-born expired even while the return to the motion for the document was in preparation.

It has been computed by some of the latest theorists\* that the compe-

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\* Vide the New British and Foreign Review. We quote one passage from this article for a sample of the information, taste, and temper in which the whole is written. "To take but one instance more of this kind of dominion, and how well intrenched it is, and how enduring: the paper excels in some one kind of intelligence congenial to the tastes or habits of the worthy gentleman. It deals in police intelligence, and he is a diligent justice, the ornament of the quorum, and no two magistrates commit so many in the twelvemonth; or it abounds in anecdotes of the turf and of high life, and he runs his hunter, and has daughters of fashionable propensities; or it is full in all articles of City intelligence, and he was in business before his elder brother, the young squire, broke his neck in hunting. So the paper is adhered to in spite of its 'vagaries,' which grow more and more numerous, till it gets almost liberal; treats tithes (which he never *could* in his heart think Scriptural) with levity; would simplify the law; in short, he will forgive anything but a fling at the Corn Bill or the Game Laws; and even these, though they fail to influence his opinion, will not wring from him an order for any other

tion amongst journals would reduce the price of advertisements. The very reverse would probably be the effect. Advertisements are charged after their present rates, because the gains suffice to afford a fair and moderate profit, except perhaps in districts where rare local circumstances so exceedingly increase the numbers of shipping or trading notices, that the publication is lucrative beyond the average. Were the circulation reduced by competition, the advertisements would also be divided. An advertisement must be inserted in two or more newspapers to enjoy the circulation it now enjoys in one; so far then from a smaller charge being the consequence, a greater must be laid on to compensate the decrease in the profits upon the divided custom both in papers and advertisements. It might by possibility be otherwise for a short time. Newspapers, we repeat, might, and would start, but the end would be what it has always been of late—ruin to the adventurers, and injury to those who trust them. The proof lies in the facts we have already stated, that competition *has* done its utmost; the failures to which we allude afford the practical demonstration.

But it is no less curious that his Lordship's own evidence furnishes a confirmation of this argument. He states that the Attorney-General showed him a list of no fewer than one hundred and sixty of these unstamped cheap papers; most of these are no more. He considers that a great number of these wretched publications "were destroyed by the 'Penny Magazine' within a few weeks after its appearance." There is another portion of his Lordship's evidence which is so contradictory, that we hardly know what to make of it. It runs thus:—

"Have not those persons who have had the monopoly of the newspaper circulation, who have circulated their papers without stamps, all failed, while those who have circulated their papers with stamps have almost all succeeded?—I believe so; and I am happy to think that is the case. I found that of the great number I have referred to, in six months there were not more than a very few; but then I must say this in fairness, that where one goes down another rises up; for the thing which prevents such a newspaper going on is the Stamp-Office account, which is heavy, being a ready money account, and they are not able to meet it. So far as the carrying it on depends upon their own exertions they can get on, but the Stamp-Office exacts ready money most rigorously. They have no doubt a ready-money trade to meet that; but then they buy a greater number of stamps than they can sell; they may buy 500 stamps, and sell 250 papers, and that is a dead loss; therefore those persons are constantly starting new papers who have no stamps to burden them. I have seen a great number of these papers officially, as I have sometimes been asked whether they ought not to be proceeded against; and the first thing I look at is the number, whether it is number 50 or number 10,000; but they seldom come to 100; they are generally under 50: and hence it follows, as they are weekly publications, that they have not often lasted out the year.

"There is a disregard of property by these persons, who are in the nature of smugglers?—They are persons almost as reckless of their own interests as of the rights of others."

If this prove anything, it proves that the cheap unstamped papers carry in themselves from their very birth, and in their very constitution, the seeds of their own destruction. And such we believe to be the case.

paper." Where can the writer (an intellectual Liberal) have picked up his notions of the character of the modern country gentleman? He certainly cannot have derived it from any extended personal acquaintance with the class.

Two only have made any stand, "The Poor Man's Guardian," and "The Police Gazette," and these are scarcely heard of beyond the metropolis, where persons in almost any number may be found to vend them, wretched enough in their circumstances to defy the prosecution of the Stamp-Office.

Considered then *per se*, in themselves, and their consequences, we cannot admit that the case of the enormous evil laid against the taxes on knowledge is made out. We do not see that they press so heavily as to discourage the publication either of books or newspapers in greater abundance than the demand calls for. We do not perceive that, were they abolished, a worthier literature would succeed the present—we do not see that the morals of the people would be protected by a better, because a little cheaper course of instruction. But we must now entreat the reader to observe, that we intend also to argue this matter on the simple ground of comparison with other burdens, upon the subject to which the inevitable expenses of government, and the payment of the national debt, submits him. Now let us try this comparison by instances: we shall fix upon two especially which have formed the object of constant petitions, and never-ending discussions—the window-tax and the malt-tax. Light is an indispensable necessity, one that admits of no evasion; every man possessing a house above six pounds rent must pay the window-tax. Now which inflicts the greatest evil upon society at large, that the *few* should voluntarily pay a small impost upon the luxury of books (knowledge, if you please), an impost they can avoid, if their circumstances do not warrant the indulgence; or that the *many* should be compelled (however narrow their means) to pay for light? Continue the demonstration through the whole of the assessed taxes, and see how infinitely more vexatious the one is than the other. An assessor can inspect a man's house—he can (he does) employ spies in every village. Upon their information, often prompted by mere malice, and still more often erroneous, he summons the party to a distance of many miles, on a surcharge which proves to be vexatious, putting the man frequently to nearly as much expense as the surcharge would amount to. The assessor may (and sometimes does), should the Commissioners decide against him, submit a case to the Judges, and thus harasses further, and years after the decision by the local commissioners, the injured person. This is no exaggeration—hundreds, and thousands, and tens of thousands of surcharges, are annually made in the provinces, and the persons, compelled to travel ten or a dozen miles, lose a whole day, and undergo a brutal examination only to prove the assessor in the wrong. The aggregate of evil is immense. If, then, a relief be possible, from which source ought the relief to be drawn—from the tax on books, or from the assessed taxes? The nation with one voice, could it respond, would answer, from the assessed taxes.

When we carry our comparison to the malt-tax, we shall find scarcely less reason on the side of repealing that obnoxious duty, in preference to the tax on books and newspapers. First and foremost, we sincerely and honestly believe that the morals of the rural districts would be greatly amended, were the poor man not only enabled but induced, by a low price of malt, to brew his own beer, because such a suggestion implies to *drink his own beer at home*. This simple condition implies also, in a certain degree, segregation from the beer-shop and the ale-

house, from the loose companionship, and the thousand temptations such society presents and engenders. It implies attachment to his family, originated and associated by the enjoyment of their little luxuries together, and, consequently, the supervision over the habits of his children, from which the labourer is allured, by mere absence from his own fire-side, to say nothing of the subsequent force of example. These are objects of incalculable moral, political, national importance, and they would best promote that disposition to read and acquire information which, we shall soon see, forms one of Lord Brougham's strongest and most valid arguments for the suppression of the taxes on knowledge. If to keep the man from the beer-shop be the first stage on the way to the information which his Lordship justly deems so desirable to national instruction, national morality, and national peace, the most important means must be to remove in any degree the temptation which draws him from that home, and wastes that time which might be so much better employed. And when to these benefits is added the augmentation of agricultural employment and the abatement of agricultural distress, it affords another reason for giving precedence to the repeal of the malt-tax. There is yet another in the vexations which the visitations of the excise impose upon the trader: independently of the frauds invited by collection, and of other temptations to corruption, the mere honest exercise of the officer's duty is embarrassing in the extreme.

To all these reasons we may add a still stronger objection to both the assessed-taxes and the malt-tax, which is no less than the load of perjury they introduce. Were there no other ground, this intolerable addition to crime—this constant sapping of morals alone considered, we pronounce, without fear of contradiction, that these branches of revenue ought, on this account alone, to be first cut off whenever a reduction of establishments can be made, or whenever an increased revenue affords opportunity for relief of the burdens of the people.

To the strength of these reasons and proofs we shall add one more, drawn from the tax on soap, which, were we disposed to coin a phrase, *ad captandum*, we might well term "the tax on cleanliness and health."

Mr. Martin, in his "Taxation of the British Empire," thus treats the duty on this article of pure necessity:—

"Soap, though not an article of sustenance, is one of essential importance to the cleanliness\* and comfort of the people. The tax on it is enormous, namely 3*d.* per lb. on hard soap, and 1½*d.* on soft soap. Here also we have excessive and unequal taxation; excessive, because the cost of manufacturing a hundred weight of soap is but 12*s.* per cwt., while the duty is 28*s.* per cwt., and the vexatious regulations of excise cause an additional charge to the public of 16*s.* per cwt. Taxation raises the price of soap.

Cost of manufacturing 1 cwt. of soap	12
Tax laid on by Government on ditto	28
Charge produced by vexatious excise rules	16
	<hr/>
Wholesale price to the public, 6 <i>d.</i> per lb. or	per cwt. 56

\* Cleanliness of person has been said by many to be nearly allied to purity of mind; that is a point, however, which the financiers of this country have not much troubled themselves with, until Lord Althorp took the subject into consideration.

"Thus the soap which the poor man uses for his family costs him never less than 6d. per lb., when, if it were not for taxation, he could purchase a better article than he now procures for *five farthings* ! Nor is this all ; the most impoverished artisan pays as heavy a tax to the state on his pound of soap, as does the richest nobleman ; and if quality be taken into consideration, the poor man pays nearly *double* as much as the rich man ! ! A number of striking circumstances combine to prove the necessity of totally repealing the duty (1,186,000*l.*) on this article in Great Britain.

"1st. The enormous amount of the tax on an article of indispensable necessity, of home manufacture, and of unequal and heavy pressure on the poor, while the rich do not feel it.

"2nd. Because, 8,000,000 (in Ireland) out of 24,000,000 of the population are now exempt from it, and it is unjust that the English, Welsh, and Scotch should be subject to any tax from which the Irish are free.

"3rd. Because, by the harassing, inquisitorial rules, and capriciousness of the excise, all improvement in the manufacture is put a stop to, and the production of a superior article for foreign commerce prevented, to the great detriment of trade, and which nothing but a total repeal of the excise laws on the subject can alleviate.

"4th. Because the principal articles which enter into the manufacture of soap (tallow or oil, barilla) are previously subjected to taxation, and because soap itself is necessary to the efficient prosecution of several of the most important of our manufactures. The first allegation or reason for the repeal of the tax has been proved, namely, its oppressiveness on the poor. From the circumstance of one part of the empire being subject to the tax, and another part exempt, smuggling is carried on to a great extent, soap being exported to Ireland to obtain the drawback, and re-imported into England (a process sometimes repeated over and over again four or five times), while the manufacture being free from taxation in Ireland, large quantities are smuggled into England and Scotland. From this combined system of evasion, it is difficult to say what quantity of soap has actually been consumed in Great Britain of late years : calculating from the official returns of the quantity which has paid duty, we find the consumption per head to have been as follows :—

Hard Soap, made in Great Britain, per head.  
1811, 133 ounces ; 1821, 396 ounces ; 1831, 113 ounces.

"Thus, notwithstanding the great increase in our manufactures (in which soap is so extensively used) since 1811, the consumption has scarcely increased. The above calculation shows that the quantity of soap used by each person in Great Britain is scarcely more than two ounces per week ; it is, in fact, no greater than seven pounds a-year for each person, which is less than the quantity actually supplied to each pauper in a workhouse. Now, if we estimate the population of Great Britain at 16,537,398 mouths, and allow half-a-pound a-week for each person, and their clothes and dwelling (which is a very moderate computation), the consumption of soap would be 419,872,343 lbs. instead of 117,334,320 lbs. which is now rated to the Government tax-gatherer. If the latter-named quantity be all that is consumed, then the poor are kept in filth by the tax, and the trade is materially checked ; if the former-named quantity be in reality used, then the honest and conscientious merchant and dealer is defrauded by the violator of laws, which too many think is no offence to break."

Here, then, we find a commodity, which, besides its moral and financial evils, *inevitably* imposes upon the poorest man a sum equal to the

cost of a newspaper, were the stamp-duty removed, and with the use of which his comfort, his health, is indissolubly connected. Half the tax was, it is true, taken off in 1833. The total amount of the revenue derived from this impost was, and perhaps is, almost one-third less than would be lost by the repeal of the newspaper stamp!! We put it, then, to the common sense and common feeling of the empire at large, which ought to be first reduced? Is there a man alive who would not say the tax on soap?

A similar train of argument will hold with respect to other articles of necessity, tea, coffee, sugar, hops, &c., all of which *must* be purchased, *must* be consumed by the poor no less than the rich. Taking, then, the repeal of the taxes on knowledge to be a *question of comparison*, we maintain that all these ought to be reduced before those on the luxury, or even on the necessary, of knowledge—if it so pleases the reader to consider it—be abolished. With the latter it is possible to dispense, with the former it is not.

There is another obligation, which, though it is not absolute and peremptory, is yet worth some regard,—a respect to vested interests and property. Were we to take the petitioners for the repeal of the taxes on knowledge on their own ground, and concede that the price of books might be largely reduced, it would naturally follow, that whatever be the stock of books on hand (and it amounts to an immense sum) not protected by copyright, that value would be diminished to the owners exactly in the proportion of the reduction; for, of course, the price of such books must be commensurately reduced, or new editions would be printed, to be offered at the cheaper rate.

Nor will it, we think, be held quite consistent with the character of fair and honourable dealing, that the proprietors of the journals of the country should be damaged by the institution of a penny publication authorized by a powerful society merely on the grounds Lord Brougham proposes. Such a competition is not, indeed, much to be feared for the reasons we have given, but the possibility makes a *part* of the consideration.

While we fully coincide with the learned ex-Chancellor in the opinion, that everything ought to be done to suppress and supersede the atrocious libels, political and private, now in circulation as penny and twopenny publications, and to give the poor a better literature, we can but doubt the efficacy of the remedy proposed. The country was never so entirely, so completely split into parties as at present,—never were democratic doctrines (whether for good or for evil) so rife,—never was the fury of party, and especially amongst the lower classes, so excited,—never were these classes so utterly and absolutely released from those moral and personal respects which have hitherto bound society together. We think Lord Brougham errs in his estimate of popular feeling in one chief point. He does not give enough to the bad, the terrific passions which idleness and pauperism have engendered, and ever will. It is to these passions that the cheap publications minister; to them they are alike directed by those who wish to revolutionize or to republicanize England, or merely to draw a certain quantity of gain from their atrocious traffic, and it is such only that the village politician cares to read. In such a state of morbid feeling no

one can predict what would be the effect of taking off the restraint, even the slight restraint of the existing enhanced price of paper and print? We need not point out instances where violent abuse of persons has been the grand recommendation, or how much the general bitterness of spirit amongst the working classes has been increased by them. His Lordship himself says:—

“The worst libels do not appear in respectable newspapers. Those of the most malignant description and profligate character appear in the unstamped publications. I will venture to say any one of them contains more atrocious matter in any one number, than all the respectable daily papers of London contain in a year. Not content with slandering authorities from the king downwards; not content with slandering individuals in public stations, and with publishing personal slander as well as political, they contained blasphemy in very great abundance, obscenity in considerable store, every species of ribaldry, personal, political, and irreligious—those worthless men entering into a sort of profligate competition one with the other, bidding on the one hand under each other, and all of them under the respectable prints in point of price, and over one another in the malignity and ferocity of their writings. Where one charged public characters with all offences, another recommended their extirpation; where one maintained the lawfulness of rebellion, another maintained the propriety of assassination. Where one held forth the King and his ministers to the fury of the mob, another recommended a more sure and expeditious mode of dealing with these nuisances, (for they reckoned all Governments nuisances, and all governors as the executors of nuisances), suggesting the quicker and a more effectual mode of cutting them off in detail; while others, not content with single murder, showed how easily and safely that crime might be perpetrated which always involves the risk at least of wholesale murder, namely, arson. Now all these publications were unstamped; and they broke the law in another respect, for they were without the name of the printer. There is a defect in the Act which requires a printer's name to be printed under a penalty, for I believe it does not prevent the printer, or his servant, or newsman, from cutting off the name after it has been put on. Thus all these publications were absolutely untraceable, except those of one or two which appeared to invite prosecution for the sake of increasing their sale. The others were not only all unstamped, but were without the printer's name.”

If then, under the present discouragement, which seems to be merely and simply the advance of a certain amount of capital, these offences have been so frequently made in the cheap publications, what will be the spread and force of the incitements which now prompt the perpetrators to action when even that restriction shall be removed? Lord Brougham counts upon driving them from the market. Alas! he must first extirpate the passions and provocations to which they are addressed; and we own we can but believe, so far has the contagion reached and so deeply is it seated, that far more evil is to be apprehended from affording additional facilities for publication than by continuing the pressure. Which are the journals that now obtain the widest reception? The sporting, slang, thimble-rig, race-course, gambling, prize-fighting; police-reporting, slanderous, Tom and Jerry journals. And whence does this arise? From the corrupted taste of those to whom they are addressed. Why has not the “Penny Magazine” extirpated these diabolical promoters of crime and demoralization? Can his Lordship

conceive it probable that a journal containing the news of the day, sober political discussions, political events, the debates of their representatives in Parliament, and of the other house of Parliament, calmly and rationally related, would supersede these exciting papers, or prevent the introduction of many more upon the same plan? If he can anticipate such a result, past experience, which shows that the tax is no effectual impediment, must, we think, bring home conviction of the contrary to by far the larger portion of mankind. If not, what has so superabundantly increased these infamous publications of late years? Not the want of a better literature and at a cheap rate, for the supply has been equally superabundant. What then, but that assimilation, that elective attraction, that elementary nourishment, as it were, which will, under more favourable circumstances, call them into ephemeral life, if it be only to procreate the fresh offspring of their evil race, and to die. They themselves may perish, but they will leave their effluvia behind them to corrupt humanity. If, then, we hesitate, or positively refuse to join the cry against the "Taxes on Knowledge," we do it on distinct, and, we hope, clearly-stated reasons.

First, we do not think these duties in themselves, and in their real bearing, onerous; because they are, relatively to the cost of the production of the commodity, and of books especially, small in degree, and voluntarily incurred.

Secondly. When estimated comparatively with other taxes on articles of the first necessity involuntarily to be encountered, and inevitable alike to poor and rich, they are infinitely less important.

And lastly. There is little to be relied upon in the supposition, taking experience for our guide, that a better, because a cheaper, literature would prevail, or that the morals of the people would be protected or amended by removing the embarrassments which the stamps and paper duties interpose.

In this, as in other matters, we would be considered to favour the freest possible exercise of industry and talent in the general, but we would express at parting, what we have stated all along,—*that the repeal of these taxes is a matter of comparative benefit*; and we can but feel satisfied that other articles claim precedence in relief, and ought to have it, before these, in our judgment, very slight burdens upon public advancement or private interests, counterbalanced as they are, too, by considerations and contingencies affecting the principles of trade, the property of individuals, and the morals of the community.



## THE LADIES AND THE PARLIAMENT.

(NOTES OF A REJECTED REPORT.)

*Question ; the Admission of Ladies into the House of Gentlemen.*

MR. G——Y B——Y.

Sir, I rise under feelings which fathers, and brothers,  
 Sons, lovers, and cousins, and uncles, and others ;  
 The Benedict loving—the bachelor lonely,  
 Will treat with no scoffing, but sympathy only.  
 I move that the ladies—the source of our joys,  
 Promoters of harmony—(*Uproar and noise*)—  
 I move, Sir, that these, man's enchanters and wizards,  
 Who, daily extracting laced footmen from lizards,  
 May haply convert our debates into wit,  
 (*Oh ! Oh ! and loud cheers*)—we among us admit !  
 I move the provision of seats for the Fair.  
 (*The motion, when seconded, put from the Chair.*)

LORD J——R——I.

He fear'd it might lead to impressions, that great  
 Alterations were made in the frame-work of State ;  
 The country, he thought, would be apt to surmise  
 That ladies had taken the House by surprise,  
 And also their seats in it—though he could quote  
 The Reform Act to show they had no right to vote.  
 The ladies besides—he would here take his stand—  
 Were chiefly Conservative all through the land.  
 Much influence, doubtless, belong'd to bright eyes,  
 And many dark mischiefs were sure to arise.

MR. H——E.

Unaccustom'd to speaking, he begg'd leave to say,  
 That women were excellent things in their way ;—  
 Some, rather expensive—some, just the reverse—  
 He meant, where their husbands had charge of the purse.  
 He wish'd, ere the motion was carried or lost,  
 To know what the new female benches would cost.  
 The House might cry "*Oh !*" but the other word, "*pay,*"  
 Was just as important at this time of day !  
 In making the seats, if a "*deal*" could be saved,  
 The country would see they were *not* quite depraved.  
 He thought it but right that the ladies should bear  
 The expense ;—well, they couldn't object to a share.  
 It were well could the House at an estimate peep ;  
 Though he held women dear, yet he liked their seats cheap.

SIR A——W A——W.

With pain he had listen'd to this proposition ;  
 He dreaded, should deeply deplore, the admission ;  
 He felt that the morals of ladies—(*Hear, hear*)—  
 Would be blighted yet more in that masculine sphere.

Already their minds were familiar with sin ;  
If tainted when out, how corrupt when within !  
The *churches* were open ; and as for the fair—  
He wish'd he could meet a few more of them *there*.

MR. R—K.

He rose to relieve the last speaker's distress  
About ladies' loose morals ; the cause was, the Press.  
The press was the witch—from his soul he abhorr'd her—  
That poisoned society—(*Noise and disorder*).  
The press was a demon, with fiends in collusion ;  
Now *he* had a press—(*Laughter, " Oh ! " and confusion*)—  
If Canada—(*Groaning*)—'twas one of his cares  
That ladies should know our colonial affairs ;  
When *they* were admitted, he'd certainly show  
That Canada—(*Question !*)—the press was his foe ;  
He intended to move an address to the Crown—  
For Canada—(*Question !—the speaker sat do' n*).

MR. P—T—N.

He rose, with no wish to prolong the debate,  
But just to remark that he'd nothing to state ;  
To prove his assertion, he pour'd out a show'r  
Of nothings, that occupied more than an hour.

MR. O'C—LL.

Sir, loving the sex, and beloved, I have lent  
To this motion a welcome and cordial assent ;  
Though it seems, when we know what the orator's trade is,  
A project for " boring the ears " of the ladies.  
I ask but for this, in no tone disaffected,  
That Catholic females be never rejected.  
Dear women of Erin—oh ! much to be pitied  
Are they who can't hear me—they *must* be admitted.  
Oh ! their smiles !—and their eyes, that out-glitter the gem—  
And their hearts that throb wildly, as mine does for them !  
Concede but this point, and I give, with devotion,  
The powers of my poor feeble mind to the motion.

SIR R—T I—S.

He could not concede ; and he thought the Dissenter,  
Though pious, should not be permitted to enter.  
The ladies once in, they might creep on too far,  
Were the portals of Parliament thus left ajar.  
Whole hosts of white hands, in a month or two after,  
Might knock at the two Universities—(*Laughter*).

MR. T. D—E.

Not one *single* Member had cause for dissent ;  
The married ones might—yet he could not relent.  
" I am off to the *House* ; I *must* be at my post,"  
Was the green-room or club-lounger's evening boast ;  
But how when his wife, now as meek as a mouse,  
Should steal down—(*Alarm on all sides of the House*).

MR. E. L. B—R.

Sir, with joy I concede all the motion can ask !  
If solemn our functions, if trying our task,

Still woman-ward more should our sympathies flow,  
 And learn how to feel—which will teach us to know.  
 The greenest oak-wreath that Philosophy weaves  
 Were dreary, without a few flow'rs in its leaves.  
 We paint Fame as woman; what exquisite tone  
 Could tell of great triumph, sweet truth, but her own!  
 Receive then the ladies, those haters of wrong,  
 Whose lips make our language but laughter and song;  
 Those soothers of trouble and quellers of strife,  
 Mortality's May-queens, the lustres of life;  
 Who flirt with a grief as they would with a fan,  
 And smile away all the vain vapours of man;  
 Whose fondness, or favour, to sages delectable,  
 Makes the mere "exquisite" almost respectable;  
 Who, in our sickness, are abler than Halford;  
 In counsel, more earnest and subtle than Talfourd;  
 Whose faces make home so bewitching—who pout  
 More bewitchingly still when we rise to go out;  
 Who *will*, until three in the morning, sit up for us—  
 Tea ready made—when they pour out a cup for us;  
 Angels, who only dwell here among things  
 Such as mortals, by virtue of not having wings!—  
 This motion is merely a movement of love,  
 To open the door of the ark—to the dove.  
 Its patience shall calm us, its faithfulness guide,  
 Its meekness read lessons to rancour and pride;  
 Its beauty shall light the dark orbs of the blind,  
 The tame shall be kindled, the vulgar refined.

(*"Divide," and great cheering;—the plan, on division,  
 Adopted, midst mingled delight and derision.*)

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### MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

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**Lenity of the Law—"Comparisons are Odious"—Tender Mercies.**

required to declaim. One word may be admitted upon it, it only for its novelty. It has reference to a topic which we adverted to last month—the unfeeling factory-system. Who does not remember Charles Lamb's exquisite homily upon the "Homes of the Poor," which first appeared in these, our honoured pages, some dozen years ago? How he paints the children of those homeless homes! He describes them as haggling, and bartering. Their discourse, says he, is not of toys, or childish pastimes or pleasures, but of the price of coals and potatoes! The little workers in the factories, however, are worse off even than this. They can have no time for talk. Such forlorn speculations can only come to them in the night-time in their dreams. Out before day-break, and home after dark, for the greater part of the year, what opportunity have they to "babble o' green fields," even if their hearts would let them? Surely when the law, "amended" as it is, admits of such a cruel tasking of their tender limbs, any violation of that law tending to harass their bodies, and crush their infant spirits yet further, is a crime scarcely to be exceeded. How is such an offence dealt with?

We learn from a provincial paper (the *Leeds Times*) that two individuals were recently convicted of offences against the Factory Act. The one had worked two children under ten years of age more than nine hours in the day; the other had paid the children committed to his superintendence for eleven hours' work only, when he was regularly employing them twelve. It might be difficult to apportion the exact amount of punishment which offences of so shameless and profligate a nature as this would seem to merit. One might fairly expect the judgment to be as heavy as the law would allow, more especially as the parties had been "brought up before" on the same charge! To the indignation, if not to the surprise, of all who may read the account, it appears that the sub-inspector of factories who introduced the case, assured the magistrates that he "did not mean to press for penalties," he only sought a conviction. The wrongers of the most innocent, and helpless, and hard-fated of all living creatures in the land—the tyrants and plunderers of these wretched and industrious children, were consequently fined *one shilling* each, and discharged! Is not such a decree sufficient to inflame the minds of a whole district—of a whole population? What must be the labourer's thoughts?—what the natural promptings of his feeling, as the newspaper brings him tidings of such a sacrifice of justice to a respect for the "respectability" of wealth? such a contempt for the rights, and such an insult to the feelings, of the poor! There are refined readers, perhaps, who will think this sadly "sentimental," and style it cant and commonplace; with others, who are not superior to such vulgar things as human sympathy and a sense of justice, we shall be amply borne out, and have our emotions understood. It is out of individual wrongs that great rights come. A single expression of scorn, a solitary act of injustice, may work the most sudden and wonderful change in the sentiments of an entire people. It is for wealth to remember, above all things, by what it is created, and by what a fine and fragile thread it holds its tenure and existence.

"COMPARISONS ARE ODISIOUS."—Of all Members of the present Parliament, he of Bath is perhaps the one to whom we least desire to be likened. With this assurance, we are in no danger of being suspected of a desire to undertake a crusade against the press. There are some points on which we should probably not feel complimented in being mistaken for Lord Brougham. No one will suspect us, therefore, of a chivalric ardour on behalf of one to whom the "art of self-defence" is as "familiar as his garter." But respect for the press and for the peer, also, induces us to notice a perversion of the powers of the one at the expense of the other. We copy the following from a Conservative evening paper:—"Yesterday, at Union Hall police-office, James Hagan, a man bearing a very strong resemblance in features to Lord Brougham, was brought before Mr. Traill, charged with being drunk and incapable of taking care of himself." Great men pay great prices for their distinction. They cannot take up a paper without a feeling of personal interest. They cannot kill time without being mortally wounded. How they must envy the man who knows that there is nothing about himself even in the double sheet which is brought to him at breakfast! It must be annoying enough to those who occupy a foremost station in the land, and whose self-esteem is not too large to preclude all sense of the ridiculous, to see their personal movements recorded as great events, and their private opinions put forth before they have formed them. But such an allusion as the above is a gratuitous aggravation of the annoyance. It betrays a spirit of pandering, not to the frivolous curiosity, but to the vulgar malignity, of readers. The reporter possibly thought he should please by adapting his impressions of the face of the drunkard to the politics of the journal he was to supply. To a

paper of opposite sentiments he doubtless communicated his convictions that the same features bore a strong resemblance to those of a distinguished Conservative. But these despicable tricks should be looked to; they injure the character of the press in the estimation of discriminative and impartial persons; and for its own sake, if for nothing more, it should be cautious, at this particular juncture, when the question of the stamp-duty is under consideration.

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**TENDER MERCIES.**—That species of heart is not uncommon which Hood has described in one of his whimsical couplets:—

“ Indeed, to take our haberdashers’ hints,  
You might have written over it ‘ From Flints.’ ”

Every parish supplies its portraiture of the great world; every police-office exhibits on its small stage the workings of the grand system of social misrule. The overseer of a parish in the city—(we ought to have taken note of his name), had the decency, the other day, to recommend a poor woman to *sell the body of her child to the surgeons*, when she had applied to him for the means of burying it. Mr. Laing, of Hatton-garden, a few days afterwards, evinced precisely the same kind of sympathy for bereavement, the same sense of, natural affection. A girl, about eighteen years old, was brought before him, charged with attracting persons to Clerkenwell-churchyard, by her melancholy moaning cries *over the grave of her father*. The constable found her kneeling on the grave, and crying, “ Oh, my poor father!” He took her to the station-house, “ where her grief did not cease the whole of the night.” No, even the miserable cell, and its squalid drunken inhabitants, failed to console her. This is wonderful. To the magistrate she said—“ I am very sorry if I have done wrong; I was only crying over my poor father’s grave.” Mr. Laing replied—“ It is a most improper mode of giving expression to your grief, and I should recommend you to avoid it in future.” He was humane enough, however, to discharge her, with the further warning, “ Do not come here again under similar circumstances.” This was the extent of his compassion for the wretched creature as she left the office, weeping bitterly. Not one word that could betray the smallest sensation of pity beyond these. The scene would work up effectively in a romance. Mr. Bulwer would extract a lesson from it that would outlive a hundred Laings.

In a case of theft, a week or two ago, the same magistrate, who is worth watching, asked a witness how long she was absent from the room in which she left the prisoner. The answer was, “ About a minute; I do not think he had time to steal the spoon.” The magistrate rejoined, “ Don’t you be *throwing impediments* in the way—the thing is clear enough; there was ample opportunity for him to take it.” Impediments are unpleasant things to magistrates, but they will often occur in the course of inquiries into truth. They have led to many a cold dinner, or the loss of the first act of the comedy. Witnesses should be more considerate, and endeavour to hasten the conviction of prisoners.

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## CRITICAL NOTICES.

**A Discourse of Natural Theology. By Henry Lord Brougham.**

Great and deservedly popular as the work of Dr. Paley upon Natural Theology is, it must be considered rather as a single province of the sublime subject upon which it treats, than as either embodying all the existing evidence of a First Cause, or exhibiting the whole argumentative chain, by which the world of moral and physical existence around us is connected with its unseen Creator. As a collection of important facts, it is undoubtedly of the highest value, and while English literature exists, it will continue to be widely read, and as widely admired, as well for the graceful ease of its style, and popular method of illustration, as for the skilful arrangement of its parts, and the closeness and efficiency of its arguments, so far as argument is attempted. But a wider field of discussion has long remained unexamined, and a vast body of evidence still unproduced for the establishment of what Paley has justly termed the "immense conclusion," that there is plainly and incontrovertibly manifested, wherever we turn our attention, the agency of an all-wise and presiding God. It was left for a mind of greater powers of generalization, and of a more metaphysical tendency, to bring the Protean and subtle evidence of mental and moral phenomena, to bear in some degree upon the same great question. Such is the design of Lord Brougham in the last production of his singular and versatile powers; but this design he has unfortunately rather sketched out than pursued to the length which its importance deserves, a circumstance which we are the more inclined to regret, as the merit of his introductory essay is quite sufficient to show that the talents and judgment of the author could not have been turned to better account, if he had presented the result of his investigations in the form of a more extended and separate work, rather than as an introduction to the labours of another, since his essay, in its present state, from the magnitude and variety of the topics for reflection which it embraces, bears some resemblance to the gigantic propylæa built before the ancient Egyptian temples, which not unfrequently exhibit a mass of building more imposing than the shrine itself to which they were intended to lead. Lord Brougham's first object, to use his own words, has been, to establish the proposition "that natural theology is strictly a branch of inductive philosophy, formed and supported upon the same kind of reasoning upon which the physical and psychological sciences are founded." In order to establish the point, he first institutes a comparison between the means by which we arrive at the knowledge of any general fact of adaptation in the material world, and shows, by a clear process of reasoning, that our evidence of a General Designer must accompany us in our progress, step by step, and continue to grow upon us in proportion to the advances we are making in the prior investigation. The various truths elicited from intellectual and moral philosophy are next subjected to the same test, and proved to issue in a similar result. During the course of his observations upon this most important but hitherto singularly neglected subject, the author takes the opportunity of bringing several powerful objections against what is usually termed the argument *à priori*, that is, the inference of the existence of a deity from the perpetual duration of the abstract ideas of time and space, erroneously considered as necessary qualities of some co-existent Being. In this division of his discourse, he also speculates upon the distinctness of the soul from the material world, from the activity with which its functions continue to be performed under different conditions of the body; from the identity which it preserves, while the external form connected with it is undergoing a perpetual process of change and re-arrangement: and lastly, from the established indestructibility of matter itself. Two more chapters, the one on Final Causes, and

the other on Synthesis and Analysis, complete the first, and by far the most important part of the treatise. What follows, has been written in relation to those branches of the subject which have been more frequently touched upon by other writers, and which are in themselves of a more popular character, under the respective heads of, first, the pleasures peculiar to the study, as well as their identity with those derived from natural science; and, secondly, the connexion between natural and revealed religion; a point at which Lord Brougham's work, as it begins to encroach upon the province of Bishop Butler, is necessarily concise. A body of notes, replete with erudition, in which, among other subjects, Mr. Hume's sceptical notions concerning cause and effect, and the doctrine of Providence, as well as the *Système de la Nature* of the French Atheists is satisfactorily disposed of, is appended.

It will easily be seen from this hasty analysis, that the variety and interests of the questions embraced would, as we have observed, have well justified a more elaborate and independent work, but perhaps we ought to be too well satisfied with the portion of good obtained to murmur at what has probably been unavoidably withheld; and, considering the numerous claims upon the time and attention of the author, it cannot but be regarded as a matter of some surprise that he has lately been enabled to bestow any leisure upon pursuits so much at variance with the feverish contention of rival parties, or the monotonous duties of office. One result, and that not the least important, with respect to himself, has at least been obtained. The author of the "Discourse on Natural Theology" will, from henceforth, take his place among those who have devoted the use of powers superior to those of the generality of mankind to the defence of the best of causes. It is true that revealed religion is not made the most prominent part of his work, but this the very character of his subject in some measure precludes. The direct tendency of his arguments is, however, to support that far superior knowledge without which all the truths, magnificent and stupendous as they are, which the great volume of Nature reveals, would still leave the soul in doubt as to its individual destinies, and afford no voice of direct promise to console the heart, bowed amidst the full blaze of purity and perfection around it, under a sense of its own unworthiness, with the assurances of pardon and acceptance. To descend from the design of the work to its execution, the chief merit which it displays appears to consist in strength of argument, and the great power the author possesses in deducing general and important truths from premises which at first sight would scarcely seem adapted to supply them. The style he has adopted is, for the most part, too barely and strictly logical to please the majority of readers into whose hands his treatise will fall. Lord Brougham more frequently enters the arena as a sturdy athlete than as a plumed and heralded champion, and must consequently expect to attract somewhat less general attention. That he has produced a great work few will be disposed to deny, and one which will place his name upon the same roll with Bacon and Clarendon, as an instance of first-rate talent, unimpaired by the uncongenial influence of the atmosphere of a court of equity; that he may long continue to employ his powers upon objects so well worthy of them, instead of gaining an invidious celebrity by vehemence of invective, and keenness of sarcasm, is a wish which we believe we only possess in common with three-fourths of his admirers in the kingdom. Such labours are surely the principal objects for which the faculties of man were originally imparted; and such must form his most enduring monument, when the realities on which we have only speculated while here have totally effaced all feelings of personal ambition, the enmities, as well as the triumphs which the field of political contention, as well as that of almost every individual effort at distinction, displays.

Observations on the Climate, Soil, and Productions of British Guiana.  
By John Hancock, M.D.

*Nil intentatum nostri liquere.* Of all the regions of the habitable globe we never expected to see Guiana recommended as a place for emigration. It was always considered as one of those stigmatized spots which, like Java and Sierra Leone, became the early grave of all that entered it. It was therefore the prison of condemned criminals, and the successive factions that ruled in France *deported* their political opponents to it, as to a death as certain as the guillotine. We have here, however, John Hancock, M.D., recommending it in all the glowing colours with which Sir Gregor Mac Gregor clothed the musquito shore. We do not however compare the doctor to the cacique; there is somewhat more of intelligence and truth in his statement, though we cannot say much for the language in which it is clothed, or the *lucidus ordo* in which it is written. It is but fair to state, however, that he gives a probable reason for the former unhealthy character of the country. The Dutch, its first colonists, with that inveterate attachment to habit which distinguishes them, established themselves on the swampy mouths of rivers, with a sole view to commercial convenience, and intersected the dryer ground with canals, as they did at Batavia. Even in Amsterdam, the stagnant water, which in winter is frozen over, becomes in summer a very offensive putrid surface, and dangerous to health, as we ourselves have experienced; but in the burning climate of Batavia and Guiana, the pestiferous effluvia was more mortal than the simoom of the desert. The high and more interior part of the country, and where this absurd practice is not resorted to, is now found to be as salubrious as it is beautiful and fertile; and the doctor gives a fair specimen of it in himself, who resided twenty-four years in the country, with unimpaired health. We can only add that "one swallow makes no summer;" but those who are interested in the subject had better read the book and judge for themselves.

The Knight and the Enchantress; with other Poems. By Lady Emmeline Wortley.

Poems by the late Right Hon. William Spencer.

Songs by R. Gilfillan. Second Edition.

Songs and Poems by Charles Mackay.

Harold de Buron; a Poem. By Henry Austen Driver.

Modern Antiquity; and other Poems. By the late Rev. C. Colton.

We have lately, from unavoidable circumstances, fallen so much into arrears with our poetical notices, that we are compelled to collect under one general head several works, which their merits might well entitle to separate reviews. In all, there is talent of a respectable order, and in two or three, indications of genius which may one day raise their authors to a conspicuous station in the literature of the age. Lady Wortley's poem has much feminine grace and elegance; but the metre she has chosen is not very well adapted for subjects of any length, and her versification at times discovers the marks of hurried or careless composition.—The Poems of the Honourable William Spencer are the literary remains of a man highly esteemed by the circle in which he moved for his amiable qualities, as well as for talents far above mediocrity. The publication of his poems is the fittest monument his friends could raise to his memory, and will long continue to excite an interest from the gentle feeling and lively sensibility which will render it a favourite extensively among those who have had no knowledge of the deceased but from the writings he has left behind him. The biographical sketch which opens the volume is, after making every allowance for the warmth of personal feeling, written too much in the spirit of unqualified eulogy.—Of Mr. Gilfillan we have before spoken,



and spoken favourably. We are happy to welcome a new edition of his "Songs," with considerable additions, and to express our wish that it may be as successful as the first has proved, in earning him the reputation for which he has laboured, and which he will probably not be long in obtaining. His songs possess all the spirit and freshness of a Scottish breeze, breathing from wooded glens and mountains of heather.—From the "Poems" of Mr. Mackay, printed unconnectedly, we had before formed a very favourable opinion of his genius; that opinion is fully confirmed by the appearance of a volume in which his fugitive poems are collected, which, although of unequal merit, are well entitled, from the ease of the versification and the refined tone of sentiment which pervades them, to ensure a commendatory imprimatur from the college of critics in general. Of "Harold de Burun" we cannot speak so highly as we could wish, simply because we think the author has chosen a subject which would scarcely allow any powers to display themselves favourably. A long poem upon the moral character of Lord Byron, and that too calculated to convey upon the whole a false idea of the man, is rather out of time and place at the present period. That dazzling and astonishing genius, by going gratuitously and wantonly out of his way to inflict a wound as deep as was compatible with his power, upon the best interests and noblest hopes of mankind, has rendered himself liable to the sternest award of censure from a posterity to which he has declared himself openly an enemy by the attestation of his own hand, and must not be represented as a hero driven in desperation upon profligacy and impiety by undeserved and causeless persecution.—To the "Poems" of the late Rev. C. Colton a melancholy interest attaches, as well from their intrinsic beauties as from the peculiar circumstances under which many of them were written. They possess all the originality of thought—all the boldness and force of expression—for which Mr. Colton's "Lacon" is remarkable, and indeed bear a close resemblance to the aphorisms of that celebrated work, possessing all its keenness of epigrammatic point and richness in just and appropriate similes. The name of their author will be a sufficient passport to popularity.

Algiers, with Notices of the neighbouring State of Barbary. By  
Perceval Barton Lord. 2 vols.

This book we have heard was got out as a sort of anticipation of the work which it is well known the poet Campbell intends to publish on this interesting country. We do not know whether this be true or not, but *this* we do know, that the volumes before us have not been hastily compiled; on the contrary, the best authorities have been consulted, and a mass of valuable information collected and arranged with much skill and patience. Since Algiers has been occupied by our French neighbours, the northern coast of Africa has acquired additional interest in our eyes. We look, though in times of peace, suspiciously at any advantage acquired by our brothers of France; and consequently Mr. Lord's book will be considered of much value, by many at the present time. His avowed desire is to indicate the "working of that great problem in legislative science which is to *convert (query?)* a barbarian race into a civilized people—transform a nest of pirates into a seat of commerce—confine wandering hordes to fixed habitations—substitute agriculture for pasture—and probably the religion of the Bible for that of the Koran! These changes would be indeed miraculous, but no less desirable on that account. The most important things to be considered are, as he justly observes, the "character of the conquerors and the character of the conquered." We *ought* to know something of the former, and the French must be most vilely calumniated, or they are not at all improved in honourable feeling, or their knowledge of the rights of either peace or war. In his development of the latter, Mr. Lord has devoted separate chapters to the different

racers who inhabit the coasts of Barbary. His sketch of the history of Algiers is too brief, but as far as it goes, it is very interesting, and his concluding chapter, describing the nature and extent of French power in Algiers, is replete with valuable information—an information chiefly derived from French writers on the subject. We should be glad to know if Mr. Lord has lately visited the country? we rather think not. His never having been there would not impeach the power, or the justice with which he might reason on the facts *communicated to him*; but no person can see as clearly through another man's eyes, as with his own. Nevertheless the book, as we said before, particularly *now*, is one of much value, and furnished with many anecdotes that render it highly entertaining, even to those who do not care what power rules in Algiers.

### The History of the Assassins.

As this volume has been amply reviewed by the weekly publications, and excited, as it must, a considerable degree of interest, we will not give it the extended notice we intended to do on its announcement. The translator has dedicated it to the Royal Asiatic Society, who cannot but be pleased to see anything of M. Von Hammer's in circulation amongst us. The introduction is particularly interesting. The exhibition of the doctrines of Islamism, the account (to us) of the half-visionary founder, and the springing up of the Assassins from one of its many descendants, and divided sects, are subjects of reality as well as romance, which lead the reader on to the next book, where the sect is established into an Order under the direction and sway of its first grand master, Hassan Iabab.

Like all others, it has its rise, its progress, its triumph, its decay; but there is a terror in its name, a fearful wildness in its acts, that seize and hold captive the imagination to the end. Every one is more or less interested with oriental literature, and those who cannot peruse the original have reason to thank Mr. Wood for his translation. There is a fearful *errata* at the commencement of the volume which is not very creditable to the printer.

### A Twelvemonth's Residence in the West Indies during the Transition of Slavery to Apprenticeship. By B. R. Madden, M.D. 2 vols.

There is as much amusement, and information also, in these two volumes as could have been spun into three had the ordinary book-making system been followed; but Doctor Madden has done well and wisely in concentrating, and thus making every page tell something that we *like*, or something that we *ought*, to know. Doctor Madden went out as one of the stipendiary magistrates, and consequently had great opportunities of observing the effects produced by the transition from slavery to apprenticeship amongst the negroes. His opinion most decidedly is that *immediate emancipation* would produce better results than the present system of apprenticeship; he does not appear so averse to apprenticeship if it were, or were likely to be, carried into effect fully, fairly, and in its genuine spirit; but he assigns various reasons why this has not been, and cannot (under existing circumstances) be the case. He desires that total abolition and payment of compensation money should be simultaneous. It is not easy to glean from these volumes *facts* whereon those who are interested in the question can only form their own opinion, for people cannot be expected to relinquish or exchange property upon the opinion of others; but to the generality of readers the "Residence" is no less interesting on this account. The sketches of living manners are vivid and picturesque: the original negro letters inimitable. The specimens of negro oratory quite *unique*; indeed, we know of nothing more original than Mathews' cunning speech, commencing—

"Well, Massa, since the day me born, me always live like a good neger, and a perfect Christian on Salisbury plain."

The scenes are replete with amusement, and, one only subject of regret is that Dr. Madden did not reside longer in the West Indies; had he done so, his opinions would have been more valuable; yet, as it is, we cheerfully recommend the volumes to the public attention they so richly deserve.

### The Rural Muse. Poems. By John Clare.

Mr. Clare's muse, at all times chaste and elegant, and frequently reaching a pathos and feeling uncommon enough in these days of superficial writing, has contributed some of his happiest productions to grace the present volume. The reader will also be pleased to observe a far superior finish, and a much greater command over the resources of language and metre in the later compositions of this truly pastoral writer, who, presented at first to the public notice by the genuine spirit of poetry displayed in his less experienced days, has gone on constantly improving, and enlarging his claim to popular approbation. The poem which opens his last work, an "Address to the Rural Muse," will be found a very favourable illustration of what we have observed. It is a fine specimen of manly feeling, and of that quiet inspiration, which, without any ostentatious attempt at display, speaks directly and powerfully to the heart. "Summer Images" is another beautiful poem, and affords a pleasing example to show from what common materials a superior composition may be produced under the touch of a skilful hand. The pieces which follow are of various degrees of merit, but almost all of a character likely to add to Mr. Clare's fame. We would particularly specify "The Eternity of Nature," Stanzas "On seeing a Skull on Cowper Green," "The Autumn Robin," and "The Skylark." Of the sonnets we are not inclined to think so highly. It is given but to few names in literature to overcome the difficulties attending the most common, and at the same time most wayward and perplexing kind of composition. The simply pathetic and pleasing,—all the more gentle emotions, whether joyful or melancholy,—which the contemplation of Nature in her most familiar garb is qualified to inspire, fall legitimately within the province of Mr. Clare's singularly felicitous power of song. As long as he keeps to these, there is no fear of his being accounted otherwise than as a poet who must be a general favourite with all in whom a love of his art is inherent; to his name, we may add, the volume he has just published will add no trifling increase of reputation.

### How to observe Geology. By H. T. De la Beche.

"How to observe Geology" is the first of an intended series of works, the principal object of which is to point out to the lovers of science generally, the manner in which they may make the best use of the opportunities they may enjoy of observing the face of nature. How much has been lost to the world from the want of a judicious use of eyesight on the part of those who have possessed both the time and the desire needful for the investigation of physical truths, it is impossible to determine; and perhaps it is as well for us that we have not, as an appendix to the History of Remarkable Discoveries, an account of the innumerable instances in which truths which might have been productive of the greatest blessings to mankind, have been from age to age suffered to pass unnoticed by those to whose observation they have been closely presented, for want of a little plain sense to detect and improve them. In no science has this deficiency been more extensively shown than in the study of geology, as all acquainted with the wild and fantastic theories of the first writers upon the subject will readily acknowledge. It is therefore only fair that it should be the first to receive satisfaction at the hands of modern philosophers, by an explanation of what its real character is, and what it demands of those who have the wish to inquire into the knowledge it has to reveal, with

advantage to themselves and others. M. De la Beche, in the work before us, has given ample directions on all points connected with the structure of the earth, which have been and are likely to be the subjects of investigation, such as the general temperature of the earth, the changes produced on its surface by causes still in operation, the strike and dip of strata, the character of fossiliferous and non-fossiliferous rocks, and concludes with the application of geology to the practical purposes of mining and agriculture, and the construction of roads and canals. There is no doubt that readers of every description may be materially benefited by his volume: yet, for the sake of the unscientific, we are inclined to wish that, as well as containing general rules for observation, it had also given a detail of some of the most curious truths which the discoveries of geologists have established beyond controversy, with a view of the most rational theories which attempt to account for them. To omit this is to make every observer a theorist on his own account, and it is just as well to know what the speculations of men of superior means of observation to ourselves have been upon any given subject. We could also have wished that the orytological peculiarities of the fossiliferous rocks had been a little more plainly pointed out; we are convinced, from personal observation, that this is by far the most popular branch of the subject with those who are but beginning to direct their attention towards it; and for the sake of British readers at least, it would have been as well to have given directions by which mere collectors of fossils might be enabled to refer the strata in which they occur to their proper places in the general arrangement. M. De la Beche's remarks are rather too general in their character; or perhaps he is a little too much inclined to undervalue the evidence of organic remains. But these remarks are rather intended to point out what we could wish to have been added to the work, than to express a feeling of disapprobation of what has actually been done. We wish M. De la Beche's book all the success it deserves, and all the influence in promoting and directing a general spirit of scientific observation, which the sound judgment and extensive acquaintance with geology it discovers, would fully justify us in prognosticating.

Tales of the Peerage and the Peasantry. Edited by Lady Dacre. 3 vols.

The first of the tales contained in these agreeable volumes is called "Winifred, Countess of Nithsdale;" and we cannot avoid, at the outset of our notice, questioning the judgment of the noble editor in introducing any version of a story which is so well known, and so perfect in itself, that nothing can be added to or taken from it without injury. In a work of fiction, it is necessary to create interest as to the probable termination of the plot; but the end of this story is known by its name. There are few of the daughters of England unacquainted with the trials of this most glorious woman. The scenes and situations in its pages render it a credit to our literature; but those scenes and situations could have been introduced with greater effect had the incident been unknown. "The Hampshire Cottage" is a tale of extraordinary interest and pathos—the *beau idéal* of unostentatious heroism, and the sublimity of female virtue. The picture of the girl growing gradually blind, knowing that her bereavement would render her quite unfit to be the wife of a hard-working cottager, rendering back to the object of her only and early attachment every claim to be his wife,—that picture, so simple, so holy, would be worthy of an illustration from the pencil of a Raffaele, and is one of the most touching delineations of modern fiction. "Blanche" is a well-conceived, well-written tale, very naturally and admirably wrought out; but not so interesting as "The Hampshire Cottage"—simply because we are surrounded with instances of fine ladies, who marry for love, and talk of love in a cottage; but who find "love in small lodgings" a very different sort of thing from what

they imagined. "Blanche," however, concludes happily. The young wife, after experiencing some difficulties, and yielding to a little discontent, "listens," as husbands say, "to reason," and becomes a reasonable, and of course a happy, woman. We cannot pay a higher compliment to these volumes than by saying that they are worthy the author of "Ellen Wareham."

### The Archæology of Popular Phrases and Nursery Rhymes.

As an attempt to prove that the English language was at one time identical with the Low Saxon—a language which still remains to a great extent unimpaired in that most pertinacious of all Teutonic dialects, the Dutch—the above work displays considerable industry of research, and no ordinary acumen; but, like most other theorists, the author pursues his philological proposition into regions which the most indulgent of his readers will hardly consider very remote from the farthest verge of extravagance to which it is possible to penetrate, and has thrown away no inconsiderable portion of his time in attempting to demonstrate what is unsusceptible of demonstration, and what, even if proved to be as clear as the light of day, would still remain incapable of being turned to a single beneficial result. Of what use is it to search into the origin of the language of people with whose history we are absolutely in ignorance? or what intrinsic value can there possibly be in words without any relation to the things of which they are but the symbols?

As to the "Archæology of Nursery Rhymes," it is an absurdity almost beyond criticism to suppose that the mere jingling words put together for the amusement of those to whom it has always been considered, whether justly or not, allowable to talk nonsense, are the vehicles of bitter political satire against lawyers, tyrannical oppressors, and over-reaching churchmen. But that the reader may be better able to judge for himself, we subjoin one or two extracts, taken at random from the "Nursery Archæology:"—

"Jack Sprat  
Could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean;  
And so, betwixt them both,  
They licked the platter clean.

"Jackes Praet  
Goed hiet nauw vat,  
'Es huif goed hiet nauw leen;  
End so, betwisten bod,  
T heilicht de platteer kleyn."

"In the doctrine of the priest, it is righteous to exact the last farthing of your claims upon another; in that of the lawyer, it is righteous to hold fast by what you have, while you take the highest interest for it upon the most abundant security; and both of them twist about the law of God to their own purposes with such sleight and plausibility, that the shorn crown (tonsure) is mistaken by the vulgar for the stamp of the holy saint, instead of the worldly-minded rogue."

"Little Bopeep has lost his sheep,  
And cannot tell where to find them;  
Let him alone, they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind 'em.

"Littel Boopiep ese lost is siujpe,  
End kanne nood t'el wéer te vand em;  
Lette him al hone! 'I kom, hoe'em!  
End beringh! teer t' heels behend em."

"Little Bopeep! his food and his delight are drink! It is this love of the cup which has invited him again to go out on a fresh visit. Keep to yourselves all reproaches upon this head! The whole of you come and do him honour, and form a circle round him: provision has been procured, and has been offered to the whole of us."

Surely this is the very Midsummer madness of etymology; or, to say the least of it, turning ingenuity and learning to a lamentably unsatisfactory purpose.

*Plantagenet.* 3 vols.

*Plantagenet*! what a magnificent sound! Alas! ah us! we live in degenerate days, or nothing with such a name could make its appearance in less than seven volumes. "*Plantagenet*!" it is indeed a good name, and ushers a clever book into the world. A clever book, yet free from all the assumption of cleverness which is so closely allied to pertness. A dignity of feeling and expression,—a well-bred knowledge of the world,—an affection for the highest order of literature,—a fondness for sketching rather than delineating, are the principal characteristics of these three,—we had almost written *noble* volumes.

We do not know who it is has sent forth this proud, wandering story, containing the struggles of a younger brother of an ancient house, who cherishes his aristocratic feelings, and undergoes many vicissitudes arising from the law of primogeniture; but whoever he be, with a little care, he could do much more. "*Plantagenet*" is decidedly one of the best of its "order" that has come under our inspection, and is evidently the production of no common mind; it is not a fashionable, but an aristocratic book, with all the perfections and some of the faults of its parentage, and is worthy of more careful reading than is at all necessary to bestow on the ephemeral productions of the season.

*Sketches of Bermuda.* By Suzette Harriet Loyd.

These simple and pleasant sketches of

"The lovely summer isles"

are right cheerful reading, and we know not a more delightful thing than to get hold of such book by the side of a stream, or under the shadow of a spreading tree, and comfort ourselves during the sultry hours (which lately have proved too much for our philosophy) with the knowledge that there are countries where musquitos are more troublesome than gnats, and centipedes more annoying than earwigs.

Miss Loyd recounts what she sees in a pleasant and lady-like manner; there is no straining after effect, no ostentatious desire of display. All she writes has the bearing of truth; and though she is rarely if ever eloquent in her descriptions, she carries you on by her nature and unaffected good sense to the end of her volume, which is moreover embellished by a map of the Bermudas and several engravings made from the lady's own drawings.

We would recommend the book most cordially to the library of all our fair friends, where we are sure it will, when known, be valued as it deserves.

*Thaumaturgia; or Illustrations of the Marvellous.*

There is a great deal of reading, and a sufficiency of acuteness in the work published under the above title, which is devoted to illustrations of some of the most common superstitions and marvels; the author, however, has apparently aimed at comprising too much within the limits of his volumes, which, in consequence, bears rather the appearance of a collection of scattered notes than of a regularly arranged treatise on the subject. The intelligent reader will, however, be able to gain considerable amusement under the various heads of Oracles, Astrology, Alchemy, Animal Magnetism, &c. &c. &c.; although a mere outline of these various means of delusion is all that can be reasonably expected from a book which the history of any one of them would be more than sufficient to fill. The author of "*Thaumaturgia*" unquestionably possesses the qualities of extensive research and judicious collocation; and until some greater work appears

on the same topics which he has elucidated, will go far to fill a place in literature hitherto comparatively unoccupied.

### Songs of England and Scotland. Vol. I.

The perusal of this collection of ancient ballads is like walking in a garden laid out in the olden style, in which quaintness of ornament and singularity of arrangement at times heighten the natural beauties of shrub and flower, by a not unpleasing contrast. A clever dissertation on the ancient English ballad introduces us to some of the choicest pieces of Ben Jonson, Raleigh, Beaumont and Fletcher, Herrick, Carew, Shirley, Waller, Suckling, Lovelace, and Sedley, with many other compositions, which, although anonymous, have long been reckoned among the choicest specimens of that truly English style of lyrical composition, the manly vigour and richness of imagination in which have never been equalled by modern imitators. Upon a book, of which the contents have been known and commented upon almost for centuries, we have of course no new remarks to offer. We can only say that we are glad to see so many old favourites in company, and that so many beautiful compositions, printed either in a scattered or voluminous form, are now brought into the compass of a portable volume. We should have been better satisfied, however, if the editor, in the room of some of the common-place specimens of more modern minstrelsy, had made still larger selections from the age of Elizabeth, and her immediate successors. The selection would assuredly have lost nothing by the exchange.

### Winter Leaves.

In the pages which compose this little volume, there appear to be many indications of talent, and the promise of a strength which time and circumstance may hereafter bring to maturity. We think the best poem in the book is that entitled "Imagination." The smaller lyrics are not so good; indeed some of them hardly approach mediocrity; yet many a poet destined to after celebrity has begun by writing indifferently. "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*" is a maxim which holds good in literature as well as in moral and political philosophy. That the authors of "Winter Leaves" have upon the whole merit enough to encourage them some day to take the second steps, we have little doubt in affirming. The work is appropriately dedicated to Professor Wilson.

### A Critical and Fac-Simile Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary.

The science of orthöepy, in accordance with the genius of this age of rapid improvement, has lately been making considerable strides. We had a short time ago to notice a new dictionary of the English language, of great merit. Another, presenting nearly equal claims to public patronage, is appearing in monthly parts, from the pen of Mr. James Knowles. It is of course impossible within our confined limits to criticise a work of this kind in detail; we can only remark that his definitions appear for the most part exceedingly correct, and his system of marking the sound and accentuation of words and syllables a decided improvement upon the plans of Walker and Sheridan. We have little doubt of this dictionary becoming extensively popular. The introduction, although somewhat elaborate, contains many judicious remarks on pronunciation, the results of the long experience and careful observation of the author.

## LITERARY REPORT.

Mr. Bulwer's novel of "The Disowned" has been selected for the August and September Volumes of "Colburn's Modern Novellists." Like its celebrated predecessors, the present cheap edition is beautifully embellished by the Findens, and elegantly bound in morocco cloth. It is revised by the author, who has added a most interesting essay on the different kinds of prose fiction, with remarks on the writings of Scott, Miss Edgeworth, the Miss Porters, Miss Austen, Victor Hugo, Captain Marryat, Mr. Ward, Mrs. Gore, Goethe, Godwin, Horace Walpole, Fielding, Smollett, Le Sage. Our distinguished novelist then takes a review of his own contributions to this most amusing department of literature, and thus concludes:—"If I were asked which of my writings pleased me the most in its moral—served the best to inspire the younger reader with a generous emotion and a guiding principle—the one best calculated to fit us for the world, by raising us above its trials, and the one by which I would most desire my own heart and my own faith to be judged—I would answer, 'The Disowned.'

"These remarks have ended in much egotism—I confess it; but, for my own part, I think that the world likes to learn from what theories, right or wrong, an author, however obscure, has composed his works. It induces us to trace his delusions, or to examine how he who has been criticised by others plays the critic on himself. If, by accident, he is right, we can profit by his hints—if wrong, perhaps still more by his errors."

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.—Sir Jonah Barrington's national work, "History of Ireland and the Union," is now completed, in two 4to vols., including no fewer than forty engraved portraits of almost all the individuals distinguished in the affairs of Ireland during the last forty years. Among those portraits, which are remarkable for their spirit and fidelity, are, the Duke of Leinster, Marquess Cornwallis, Earls of Clare, Charlemont, Ross, Granard, and Moira; Lords Castlereagh, Kilwarden, Hutchinson, De Blaquiere, and Edward Fitzgerald; the Bishops of Waterford and Down; the Right Hon. John Philpot Curran, Plunkett, Hussey Burgh, and Grattan; Mr. Secretary Cooke, Mr. Patrick Duignan, Major-General Matthew, Colonel Vereker, Sir John Macartney, Sir Jonah Barrington; Messrs. Flood, Francis Hardy, Gold, Egan, Richard Dawson, Charles Kendal Bushe, Arthur O'Connor, Robert Emmett, and James Napper Tandy. With all these expensive embellishments, the present new edition is accessible to the public at less than half its former price.

MR. BURKE'S HISTORY OF THE BRITISH LANDED GENTRY.—Ten Parts of the Work have already appeared, comprising particulars of nearly 30,000 eminent families or individuals connected with them; and a Part will be regularly published every quarter, till completed. This original and important work has been undertaken by Mr. Burke as a sequel to his

well known and established "Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom," and upon a somewhat similar plan; in order that, when completed, the two publications may embrace the whole body of the British Peerage, Baronetage, and Gentry, and may furnish such a mass of authentic and available information in regard to all the principal Families in the Kingdom, as has never before been brought together for general reference and utility. The novelty and the serviceable purposes of the present undertaking combine to invest it with no common claims to public attention. The highly influential and extensive class to whom it refers, have hitherto had no work of reference exhibiting an entire and authentic account of their respective families, although it is obvious how large a share of interest attaches to such an object, both for the parties themselves, and for all connected with them, by the ties either of alliance, friendship, neighbourhood, patronage, or political constituency. That so desirable a digest should not before have been executed, has been doubtless owing to the extreme labour and research demanded for the purpose; but this obstacle has now been overcome by efforts and arrangements of long continuance, aided by communications from the most authentic sources. The British Landed Gentry have now, therefore, a work to which they can refer with pride and satisfaction, as being, in the most peculiar sense, their own. The records of their honours and achievements,—the copious details of their bright and long-derived lineage,—the incidental particulars of their connections and collateral alliances,—and the curious anecdotes and traditions concerning their families, which have been at infinite pains and immense cost assembled in this work, will, it is confidently presumed, render it highly acceptable to every member of that distinguished class for whose use, benefit, and credit, it has been published.

The new and cheaper edition of Mr. Leigh Hunt's Miscellany for the Fields and the Fire-side—"The Indicator and the Companion," is on the eve of completion. It is not generally known that Mr. Hunt has named his work "The Indicator" after a little bird so called, otherwise the moroc, bee-cuckoo, or honey-bird. It is a native of Africa, and indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found.

Just ready for publication, new and cheaper edition, in two thick 8vo. vols., price only 16s., with numerous official documents, now first published, and a new Introduction, "Literary and Historical Memoirs of Modern Greece: with details of the Decline of Sculpture, Architecture, Painting, and the Drama; a Comprehensive View of Romaic Literature; an Account of the Greek Church; and Notices of the Constitutions and Political Events of Moldavia, Wallachia, and the Ionian Islands." By James Emerson Tennent, Esq., M.P.

A History of British India, from the termination of the War with the Mahrattas in 1805



to the renewal of the Company's Charter in 1838, by Edward Thornton, Esq., is preparing for publication.

My Note-Book; Sketches on the Continent, by John Macgregor, Esq., Author of "British America," &c., is in progress at press.

The French Academy has at last completed its Dictionary of the French Language, the last edition of which appeared so far back as 1762.

It is in contemplation to publish, in the course of the present month, a Portrait of the celebrated Chinese Missionary, the Rev. Chas. Gutzlaff, to be engraved by Lane, from the picture that has been exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Arithmetical Tables for the Use of Schools according to the English Imperial Standard, with their corresponding Value in French Weights and Measures.

Observations on the Economy of Heat and Fuel, and the Application of Gas in heating Buildings and Apartments. And to Economical, Practical, and Domestic purposes by a Practical Chemist.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Indicator and Companion, by Leigh Hunt. New edition, with Portrait. 2 vols. 16s.

The Disowned; vol. I. (to be completed in two vols.), being the 8th number of the cheap and embellished edition of "Colburn's Modern Novelists." Price 5s. each volume.

Mephistophiles in England; or, the Confessions of a Prime Minister. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

Mudie's British Naturalist. 2 vols. 12s.

Historical Sketch of the Art of Sculpture in Wood, by R. F. Williams. 8vo.

Character of Lord Bacon, his Life and Works, by T. Martin. 6s.

Woman as she is, and as she should be? 2 vols. 31s.

The Young Queen; a Tale. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

The History of Brighton, with the latest Improvements to 1833, by John Bruce. 4s.

Rural Muse; Poems, by John Clare. 7s.

Liber Ecclesiasticus; or, a Statement of the Revenues of the Established Church from the Report of the Commissioners. 8vo. 16s.

Lectures on some of the Articles of Faith, by the Rev. R. C. Dillon. 12mo. 5s.

History and Antiquities of all the Courts of Law, by H. Aldridge. 5s.

Stanly; a Tale of the 15th Century. 3 vols. 27s.

Outre-Mer; or, a Pilgrimage to the Old World, by an American. 2 vols. 18s.

Hakewell on Elizabethan Architecture. 8vo. 7s.

An Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha, by William Beckford, Esq. 10s. 6d.

The Life and Times of William III, by the Hon. A. Trevor. Vol. I. 12s.

Conversations on Arithmetic, by Mrs. G. R. Porter. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Ure's Philosophy of Manufactures. 10s.

The Empress, a Novel, by G. Bennett. 2 vols. 21s.

Sketches of Bermuda, by S. H. Lloyd. 10s. 6d.

A Twelvemonth's Residence in the West Indies, by R. R. Madden, M.D. 2 vols.

## FINE ARTS.

### Finden's Illustrations of the Bible. Part 17.

This beautiful and interesting series of Landscape Illustrations of the Scriptures continues to merit and receive public patronage. It is especially valuable to those who desire to become acquainted with the peculiarities of places, the names of which have been long familiar to them—scenes hallowed by the footsteps of the Saviour, and the Prophets and chosen kings who heralded His advent. But as landscapes only, they deserve very high commendation. The subjects are worthy the pencils of the distinguished painters whose names stand upon the title-page; and they have been engraved in such a manner as to add to the high reputation of Messrs. Finden. We should be glad to pay as warm a compliment to the letter-press that accompanies the prints. It is, unfortunately, dull and heavy; and although it may give us "descriptions of the Plates," something more was, we think, desirable in a work so perfect in all other respects. It is easy enough to glean from histories and accounts of travellers a page or two of matter; but that matter might have been rendered important as well as agreeable if it had been worked up by an abler and more graceful pen.

Little Red Riding-Hood. Painted by Edwin Landseer, R.A.; engraved by John H. Robinson.

The very beautiful picture of which we have now before us an admirable copy cannot be forgotten by those who visited the Exhibition of the Royal

Academy two or three years ago. It is one of Mr. Landseer's happiest efforts—a delicious portrait of a lovely little girl. If the peasant-child has somewhat of an aristocratic air, it is but just enough to distinguish her as one of Nature's better endowed contributions to the volume of the world. She may be, and we believe is, the daughter of a Duke; but the woods and fields now and then show us such as the noblest peer in England might be proud to own. This sweet picture has been copied by Mr. Robinson—an artist who holds the foremost rank as a British engraver, and who, indeed, with another, Mr. Doo, to whom we shall presently refer, principally maintain in Great Britain the high character of the art. It is not easy to compliment Mr. Robinson as he deserves. We have no means of "extracting" a specimen of his work, and must content ourselves with recommending the productions of his burin to the widest patronage they can receive.

*The Fair Forester.* Painted by Henry Wyatt; engraved by George T. Doo.

We have already made reference to the talents of Mr. Doo; our readers need scarcely be informed that they are of the highest order. His prints after Lawrence and Newton have obtained large circulation, and have made his name well known among all who appreciate art, both in England and on the Continent. The subject he has now sent forth is not, perhaps, so fortunate as some that he has heretofore copied; but it forms a very fine and beautiful print, and will be welcomed by all who love nature, and admire the better productions of art. This publication, as well as that which bears the name of Mr. Robinson, have been issued by Mr. Moon.

*Time and Tide wait for no Man.* Painted by Buss; engraved by Henry Rolls.

This is, we believe, the first publication of a new establishment—that of Mr. Edmund Graves, of King William-street; and although we hope hereafter to find him placing before us for notice works of a higher and better class, we may safely congratulate him on a good commencement. This print represents an artist sketching by the sea-shore, and so absorbed by the contemplation of nature in her most sublime aspect, as to remain unconscious of the incoming of the "tide," that waits for no man, and completely deaf to the friendly warning of a fisherman, who halloos to him from the beach. The print is full of humour and character, and has been very creditably engraved by Mr. H. Rolls.

## THE DRAMA.

### DRURY LANE.

THIS Theatre, after closing its most irregular season with the "matchless performances of the unrivalled Malibran," re-opened a few nights since with a most unusual entertainment, to wit, a legitimate one, such as the original patent of the theatre was given to promote—the performance of an original and most beautiful English play, and of a good old English farce. This was for the benefit of Mr. Samuel Russell, who is best known to those who know the theatre best, as it existed a dozen or twenty years ago, when the gallant and never-to-be-forgotten Major Sturgeon, in the person of the excellent comedian, Dowton, recounted to the father of the once gentle Miss Molly Jollop, the marching of his corps from Brentford to Ealing, and from Ealing to Acton, and the citizens of the pit were not at all ashamed of the exploits of that great civic soldier!

Mr. Sheridan Knowles made his first appearance on this occasion since his return from America. He was received with loud shouts of enthusiastic cheering, which his few brief and cordially-impressive words at the close when the audience again brought him forward, repaid with interest. He spoke, too, of "our brothers and sisters on the other side of the broad Atlantic," and the responsive cheers of acknowledgment rose and fell, and rose again. It was a scene which, after the fashion of all Mr. Knowles's scenes, did the heart good. The *Hunchback* was the play of the night, and Mr. Knowles performed Master Walter with his usual animation, reality, and freshness. We should add to this, that there was a more equal and unflinching sustainment in the performance, than we recollect to have observed before in the acting of this great dramatist.

A young lady from the minor theatres, Miss Macarthy, played the celebrated character of Julia with great effect. (She ought to receive an engagement immediately, we think, from one of the larger houses. Why not, meanwhile, from the Haymarket, where a serious actress is occasionally much wanted?) She has great natural sensibility, and a command of most real pathos. With many personal disadvantages against her, all are forgotten in the truth of these characteristics. Her vice is a tendency to the violent stage method, which has been cherished in a wretched school. In passages of vehemence she wants dignity and effect, and is apt to degenerate into common-place. But in the deep abandonment of suffering and pathos, we question whether she will be found to have any equal at present on the stage. In fact, we are sure she has not.

#### HAYMARKET.

We recommend a visit to this theatre to all who have a liking for the old comedy. It is the only place where we can get a glimpse even of its skirts, and generally, we may add, more is to be seen. Holcroft's *Deserted Daughter*, for instance, *The School for Scandal*, *The Way to Keep Him*, *The Rivals*, *The Hypocrite*, *The Road to Ruin*, *The Clandestine Marriage*, are among the many excellent comedies which have not been unworthily represented. Mr. Farren's powers are well known, and may always be relied on. Mr. Strickland is a highly meritorious performer. Mr. Buckstone has infinite comicality and real quaintness (though we would rather not see him in Sir Benjamin Backbite); and Mr. Webster is diligent, various, and amusing. Some others should be in justice named; and a serious acquisition has been made in the person of Mr. Warde. Miss Taylor is deservedly a favourite, and Mrs. Glover is still inimitable.

At the performance of *The Rivals* her Majesty the Queen was present, and the comedy went off admirably. We never recollect the wit to have relished better; every point told. We should have liked to have seen Mr. Farren less abrupt in his cordiality, and more genial in his irritability; but the nice derangement of Mrs. Malaprop's epitaphs made up for all.

*The Maid of Croissey*, translated from the French by Mrs. Charles Gore, is a very neatly and prettily-constructed piece, full of very pleasing interest, and well performed in all its parts. Austerlitz, a serjeant of the old guard of Napoleon, is drawn to the life in this little piece, and has a faithful representative in Mr. Webster. It should be seen for the excellence of this alone.

## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting, a paper was read, entitled, "A Narrative of a Voyage from Singapore to the Western Coast of Borneo, in the year 1834, by George Earl, Esq." This voyage was undertaken, we are informed, with a view to open the trade with the Chinese colonies, on the island of Borneo. Mr. Earl then proceeds to state:—"The Dutch have two small settlements on the coast; one at Sambas, in lat.  $1^{\circ} 25' N.$ ; the other at Pontiana, lat.  $0^{\circ} 2' S.$  being about ninety miles apart. The country between these two settlements is very rich in gold and diamond mines; and has been for many years in the possession of a strong colony of Chinese, who have kept themselves independent, notwithstanding many attempts of the Dutch to get possession of their mines. The Dutch, however, being masters at sea, prohibit the Chinese from carrying on any trade on the coast, except at Sambas and Pontiana, making them pay heavy duties for everything imported or exported. But the object of Mr. Earl's voyage was to open a direct trade with Sinkawan, the principal seaport town of the Chinese. His cargo consisted chiefly of opium, tea, and piece goods; and he was provided with two interpreters, one who understood the Tartar dialect spoken there, the other to interpret it to him in Malay. He left Singapore on the 1st of March. On the 12th made land to the westward of Point Batirblat, in lat.  $0^{\circ} 45' N.$  The next day cast anchor, and, in the long boat, entered a creek on the island, that brought them into a river, which they learned was called Songy Ryah. Having ascertained that the river leading to Sinkawan was seven miles farther to the northward, he weighed, and proceeded thither; and on his arrival met with two prows, which proved to be Dutch cruisers. The commander of these vessels tried all he could to induce Mr. Earl not to go up the river, but did not use any force, although it was, perhaps, his duty to have done so; and he had sixty men under him, while Mr. Earl had only twelve. Seeing Mr. Earl determined to proceed, he said he would accompany him, and took a seat in Mr. Earl's boat. They soon reached the town of Sinkawan. Mr. Earl went to the court-house, where the Chinese magistrate resided; stated to him his mission; and requested to know whether he would trade with him. While the authorities were considering what reply to make, our author inspected the town. Sinkawan is a long narrow street of thatched, wooden houses; the front room of most of them being a shop for the sale of provisions, &c. There are several houses for smoking opium, which in some respects strongly reminded him of our public-houses. The court-house is detached from the town, and is surrounded with a low turf wall, near the gate of which some long jin-gals are planted. On re-entering the court-house, Mr. Earl was informed by the authorities, that they could not, on their own responsibility, let him trade with the town; but if he would wait a few days, they would send for instructions from the Chinese governor, who lived at Montrado, about thirty-five miles in the interior. Mr. Earl, however, decided upon proceeding to Sambas, which he reached in a few days. The entrance of Sambas river is in lat.  $1^{\circ} 25' N.$ ; and is about a mile broad at the mouth: it continues navigable for ships of considerable burden for 200 miles, and probably for more. He was informed that it was navigable for canoes till within two days' walk of Borneo Paper; but, he says, the Malays are not always to be credited. The town of Sambas is situated on a small river, which joins the main branch, about fourteen miles from the mouth. The Dutch have been in possession of this fort about eight years; before that time it was a complete nest of pirates. The government establishment consists of a resident, a surgeon, two officers, and about forty soldiers, half of whom are Europeans. Mr. Earl, the day after his arrival, called upon

the rajah of Sambas, or, as he is called by his own people, the sultan. He is the farmer of the opium, which is consumed in the district, no other person being allowed to sell it. Indeed, it is almost his only revenue; for, although the gold mines are within his territory, they are in the hands of the Chinese, who greatly exceed the Malays in number. A few years ago, the Chinese had completely the upper hand, which induced the rajah to invite the Dutch to settle there, and take him under their protection. But it has turned out much the same to him; for, although he is nominally the head of the government, he can do nothing without the resident's permission. The houses of the town are miserable wood buildings; most of them are built on floats, moored to large posts in the river. The rajah's dwelling is of the same material as the others, but larger. Mr. Earl found him seated on a mat, with a number of his pangerans, or petty rajahs, around him. He appeared to be about fifty, but being an inveterate opium-smoker, might look much older than he really was. He was very inquisitive about the English. Mr. Earl left him without coming to any terms as to the trading, it being the rajah's custom to sleep over every affair of importance. Opium-smoking seems to be the prevailing vice here; many of the Malays, it was evident, had their constitutions broken down by it, but it does not seem to have the same effect on the Chinese, although they equally indulge in it. Borneo is famous for ourang outangs. Mr. Earl went in search of one which had been seen near the town, but was unsuccessful in the pursuit. The natives say that many of these animals are seven feet high, but that it is almost impossible to take an old one. The surgeon at the fort had a young one, about eight months old, which was nearly as helpless as an infant; and, when lying on the ground at a few yards' distance, could not be distinguished from a negro child. Monkeys are exceedingly numerous. These, with badgers and pigs, were the only wild animals seen; and domestic ones are very scarce. Sheep and horses are unknown; indeed, they would be useless, as there are no pastures for the one, or roads for the other. Rice is the principal food of the natives; but for this they are dependent on Java. They support themselves chiefly by collecting gold dust. They are decidedly a maritime people, and were formerly the carriers of this part of the east. The Dyaks are the aboriginal inhabitants, and are a totally distinct race from the Malays, who look upon them with great contempt. These tribes are very expert with the blow-pipe, through which they blow small arrows, and which, in time of war, are poisoned. The Dyaks of the north have retained all their old customs—one is particularly barbarous. Before a young man can marry he must present his wife with the head of a man cut off with his own hand! On the north-west coast of Borneo there is another people, the Lanuns, who are a kind of sea-gipsy, living entirely on the water in prows of from thirty to forty tons burden. In the south-west monsoons they spread themselves over the sea in small fleets, for the purposes of piracy. They attack any vessel or prow they think they can master, taking care that the odds are greatly in their favour, and never less than ten to one. At Sambas, the chief revenue of the Dutch arises from a monopoly of salt, which they import from the island of Madura. Gold dust and diamonds are the only exports. After a great deal of trouble, Mr. Earl at last got permission from the resident to dispose of the remainder of his cargo at Sinkawan, for which place he sailed on the 15th of April, and arrived there on the 18th.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting, a paper "On the present State and Appearance of the Island of Ascension," by Mrs. C. Power, was read. The communication is dated Ascension, lat.  $9^{\circ}55'$ ; long.  $14^{\circ}26'$ , November 1834. Our fair writer commences by characterising the island as a spot as interesting in reality as it is unpromising in exterior appearance. She made the island on the

7th of November, the day week on which the vessel had crossed the line. The dark black cliffs of the island did not strike her as particularly barren on the first view, as they are boldly formed and precipitous; and a little imagination might lead one to suppose them covered with verdure. As the vessel progressed, however, along the north to the western side, where the roadstead is situated, the dreariness of the island became manifest; dark, low rocks, called *climbers*, which reach from the shore to sometimes a mile inland, border the shore, and are the remains of the calcined rocks after the active volcano has been extinguished; and have, on a nearer inspection, the appearance of cinder, or refuse of a bad burning coal: occasionally these climbers are interrupted by masses of sand, on which the turtles deposit their eggs. Further inland opens on the view, the most curious mass of conical hills, of a reddish brick-dust colour, tossed about in every direction, and backed by a beautifully-formed mountain, called the Green Mountain, which is covered with grass, and forms a remarkable contrast to the arid burnt appearance which on every side is presented to the view. The fort, which has been lately erected, and indeed is not yet completed, is from the plan of Captain Brandreth, of the Engineers, but executed under the direction of Captain Bate, of the Royal Marines, who commands. The island is peopled only by marines, and one or two civilians, connected with the stores. The privates are selected for craftsmen, and work at their respective trades; and all the buildings and works on the island have been performed by them, under the superintendence of their officers, who are obliged themselves to become masters of the several employments of stone-hewers, masons, carpenters, &c. There is no inn or lodging on the island; but the party experienced great kindness from Captain Bate, by being received into his cottage. Nothing can exceed the agreeable sensation of the early morning air of the island; it is so invigorating, so refreshing, that the writer says she never experienced anything like it; and can hardly fancy it possible to be ill on it. Indeed sickness among the inhabitants of the island is rarely known; and in the grave-yard, which has been formed about four years, there has been but one or two interred belonging to the establishment on the island, and they were of worn-out constitutions before they arrived; and the medical man states, that it is surprising with what rapidity the men belonging to the African squadron recover when they take up their abode on the spot; often are they so reduced by fever as to be obliged to be carried on shore to the hospital, and in a fortnight are able to walk as well, and as far, as any man in the island. The only drawback to this is that common in all hot climates—the flies and mosquitoes. A most wonderful improvement has taken place since Captain Sabine was on the island—then water was scarce, but is now most abundant. After describing the means employed for obtaining the supply of water, and some of the natural productions of the place, the writer goes on to state, that she and her party ascended the highest peak in the island, which is 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and situated nearly in the centre of the island. Above fifty volcanoes can be counted; some very perfect circular basins. What a scene must the island have presented when they were all active! The verdure is very fine in some parts; and the sheep and cattle were feeding luxuriantly. There are a few Cape sheep on the island; but the principal supply of mutton is goat mutton—rather dry and tasteless. The Guinea-fowl overrun the island; they are quite wild, and so numerous, that they are obliged to be shot in great numbers to keep them under; and so prolific, that the hen has been frequently found with from thirty to forty eggs in her nest, and as many as sixty have been met with. Of the turtles, it is observed, that no males have been ever seen; the young ones, after they have been hatched about four or five months, are about the size of one's hand: they crawl away, and are never seen again until they are 400 lbs. weight. They are generally from 400 to 800 lbs. weight: the meat is sold

at twopence a lb.; but a whole turtle would cost about 50s. Among the articles of food, the eggs of the *Wide-awake* furnishes an abundant source; 10,000 dozen are taken in one week during the season: they resemble plover's eggs; but though a small bird, the egg is the size of that of the common fowl. The indigenous birds are nine in number. One of them, viz. the *Man-of-war* bird, feeds on fish; but cannot take its food; it therefore watches the *booby* returning with a fish, pounces upon it, and carries off the fish. The inhabitants on the island are about 400 in number.

## VARIETIES.

**London Shipping.**—It has been computed that the total amount of property, shipped and unshipped in the port of London in one year, amounts to nearly 70,000,000*l.*; and there are employed in the exports and imports about 4000 ships, and not less than 15,000 cargoes annually enter the port. On an average there are 2000 ships in the river and docks, together with 3000 barges, and other small craft employed in lading and unlading them. There are also about 2300 wherries and small boats for passengers; in navigating the wherries and craft 8000 watermen gain a livelihood by it, and 4000 labourers are employed in lading and unlading the ships, besides the crews of the several vessels; and 1200 revenue officers are constantly doing duty in the port of London.

**Corn Averages.**—From the earliest average accounts extant, and which are to be found in the audit books of Eton College, commencing in 1646, the lowest prices of wheat were in 1742-3, when the average did not exceed 22*s.* 1*d.* per quarter. In 1654, 1688, and 1706 it did not exceed 23*s.* 1*d.* The earliest high range of price was in the present century, wheat, in 1800, attaining the average of 110*s.* 5*d.*; in 1801, 115*s.* 11*d.*; in 1812, 122*s.* 8*d.*; and in the succeeding year 106*s.* 6*d.*, declining, however, in 1814, to 72*s.* 1*d.*, until, in 1822, it did not exceed 13*s.* 3*d.* The present average is about 39*s.* 6*d.*

**Lead and Lead Ore.**—The total quantity of lead and lead ore imported into the United Kingdom in 1833, was 2398 tons; and in 1834, 2122 tons. The quantity of British lead and lead ore exported in 1833 was 11,145 tons; and of foreign, 863 tons. In 1834 it was, of British lead, 10,411 tons; and of foreign 867 tons.

**Copper and Tin.**—The total quantity of copper imported into the United Kingdom, in 1834, was 159,304 cwts. The British copper exported, amounted to 177,731 cwts. The copper smelted in this country from foreign ore and exported, to 23,714 cwts.; and the foreign copper exported, to 12,790 cwts. Of tin the quantity imported in 1834, was 46,769 cwts. The British tin exported, amounted to 9,351 cwts.; and the foreign to 46,684 cwts.

**Sale of Beer Licenses.**—An account of the number of licenses granted under the Sale of Beer Act during the years 1833 and 1834:—

	1833.	1834.
Licenses granted to retailers of beer, cider, and perry . . . . .	31,976	21,975
Retailers of cider and perry only . . . . .	653	1,054
Retailers of beer, ale, or porter, to be drunk on the premises . . . . .	—	13,654
Retailers of beer, ale, or porter, not to be drunk on the premises . . . . .	—	1,752

**Tonnage of Vessels.**—The following is from a return made to the House of Commons of the ships and tonnage that have entered inwards, and cleared outwards, in the years ending 5th January, 1834 and 1835:—Entered inwards in 1834, from British colonies and possessions, 4582 ships of

981,375 tonnage; from foreign countries, 6407 ships of 1,018,555 tonnage. In 1835, from British colonies and possessions, 4920 ships of 1,015,885 tonnage; from foreign countries, 6758 ships of 1,092,607 tonnage. Cleared outwards in 1834, to British colonies and possessions, 4352 ships of 765,519 tonnage; and to foreign countries, 5192 ships of 878,373 tonnage. In 1835, to British colonies and possessions, 4392 ships of 761,220 tonnage; and to foreign countries, 5342 ships of 879,054 tonnage.

*Post-office.*—In answer to the return moved for by Mr. Wallace, of the amount of poundage charged by post-masters upon Post-office money-orders, stating the purposes to which applied, &c., is, that the money-order office is a private establishment, and the business carried on by private capital, under the sanction of the Postmaster-General; but as no accounts connected in any degree with it are kept at the Post-office, no returns can be made. To the return for the amount paid to contractors for furnishing mail-coaches, &c. is the following:—The expense for furnishing mail-coaches is paid not from the Post-office revenue, but by the contractors for horsing them, at rates varying from 2*d.* to 3*d.* per double mile. The Post-office has not the means of furnishing the amount paid. The average number of mail-coaches in use in England and Scotland may have been about 250 per annum in each of the last ten years. In Ireland about 74. The contract for furnishing mail-coaches in Great Britain is between the Postmaster-General and John Vidler, for fourteen years, from January, 1822. The nature of the contract is, that the contractor shall build and furnish a sufficient number of coaches, and keep them in complete repair; it was not made by open tender, but with reference to the price at which stage-coaches were supplied by other builders. The contract in Ireland is between the Postmaster-General and P. Bourne and Peter Purcell for five years, from 28th May, 1833, and was made upon competition by tender. In addition to the mileage above-mentioned, the contractor in Great Britain has been paid from the revenue the following sums during the last ten years, for cleaning, oiling, and greasing the mail-coaches, and drawing them to and from the factory for daily examination:—1825, 241*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.*; 1826, 242*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.*; 1827, 245*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*; 1828, 245*l.* 5*s.* 11*d.*; 1829, 234*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.*; 1830, 231*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.*; 1831, 228*l.* 15*s.*; 1832, 220*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*; 1833, 222*l.* 5*s.* 1*d.*; 1834, 221*l.* 15*s.*

*Post-office Returns.*—The following was the revenue of the under-mentioned places during 1834:

London . . .	£62,971	Leeds . . .	£21,331
Liverpool . . .	74,083	Hull . . .	14,583
Manchester . . .	56,287	Sheffield . . .	11,582
Birmingham . . .	28,612		

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

*Earthquake in Chili.*—This earthquake, which occurred on the 26th of February, about half an hour before noon, was one of the most terrible upon record. Talcahuana and Concepcion have been utterly destroyed by it, only one house of the latter remaining to mark its site. The town of Talca, distant 190 miles from Concepcion, was also overthrown. The sea rose thirty-three feet above its ordinary level. The principal shocks were of long duration, two of them lasting two minutes and twenty seconds. A number of lives have been lost, and the adjacent country is rendered desolate.

*Steam Navigation.*—The Chamber of Deputies, in France, has voted about 250,000*l.* for the purpose of establishing a steam communication in the Mediterranean, for the carriage of passengers, letters, &c., between



France and the Levant. In the course of the debate, the celebrated M. Arago called upon the Minister of Finance to engage that all the steam engines should be made in France, where they could be manufactured as quickly and almost as cheap as in England. He also strongly recommended engines of high pressure, which occupied less room, and gave a more powerful impulse than those of low pressure. He declared that he knew an engine of high pressure manufactured in England, that made twenty-five miles an hour, and worked with such force, that the smoke from the flue killed a crow on the wing! The Minister replied that the Government was anxious to encourage French manufactures, but the interests of the Treasury could not be sacrificed to that of private individuals. If we can obtain engines as quickly and as cheap in France as abroad, we are bound undoubtedly to buy them in France. If we get them from abroad, it is our intention to make them pay the duty of 33 per cent. A motion to render it compulsory on the Minister to employ French engines alone was lost without a division.

*Commerce of the United States.*—The following is a summary of the annual statement by the Secretary of the Treasury of the exports and imports for the year ending 30th September, 1834 :—

Imports.		Dollars.
In American vessels	...	113,700,174
In foreign vessels	...	12,821,158
Total imports		126,521,382
Exports.		
Merchandise of domestic growth or manufacture	...	81,024,162
Do. of foreign do.	...	23,312,810
		104,336,972

*Volcanic Remains.*—Among the old lava of Etna, Dr. Portal discovered, in 1813, some specular iron ore; and recently, Dr. Benedetto has found, near the same place, a mine of the same metal, disposed in large and thick laminæ, containing groups of octahedral figures. The *specula* are very brilliant; and the lovers of natural history are much interested in speculating on these remarkable products.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THIS is the season of the year, above all others, when that very uncertain state of trade in the corn-markets prevails which has obtained the name of "Weather Markets;" meaning, thereby, that every change in the atmosphere, be it hot, or cold, or moist, or dry, is liable to raise or depress price according to the possible, far more than the probable effects upon the crop. Thus, at the very end of last month, a few heavy showers brought reports from all quarters of the wheat beat down and damaged. A few cold nights during the blossoming of the ear, was rumoured to have reduced the grain to a coarse quality, and the late sunshine has restored the crop to its erect and upright position, revived the growth, and saved the quality of the plants. The quantity is, in most instances, reported also to be abundant. In one district, the rumour of the destruction of the storms had, unfortunately, a rare foundation in truth. For some miles round the village of Bahraham, in Cambridgeshire, extending, indeed, as far as Saffron Walden, in Essex, a storm of hail and wind so totally damaged the growing corn, that, at a meeting held in the latter place to raise a subscription for the sufferers, it was stated on sufficient authority that the loss amounted to upwards of 10,000*l*. Upon the estate of Mr. Adeane half that amount was said to be destroyed, and a handsome sub-

scription was begun. It was understood that the landlords were prepared to remit at least a fourth of the loss from their rents, so that it is to be hoped the tenantry, though suffering materially, will still be able to bear up against this singular calamity.

From our own personal opportunity of inspecting a pretty large tract of country in the Midland districts, we should not consider the wheat crop to be so superabundant as it is represented, except in the very strong lands, where we have certainly seen the promises of a most glorious harvest. Upon the lighter soils the crop is thin, and very bare in spots—the same field sometimes exhibiting the extremes of good and bad; but, upon the whole, we do not estimate the crop to agree, if it ever reach an average. We now speak from personal observation, which, however extended, must of course be limited when compared with the information to be gathered from many sources. We suspect, moreover, that the crop where it does fail is often deficient from low farming, whether from necessity or choice. Red-weed appears to our eye to be much more prevalent in this than former years, owing to unskilful cultivation, and a want of labour. When the wheat first springs, nothing is so easy as to eradicate the poppy by drawing a bush over the land, while wet with a shower; the roots are then, by such a process, effectually torn up, and we know instances in the same parish, where land thus treated shows perfectly free from the red-weed, while adjoining inclosures are absolutely scarlet over the whole surface. When the poppy is up, it is not difficult to destroy by weeders; but neither has this been done this year to the extent it has been customary, to employ the remedy for previous ignorance or neglect. The indisposition or the inability of the farmer under the present prices, must account for it—but when it does not proceed from necessity, it is false economy.

The barleys, we think, are still thinner than the wheats, though they have been incalculably benefited by the rains. We cannot, however, persuade ourselves but that the barley crop must be short; speaking, again, from personal observation.

The reports from Ireland would lead us to believe that the growth of wheat is increasing and flourishing in the general, though it is represented to fail, and fall off in the quantity in the northern districts; but every circumstance in the progression of Irish affairs, would lead us to compute upon an increasing supply from the sister island.

Oats do not promise largely. Of the potato crop there are no complaints, which is, perhaps, the most important consideration for Ireland.

If, then, there be any rise in the price of wheat between this and the time when the new crop comes into use, it will proceed from the comparatively exhausted stocks, upon which the cautious farmer computes and keeps back the supply. The delayed harvest, which *will* certainly be from fourteen to twenty days later than usual, and *may*, from being thus pushed forwards into the autumn be still further protracted, and from the indisposition of buyers to provide themselves beyond their necessities for the day. The millers have acted, for the last fortnight or three weeks, exactly on this principle; thus the slight inclination to speculate, which appeared after the rumours of the previous effects of the storms, have again died away. The advance of flour is attributable, rationally enough, to the very short supply of water, and the little wind common to the season of Midsummer, which stop the mills of both kinds.

The hay-harvest is superabundant. It is utterly impossible for grass to stand thicker on the earth than the hay-cocks indicated on the strong soils. We never remember to have seen such a profusion. Nor was it otherwise in the less auspicious lands.

This also is very much the period of fairs, and, from the general accounts, we gather that stock have not been over plentifully shown, nor have beasts borne high prices. Sheep, lambs, and wool, as might be expected, and from

the briskness of the demand and the exaltation of the price, arising out of the full employment of the manufactories, have all risen in value. The flock-farms form, indeed, the counterweight to the depression less sustained by grain cultivation. Hops and apples promise excellently. The execution of the Poor Law Bill has occasioned disturbances in some of the counties, but they have been at once and easily suppressed. Unions for the extensive trial of the workhouse system are everywhere forming, and with apparent success. There can be no doubt that the fraudulently-idle pauper is cut off from his plunder of the parochial funds, by the operation of the Act; but there is yet a fearful trial to come, the consequences of which can only be known, when the effect upon the crime of the country shall be ascertained. Nothing is so clear, as that the labourer must be maintained, and if he cannot obtain honest employment, then comes the question whether he will endure the reduced, fair, and penal privations of the workhouse (for they are nothing less) inflicted not upon his offences, but upon his misfortunes. The doubt is, whether he will turn to prey upon society. At present, it cannot be denied that the Bill *appears* to work well; but, we repeat, the hour of trial is not yet come.

From all that we have stated, it will be collected that the slight variations in price (about 2s. upon wheat per quarter, and flour per sack), are rather to be estimated as permanent or consequential. All articles, in truth, are as stagnant as possible, and classed on the casual charm of a little more or less supply or demand; and such must be the course of the markets till after harvest, unless disturbed by some unexpected violent and really injurious changes of weather. We question whether the harvest can generally commence till between the 1st and 8th of August, but a few days of *very* hot weather, and a few showers, may cause the more rapid ripening of the corn. At present, it is barely tinged with incipient yellow, the precursor of the glorious golden hue that encourages and enriches the country when its last fire-colour "kindles round." At the time our publication reaches the hand of the reader, nature will have arrived at her perfect beauty and perfect wealth. To those who love rural scenery, all seasons have their charms, but never is the country so magnificently clothed—never is the bounty of Providence made so palpable to man, or so delightful to his senses, as during the period of the harvest—the sun rides forth rejoicing, and man enjoys the triumph of the year. Would to God that it were indulged to all to partake its comforts in an adequate degree!

## RURAL ECONOMY.

*New Floricultural Instrument.*—The French "Rose-Gatherer" presents a refinement in floricultural instrument's highly characteristic of its origin. The general form of this little engine is that of a pistol; it has a handle and trigger like it, and a cutter in the manner of the wire pliers, or flower gatherer, disguised as a barrel. A rod, answering to the ramrod, connects the pincers with the trigger; which last, being pressed, opens the pincers—that is, charges the pistol. The operator then presents the pistol to the rose to be gathered, and so that, when the cutter operates, it may separate it at the precise point of the stalk deemed proper. Things being thus adjusted, the trigger is drawn, and the deed is done. Of course, this instrument, like a number of other horticultural toys manufactured by the Parisians, is chiefly *pour les dames*.—*Loudon's Encyclopædium of Gardening.*

*New Method of Blanching Celery.*—In the March number of the "Irish Farmer's and Gardener's Magazine," a Mr. Coglean recommends the following method of cultivating celery, by which he states he has been successful for many years in preserving this favourite vegetable from what is

called "rust," occasioned by the attack of grubs. In the month of October he plants the ground designed for celery the ensuing year with early York cabbage, which will be cleared away by the first week in June, the most proper season for planting. Previous to forming the drills, he collects the stalks and remaining leaves of the cabbages, and places them in small heaps on the bed, which, after lying a day or two, will be found to have collected a great number of slugs and other vermin, which may be easily destroyed. The ground is then prepared and the plants put in; when ready for blanching, the loose leaves of each plant are tied up, and strong wheaten straw, laid full length along the side of the drills, and staked down so much that it will completely exclude the light (excepting at the top, which is all that is requisite). By this treatment, he says, in the course of a month he has gathered celery perfectly free from either rust, grub, or insect.

*Potatoes.*—Dr. Mitchell, of New York, is said to have discovered a new potato, the flower of which is analogous to that of the *Solanum montanum*, and which might be easily reared in our climates. M. Andre Kreig, of Augsbourg, is stated to have produced different sorts of wine, vinegar, beer, which keeps well, very pure brandy, sugar, and food for cattle, all from the common potato.—*Athenæum*.

A new species of wheat, which grows and ripens in seventy days, is said to have been introduced with success into the Department du Nord. Should this be true, and the new grain become perfectly acclimated in France, it will afford three harvests, for, according to the declarations of the farmers, it grows equally well in all seasons.

*Cultivation of Cabbage by Slips.*—Slip off the sprouts from the cabbage-stalks, let them lie a few hours to stop the bleeding, then plant them. After cutting the cabbages, the sprout again affords a supply of slips for plants; and thus a regular succession of cabbages is secured throughout the year, preserving the quality of the parent stock unchanged, and doing away with the necessity of raising plants from seed.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

In consequence of the low price of wheat, a considerable breadth of land has this year been sown with flax. Flax of home growth exceeds in value by one-third that which is imported.

## USEFUL ARTS.

*Pneumatic Railway.*—This affords another instance of the facility with which presumed impossibilities are effected—another case of the ease with which an egg may be made to stand on its small end! The whole secret of the pneumatic system of railway is in the means by which the power, obtainable within a close tube or tunnel by the rarefaction of the inclosed column of air, is communicated to a train of carriages on the outside throughout its longitudinal extent, and in the combination necessary to render it effective, the principal feature in which is a perpetually shifting valve.

It happens, fortunately for the ready adoption of the pneumatic system of railway, that practical data are obtainable for determining the efficiency, economy, and extent of the means and materials it employs. The body of the railway is a cast-iron cylinder, with horizontal rails diametrically opposite to each other, and forming ledges on the sides of the cylinder. The quantity of iron in a given length, and the consequent cost of the cylinders, are ascertainable to a fraction, and the cylinders may be cast in substance as light as possible, since any required degree of strength may

be given to the construction by ribs or rings upon the lower semi-circumference at long intervals. The maintenance of fixed steam-engines, such as are to be used as prime movers, or to work the air-pumps, at stations along the line, is a matter of every-day experience; and the working of the blowing-machines, used in blasting iron, furnishes data for the working of air-pumps. We learn, too, that the important pneumatic problem regarding the inertia of air within an extended tube is most satisfactorily demonstrated by efficient practice to be no longer a problem, seeing that the presumed inertia does not exist. Many minor experiments, and much relative practice had given fair grounds for abating the presumption; but latterly a system has been introduced, and is now extensively practised by an ingenious mechanical engineer, by which the power of any convenient agent, as a first mover, is communicated to machinery at several miles distant from it, through extended connecting tubes, merely by the rarefaction of the column of air contained. The difference between the connecting tubes used in this system and those of the pneumatic railway is in favour of the latter,—if there were anything in the presumption above referred to,—because of their greater calibre, and the consequent smaller proportion of rubbing surface in proportion to the column contained. That the tubes are in the former imperforate, and in the latter are perforated and mechanically closed, will not be deemed a difference against the railway system by those who know and can appreciate the secure and really beautiful arrangement by which its pneumatic valve is made efficient. A padded cord, formed upon an iron linked core, and made flexible, elastic, impervious to the atmosphere under a considerable pressure, and little liable to be acted upon by meteoric changes, is laid down in a trough over the extended longitudinal perforation or chase, through which the communication is effected from the internal apparatus called the dynamic traveller, upon which the power is obtained, to the external car called the governor, to which is attached the train of carriages to be drawn, in the place of the locomotive engine in the common system. The cord, being laid down in the chase, renders the tube or cylindrical body of the railway close, and as nearly air-tight as possible, or certainly as can be necessary; for if the atmosphere be admitted to an extent which shall almost reach the capacity of the air-pumps to withdraw it, still the action of the pumps would, in a few strokes, make the valve perfectly air-tight, by inducing such a pressure of the atmosphere upon the upper quadrants of the cylinder, and upon the back of the cord itself, as to bring them into perfectly close contact. The lifting and laying down again of the valvular cord by the travelling apparatus, to allow of the communication from the internal to the external parts, and to permit, also, the access of the atmosphere to play upon the rear of the travelling piston and give the required impulse, are effected in a manner which is simple and certain.

To obviate the necessity of bringing the cylinders together with any great degree of accuracy, and that common castings may be sufficient for the purpose without the necessity of boring, the travelling piston is allowed to move freely and without packing, and the waste of air is very small: but, if necessary, an expanding piston may be found convenient in practice.

It is proposed to divide the line of pneumatic railway into sections of from three to five miles in length, according to the acclivities to be worked, since the steeper acclivity will require a higher degree of rarefaction to be obtained within the same time. High-pressure steam-engines, of sufficient power, at each of the stations which limit the sections, will work air-pumps of sufficient capacity to produce the required degree of rarefaction to overcome the resistance of the load to be drawn within a given time; and the resistance being overcome, the train will, of course, proceed with a velocity equal to that with which the pistons of the air-pumps are worked; aided, and indeed increased, by momentum—*vires acquirit*

*sundo.* We should not have thought it necessary to state that the prime movers would continue to work when the train had started—to keep it going after it had been induced to go—but that people do fall into misconceptions on the subject. We have seen it seriously stated as an objection, that if a fourteenth of an atmosphere be obtained, the train would run a fourteenth of the distance, and then stop! In truth, however, if the case were as supposed, no such thing would occur; the tractive power, obtained by a certain degree of rarefaction, would fall off in the first yard the train advanced, if it were not kept up by the continued action of the air-pumps.

It is necessary to state, that the cylinder of the railway is intercepted internally at the stations, and so divided into sections, by a vertical valve. The presence of this directs the action of the engines upon that section over which a train has to be brought, whilst the engines, at the station next in advance are preparing the following section to receive and bear it along. Hence the withdrawal of the vertical or station-valve allows the on-coming train to pass at once, and without losing its momentum, into the next section, and within the action of the next station of engines,—whilst its return leaves the passed section free to be operated upon again for another train; since, as before intimated, the impelling column of air is admitted by the opening of the pneumatic valve immediately in the rear of the travelling piston, and has not to follow along through the cylinder from the extreme end behind it.

Besides the great economy with which tractive power can be obtained through this system by the agency of fixed steam-engines, and the certainty and safety with which it is applied, it must be obvious that the system possesses the means, also, of increasing the power as it may be required, if the ordinary working be not at a high degree of rarefaction. But rarefaction to the extent of one inch of mercury only, or about a thirtieth of an atmosphere, will give upon the piston of a cylinder thirty-six inches in diameter, an amount of tractive power equal to that of an ordinary locomotive engine. Let another inch of mercury be allowed for waste, friction, and other contingencies, and the rarefaction will then amount to only about a fifteenth of an atmosphere; so that there is a range at command, only limited by the economical consideration, whether it be better to maintain, permanently, engines of sufficient power to obtain the higher degree of rarefaction, and the consequent large amount of tractive power,—or to limit the acclivities.

A practical difficulty has been suggested in the application of the pneumatic railway, that it may not be crossed on the surface-level, so that communication from one side to the other of a road formed upon this system, must be by bridges over, or tunnels under it. If this be a difficulty, it is possessed in common with the present system of railway, when due care is taken to prevent injury to it and accidents to the public; and we can state it as a fact, that no crossing on the surface-level is contemplated along the whole line of the London and Birmingham Railway. Moreover, the pneumatic railway really has an advantage in this difficulty over the common system, that the bridges over it need not be so lofty, as it has no high engine-chimney to carry through.

We do not think it necessary to enter more particularly than we have done into questions regarding the comparative expense of constructing and working a railway upon the pneumatic system, and upon the common systems by the locomotion engine and by ropes worked by fixed engines. Dr. Lardner has done this with great candour and fairness, and we have seen estimates which appear to us to bear out the statements of the projectors of the pneumatic system of railway as to the real cost at which transit may be effected by means of it. Of its certainty and perfect safety none can entertain a doubt who have qualified themselves to judge of its pretensions; whilst the possession of means which obviate the necessity

of boring through hills, and, to a great extent, of cutting and embanking, and the employment of steam as a first mover in its cheapest, instead of its dearest form,—together with the absence of destructive agencies upon the railway itself,—seem to insure the correctness of the assumptions with regard to comparative economy.

We may state, in conclusion, that the pneumatic system of railway has been jealously examined by, and has the favourable opinion of, many of our most eminent philosophers, whilst its merits and pretensions are fully admitted by all such competent practical and amateur mechanics and engineers as have given themselves the trouble to obtain information before they committed themselves to an opinion. This, however, we are sorry to add, has not been the case with all; but it is satisfactory to learn, nevertheless, that the system will be established beyond the power of misrepresentation, by the application of a practical line, the means of constructing which are, indeed, already obtained.—*Literary Gazette*.

*India Rubber*.—This substance, which, within the memory of thousands now living, was only sold in stationers' shops for the purpose of rubbing out pencil-marks, is daily brought into some new and important use. Owing to its light and impervious qualities, it has for some years been made applicable to most articles of external dress; while in America a boat has been recently constructed of it, which weighs only 20lbs., will carry a ton weight, and may be folded up into a portable bundle!

*Glass Duty*.—The total amount of duty charged on glass in Great Britain and Ireland, during the year 1834, was 923,056*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*, of which 233,317*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* was on flint glass, 56,781*l.* 4*s.* on plate, 10,149*l.* on broad, 477,128*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* on crown, 120,406*l.* 7*s.* on bottle, and 25,272*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* on German sheet glass. The total amount of drawback was 257,885*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*, of which 85,229*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.* was on flint glass, 7,853*l.* 18*s.* 7*d.* on plate, 86,161*l.* 12*s.* 6½*d.* on crown, 52,456*l.* 14*s.* on bottle, and 26,183*l.* 17*s.* 1½*d.* on German sheet-glass.

*Lenses for Microscopes*.—Messrs. Treccourt and Oberhausen have presented to the French Academy specimens of lenses for microscopes, formed out of precious stones—viz., one of diamond, another of sapphire, and a third of ruby. It took twenty-four hours to polish the surface of a diamond lens, with a wheel which revolved at least 200 times in a second; so that, in that single operation, the lens was turned round 17,000,000 times. The diamond lens, in its simple state, magnifies 210 times; with a compound eye-glass (*oculaire compose*) it magnifies 245 times; and in the latter case, the sapphire lens magnifies 255 times, and the ruby 235 times.

## BANKRUPTS,

FROM JUNE 23, TO JULY 28, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

June 23.—R. SMITH, Gravesend, Kent, brick-layer. C. PARSON, Greenwich, Kent, chemist. G. SIMMONS, King's-cross, St. Pancras, surgeon. G. E. TURNER, Cheltenham, auctioneer. J. WRIGLEY, Knowl, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, woollen cloth merchant. E. HANCOCK, Sheffield, Yorkshire, hackneyman. W. CLARE, Kingston-upon-Hull, hop-merchant. J. GREENWAY, Plymouth, merchant. P. LEE, Winchester, scrivener.

June 26.—J. BELL and W. STEWART, Fore-street, silk manufacturers. G. W. LYNDEN, Gerrard-street, Soho, wholesale jeweller. J.

G. JAMES, late of Bucklersbury, wine-merchant. A. PRICE, Priest-court, Foster-lane, Cheap-side, straw-bonnet maker. W. T. RESTELL, Budge-row, London, India-rubber manufacturer. G. CLISBY, Hungerford-market, Middlesex, corn-dealer. J. WALLIS, late of Tooley-street, linen-draper. J. RAVENSCROFT, jun., Manchester, wine-merchant. J. WHITELOCKS, Watnall, Nottinghamshire, bullder. T. YOUNG, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer. J. BURNLEY, Wetherby, Yorkshire, wood merchant. J. BROOM, J. TAYLOR, and S. BRIGGS, Huddersfield, fancy cloth manufacturers. J. BASTIAN, Truro, Cornwall, merchant.

June 30. — W. BARTON, Stewart-street, Spitalfields, silk manufacturer. W. L. GRACE, Eastcheap, orange merchant. J. SOMERS, Oxford-street, cheesemonger. F. SHERRIFF, Farnham, Surrey, hop-dealer. I. BURROWS and J. BURROWS, Piccadilly, Middlesex, cork cutters. J. MEALEY, Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, fringe manufacturer. G. JONES, Leicester-street, Leicester-square, auctioneer. W. H. LYNAS, Saint Helen's, Lancashire, surgeon. R. LLOYD, Birmingham, victualler. T. LIVESSEY, sen., G. LIVESSEY, J. LIVESSEY, and T. LIVESSEY, jun., Cowpe, Lancashire, woollen manufacturers. J. POWNALL, Manchester, innkeeper.

July 3. — E. MC'COY, Well-court, Queen-street, City, stationer. S. MAINE, St John-street, Clerkenwell, currier. J. WATTON, Upper Bedford-place, surgeon. J. SERJEANT, Liverpool, window-blind manufacturer. W. CHAWNER, Hinkley, Leicestershire, tea-dealer. G. J. LOWE, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, mail contractor. J. BAYLISS, Daventry, Northamptonshire, builder. J. SOLLOWAY, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, innkeeper.

July 7. — E. G. F. SIVERS, Ranelagh-street, Belgrave-square, coal-merchant. J. CATES, jun., Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, surgeon. G. STERNBERG, Coleman-street, City, merchant. B. WHITE, Reading, printer. T. MINTON, Beak-street, Regent-street, grocer. W. RICHARDSON, King-street, Covent-garden, wine-merchant. J. DEACON, Berners-street, Oxford-street, upholsterer. J. GOODWIN, Battle, Hastings, Sussex, innkeeper. J. LARGIE, Liverpool, broker. H. RHODES, Manchester, spirit-dealer. W. HOPEWELL, Middleton-place, Lenton, Nottinghamshire, joiner. J. MACKNIGHT, Dark-lane, Dawley, Shropshire, grocer. W. TURLEY, Cosely, Staffordshire, canal carrier. R. P. SOUTHERN, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, wheelwright.

July 10. — J. HOADE, Englefield-green, Surrey, grocer. N. TUFFNELL and S. TUFFNELL, York-street, Middlesex Hospital, tallow-chandlers. J. DANIEL, Bath, timber-merchant. D. MACKELLAR, Broad-street-buildings, merchant. T. PARRY, Green-st., Theobald's-road, tailor and licensed victualler. E. FAREBROTHER, Oxford, wine-merchant.

July 14. — P. GRANT and J. BELL, Strand, printers. F. KNOWLES, Lawrence-lane, City, innkeeper. J. C. COATS, Basinghall-street, man-milliner. W. H. ANDREWS, Piccadilly, bookseller. J. O. N. RUTTER, Lymington, wine-merchant. R. FAIRCLOUGH, Farlington, Lancashire, tanner. J. SOLLOWAY, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, innkeeper. T. BENSON, York, chain-maker.

July 17. — R. HUNT, Spitalfields, silk manu-

facturer. G. T. WHITTINGTON, New London-street, City, merchant. H. TAYSON, Tooley-street, ironmonger. W. ADDISON, Taunton, Somersetshire, tea-dealer. J. CHENNELLS, Limehouse Holc, wine-merchant. F. COUPERS and W. COUPERS, Luton, Bedfordshire, straw-hat manufacturers. R. THOMPSON, Star-court, Bread-street, ware-houseman. R. GARRETT, Woodstock-street, Oxford-street, lead-merchant. T. CORBETT, West Ham, Essex, nurseryman. J. NICKS, Warwick, carpenter. W. COLS and H. GOODMAN, Northampton, tailors. N. FENWICK, North Shields, Northumberland, common brewer. T. MUSSELLWHITE, Devizes, Wiltshire, saddler.

July 21. — B. SHOUT and H. C. NICOLAS, Milbank-street, Westminster, fish-sauce manufacturers. J. GRAY, Wentworth-place, Mile-end-road, linen-draper. W. DICKINSON, Catenton-street, wholesale shoe-manufacturer. R. ROWE, Fulwood's-rents, Holborn, victualler. J. HOBBS, Beaumont-mews, St. Mary-le-bone, livery-stable keeper. G. W. ROBERTS, Adam's-court, Broad-street, City, merchant. M. BONE, South Shields, ship-owner. T. MESSENGER, Liverpool, provision merchant. C. MEREDITH, Rochdale, ironmonger.

July 24. — M. LOAT, Nine Elms, Battersea, Surrey, whitening manufacturer. C. WOOD, sen., and C. WOOD, jun., Poppin's-court, Fleet-street, printers. T. TOMALIN, Luton, Bedfordshire, baker. T. PARKIN, jun., and D. BROWN, Hatton-count, Threadneedle-street, ship and insurance brokers. T. L. CROMPTON, Worthington Mills, Standish, Lancashire, paper-maker. H. PENFOLD, Salisbury, linen-draper. R. FRANKLIN, Ferriby Sluice, Lincolnshire, miller. J. BONIFACE, Eastgate, Sussex, maltster. J. FRYSTER, Kingston-upon-Hull, builder. W. BATES, Halifax, Yorkshire, merchant. T. COLLINGWOOD, Abingdon, Berkshire, corn-dealer. T. HALL and T. HODGKINSON, Nottingham, hop-merchants. T. READ, Bulwell, Nottinghamshire, lime-burner. R. EVANS, Southampton, hop-merchant. A SCOTT, Halifax, Yorkshire, innkeeper. J. BEEDEN, Campsey Ash, Suffolk, innkeeper. C. BLANDY, Worcester, scrivener.

July 28. — THOMAS ROBINSON WILLIAMS, LEONARD STREATE COXE, and GEORGE CHAMBERS, Lamb's-buildings, Bunhill-row, patentees and manufacturers of japanned wares, and St. Dunstan's-hill, wine-merchants. GEORGE THOMAS BROWN, Mark-lane, sack-manufacturer. GEORGE TUNSTALL, Worcester, hop-merchant. THOMAS ASH, Birmingham, druggist. SAMUEL WINCHES, Birmingham, brass-founder. WINCHOMBE HENRY SAVILE HARTLEY, Upper Gloucester-place, Regent's-park, music-seller.



## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE commercial and shipping interests of the country continue to present a very satisfactory appearance; as, notwithstanding the participation of Liverpool, Glasgow, and other ports in the China trade, which, until lately, was reserved exclusively to the Port of London, the tonnage entering the metropolitan port, so far from suffering any diminution, has considerably increased. In the manufacturing department of industrial occupation, the woollen factories have been actively employed until a later period of the season than usual, in those descriptions of goods which depend upon the alternations of seasons; and it is gratifying to the friends and supporter of our Australian colonies to observe the increasing attention with which the trade regard the produce of the flocks of those distant colonists. The Silk Trade maintains a steady course: the Cotton Manufactories are somewhat indolent compared with the excited state of activity, which, until lately, they exhibited for a long period.

In the Colonial Produce Market, West India Muscovade Sugars have been in extensive demand of late, particularly the lower qualities which are in use for the ordinary run of preserves, and for home-made wines. A rise of 1s. per cwt. in all descriptions has lately taken place, and is firmly maintained. The present quotations are,—for Jamaica, brown, 55s. to 56s.; middling, 57s. to 58s.; good, to very fine, 59s. to 63s.

Mauritius and East India Sugars have also advanced lately 1s. to 1s. 6d. per cwt.: of the former, yellow is quoted at 54s. to 60s. 6d.; grey, 53s. 6d. to 59s. 6d.; brown, 49s. to 53s.: of the latter, good middling, to fine white Bengal, has brought 32s. 6d. to 34s. 6d.; Manilla, 30s. There is a good demand also for Foreign Sugars.

Some considerable animation has lately prevailed in the Refined Market, in consequence of the eager competition of the grocers, and 1s. to 1s. 6d. per cwt. in advance has been the result; the demand still continues, and the stock on hand is very scanty.

The last average price of West India Muscovades was 14. 11s. 11½d.

Every department of the Coffee Market is dull, more particularly that for British Plantation. The quotations are, for Jamaica, ordinary, to fine ordinary, 78s. to 100s.; middling, 100s. to 105s.; good to fine, 107s. to 118s.; Ceylon,

good quality, 63s. to 64s.; ordinary, to good ordinary Brazil, 50s. 6d. to 51s.

In Cocoa there is not much doing; good Trinidad has brought 51s. 6d. to 52s.; a parcel of 400 or 500 bags of Brazil sold for 27s.

The market for Rum is very firm, the stock in the hands of importers being reduced to a very small amount; proof Leewards now command 2s. 1d. per gallon, and for Jamaica, 30 over proof, 3s. 2d. is asked.

The Cotton Market is steady; recent sales furnish the following results:—

Surat, ord. to fine . . .	6½d. to 8½d.
Madras, fair to good . . .	7½ — 7½
Bowled, fair . . .	10½
Bengal, fair to fine . . .	7½ — 7½

Tea Sales, to the extent of 61,000 packages, have passed during the last month; but scarcely more than one-third of the quantity found purchasers, the importers having made a determined resistance to the depression which was going on, and taken in the greater portion of what was offered. The consequence was, that what was really sold has generally produced better prices; Boheas are 1d. per lb. higher; middling Congous nearly 2d.; Twankays, 1½d.; and Imperial and Gunpowder, 3d. per lb. dearer.

The late Sale of Indigo, consisting of 7885 chests, of which about 1700 were bought in, opened very heavily, and for the first week prices were from 4d. to 8d. per lb. below those of the April sale; towards the conclusion there was more competition, and an advance of 2d. to 3d. per lb. took place: the average depreciation may be estimated as follows: on fine and good from 3d. to 5d.; on middling and consuming, 4d. to 8d.; on ordinary and low, 3d. to 6d. Madras, however, realised last sales prices, and, in some instances, an advance of 3d. per lb.

There is a steady supply of Wheat at Mark-lane, and little or no fluctuation has taken place of late in the quotations; with some partial and inconsiderable exceptions, the prospect of the harvest is most satisfactory. Some few samples of Oats, rubbed out, which have been exhibited, were of good weight and colour. The estimated duty on Hops has fallen from 205,000*l.* to 195,000*l.*; the scorching heat of the sun, and the want of rain, having materially injured them in some districts.

The English Funds have been re-

markedly steady during the month; at the commencement of it the quotation of Consols for the Account was  $91\frac{1}{2}$  to  $91\frac{1}{8}$ , from which they advanced to  $92\frac{1}{2}$ , but received a check from the expectation of a loan for providing the funds to meet the claims of the slave-owners. This expectation has not been fallacious, and the realization of it has reduced the quotation to 90, which, after allowing for the dividend which has been paid in the interval, leaves a net depreciation of something more than 1 per cent.

In the Foreign Funds the progress of the past month has been marked by a very decided improvement in those Securities which, in the preceding month, had been the instruments of such ruinous losses to many. Spanish Bonds have risen from 43 to 53; and the discount on Scrip has been reduced from 15 to  $7\frac{1}{2}$ . Within the last few days the same causes, however, which operated on English Stock have produced an unfavourable impression on Spanish, and caused a reaction of about 2 per cent. The improvement in Portuguese Bonds during the same time has been about 5 per cent.

The closing prices of the principal

public securities and shares on the 24th are subjoined:—

#### ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock,  $21\frac{1}{2}$   $15\frac{1}{2}$ —Three per cent. Reduced,  $90\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{1}{2}$ —Three per cent. Consols, 90—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced,  $98\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Three and a Half per Cent. New, 98—Long Annuities, 1860,  $16\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{1}{2}$ —India Stock, 205 6—India Bonds, 9 11—Exchequer Bills, 28 30—Consols for Account, 90.

#### SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 6 7—Bolanos, 125 130—Brazilian, Imperial, 37 9—Ditto D'El Rey, 6 7—Canada,  $34\frac{1}{2}$   $5\frac{1}{2}$ —Colombian,  $12\frac{1}{2}$   $13\frac{1}{2}$ —Real Del Monte, 21 2—United Mexican,  $4\frac{1}{2}$ .

#### FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 100  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent.  $85\frac{1}{2}$  6—Chilian, 6 per cent. 44 6—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent.  $36\frac{1}{2}$   $7\frac{1}{4}$ —Danish, 3 per cent.  $76\frac{1}{2}$  7—Dutch,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.  $54\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto, 5 per cent.  $101\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{1}{2}$ —Mexican, 6 per cent.  $36\frac{1}{2}$   $7\frac{1}{4}$ —Peruvian, 6 per cent. 30 1—Portuguese, 3 per cent.  $59\frac{1}{2}$   $60\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto Regency, 5 per cent.  $90\frac{1}{2}$  1—Russian 0/ sterling, 5 per cent.  $109\frac{1}{2}$ —Spanish, 1821, 5 per cent.  $50\frac{1}{2}$  1—Ditto, 1835, Scrip, 5 per cent.  $9\frac{1}{2}$   $8\frac{1}{2}$ .

## MONTHLY DIGEST.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

*The Revenue.*—We subjoin the official tables for the quarter ended the 5th instant. They exhibit, upon a comparison of the financial year and quarter with the corresponding periods last year, a deficiency upon both; on the year to the amount of 1,758,886/., and on the quarter of 656,407/. "The chief falling off," says one of our London contemporaries, appears in the Excise, the income for which is less by 3,194,265/., for the year, and 551,461/., than before; but this is more formal than real, and is produced chiefly by the transfer of the tea duties from that department of the public accounts to that of the Customs. This latter accordingly shows an increase upon the receipts of last year of 2,457,515/., on the whole year, and of 384,420/., upon the quarter. Under the heads of Post-Office and Miscellaneous will be found an improvement as to the year and quarter, in the first to the amount of 23,000/., and 4000/., and the latter of 13,736/., and 5314/., respectively. The income derived from the Assessed Taxes has greatly fallen off, being 982,019/., less upon the year than the last, and 425,036/., upon the quarter. Stamps, too, have proved 131,574/., less productive upon the year, and 72,143/., less upon the quarter. Under the head of Repayments of Monies advanced for Public Works, &c., there is an increase upon the year of 54,721/., but a decrease upon the quarter of 1501/.. The amount of Exchequer Bills to be issued for the service of the present quarter is larger than usual, being 6,717,239/.

Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the							
	Qrs. ended July 5, 1834.	1835.	In- crease.	De- crease.	Qrs. ended July 5, 1834.	1835.	In- crease. De- crease.
Customs....£	4,077,207	4,461,627	384,420	.....	15,517,210	18,004,725	2,487,515
Excise.....	3,033,509	2,502,048	.....	531,461	14,792,872	11,598,607	3,194,265
Stamps.....	1,696,314	1,624,171	.....	72,143	6,624,602	6,493,028	131,574
Taxes.....	1,925,429	1,500,393	.....	425,036	4,869,610	3,867,591	982,019
Post-Office.....	338,000	342,000	4,000	.....	1,362,000	1,390,000	28,000
Miscellan....	5,476	10,879	5,403	.....	48,200	61,936	13,736
	11,095,934	10,441,028	.....	.....	43,249,494	41,436,887	.....
Repayments of Advances for Public Works, &c..	102,760	101,259	.....	1,501	422,410	477,131	54,721
Total. £	11,198,694	10,542,287	393,734	1,050,141	43,671,904	41,913,018	2,548,972
	Deduct Increase .....		393,734		Deduct Increase .....		2,548,972
	Decrease on the Quarter .....		656,407		Decrease on the Year .....		1,758,886

## IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

June 22.—Lord Denman announced the resignation of the Earl of Devon (formerly Mr. W. Courtenay) as Clerk Assistant in their Lordships' House.

June 24.—Lord Melbourne, after some eulogistic observations, moved that, in the opinion of the House, it was right to record the just sense which it entertained of the zeal, ability, diligence, and integrity with which the Earl of Devon performed the arduous duties of Assistant Clerk. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Lord Shaftesbury, and Lord Abinger, gave their testimony in corroboration of the opinions of the Premier, and the motion was carried unanimously.

June 29.—Lord Melbourne, in reply to Lord Farnham, said that he hoped to be able to submit a measure regarding Municipal Corporations (Ireland) in the course of the present Session.—The Marquess of Londonderry moved for a copy of the Order in Council suspending the Foreign Enlistment Prevention Act, and for copies of papers connected therewith.—The Earl of Devon's answer to the expression of their Lordships' satisfaction at his performance of the duties of Clerk Assistant was ordered to be entered in the Journals of the House.

June 30.—The Building Committee was re-appointed, on the motion of Viscount Duncannon, and the statement of Sir R. Smirke referred to them.—Lord Brougham's resolutions on education were withdrawn, after an opinion expressed to that effect by Lord Melbourne.

July 2.—Lord Melbourne, in reply to some observations of the Marquess of Londonderry respecting the warfare in the north of Spain, said that he believed the decree, purporting to be signed by Don Carlos, excepting from the benefit of the convention of Lord Eliot all foreigners who were engaged in arms against him, to be a forgery.—On the motion of the Archbishop of Cashelbury, a Bill for the better regulation of Ecclesiastical Benefices, having no cure of souls, was read a first time.

July 3.—The Marquess of Londonderry again spoke on the subject of the decree stated to have been issued by Don Carlos, and called upon Lord Melbourne to ascertain whether it was true or false.

July 7.—The Marquess of Lansdowne moved an address to his Majesty on the subject of building a temporary House of Parliament for their

Lordships, on the plan and site recommended by Sir R. Smirke, which was agreed to.

July 14.—The Earl of Radnor moved the second reading of the Thirty-nine Articles Bill, the object of which was “to repeal the law which required subscription to the thirty-nine articles on matriculation, and on taking the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and of Master of Arts, if those degrees were taken before the age of twenty-three.” His Lordship supported the Bill in a speech of considerable length, contending that the Articles referred to were seldom understood by the parties required to subscribe to them.—The Archbishop of Canterbury opposed the Bill. He maintained that the practice was justifiable, inasmuch as the object was to support the Establishment; and that to pass a Bill like the present would be to pronounce a censure upon the Establishment that was not deserved. He moved, as an amendment, that the Bill be deferred till that day three months.—After an extended discussion, the House divided. The numbers were—For the Bill, 57; against it, 163; majority against it, 106.

July 17.—Lord Brougham, in alluding to a motion which had been passed in the Commons, deprecated in very strong terms the introduction of ladies to the Houses of Lords and Commons. There was no person more devoted to the fair sex than himself, nor no person more desirous of seeing them in their proper places; but if no other Noble Lord did so, he would feel it his duty to move, that they be excluded from the House of Lords during their Lordships’ deliberations.

July 20.—In answer to Lord Glengall, Lord Melbourne said that the Irish Coercion Bill was only introduced in consequence of various acts of disturbance and outrage in different parts of Ireland in the years 1831 and 1832. The state of things had been in consequence much improved, and it was therefore not thought necessary by the Government to renew the measure in all its details.

July 21.—The Municipal Corporations Bill was read a first time.—The Archbishop of Canterbury moved that the Bill to prevent the lapse of benefices where there might be no cure of souls, be considered in Committee.—Two amendments were introduced in Committee—1. To prevent the retrospective operation of the Bill. 2. To sanction the resumption of the patronage by the Crown, if it should deem it proper so to do.

July 24.—Several petitions were presented against the Corporation Reform Bill.—The Lapse of Benefices Bill was read a third time and passed.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

June 22.—Lord J. Russell, in reply to Mr. Estcourt, said that with regard to any property bequeathed to corporations for certain specific and charitable purposes, it was not his intention to apply it to the purposes of the borough funds.—Mr. Praed’s motion, that all rights and privileges at present enjoyed by members of existing corporations should be secured to their present possessors and their descendants, was withdrawn, after some discussion.—The House went into Committee on the Municipal Reform Bill.

June 23.—The House went into Committee on the Municipal Reform Bill, and several clauses were agreed to.—Mr. Wakley’s motion, “That the ballot for entering the names of Members having public petitions to present do take place half an hour before the time appointed for Mr. Speaker taking the chair,” was agreed to.

June 24.—The Education (Ireland) Bill was read a second time, on the understanding that it should not be further proceeded with this Session. Lord Mahon moved for the production of “A copy of the Order in Council by which the Foreign Enlistment Act was suspended in favour of the

Spanish Government; for copies of all correspondence which had taken place between the Spanish Government and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs relative to the subject." The motion, after a long debate, was agreed to.—The Agra Government Bill went through Committee.—The House went into Committee on the Municipal Corporations Bill.

June 25.—On the motion of Mr. Fleetwood, a Select Committee respecting his Majesty's Consuls resident in Foreign States was appointed.

June 26.—Mr. Tooke gave notice, that on Thursday next he should move, that all Bills for divorce should be referred to a Select Committee, unless the House made an especial order, in particular cases, to the contrary. His object was to do away with the practice of examining witnesses at the Bar of the House.

June 29.—Mr. Goulburn presented the report of the Drogheda Election Committee, declaring that Mr. R. Plunket ought to have been returned instead of Mr. O'Dwyer.—Mr. R. Plunket and Mr. Vigors afterwards took the oaths and their seats.—Mr. E. L. Bulwer postponed his motion on the newspaper stamps till August 11, and that respecting the admission of Dissenters into the Universities till August 4, those being the first open days.—Lord J. Russell, in reply to Mr. Wilks, said he did not intend to proceed with the Dissenters' Marriage Bill, &c. this Session. He should do so, however, early in the next, when he would introduce Bills for a general registration, and also respecting church-rates.—Mr. O'Connell presented a petition from Dublin, praying for poor-laws for Ireland. An altercation took place between Sir R. Inglis and Mr. O'Connell, in consequence of the unparliamentary language used by the latter, which was put an end to by the Speaker.—The Ipswich election came again under the consideration of the House, and Messrs. O'Malley, Cook, Clamp, and Bond, were ordered to be brought up and discharged.—Mr. Praed's motion, for copies of papers relative to the recal of Lord Heytesbury, was rejected, after an animated debate, on a division, by a majority of 254 against 175.—The House then went into Committee on the Municipal Corporations Bill.

June 30.—Mr. Gisborne moved that the Attorney-General be directed to prosecute all the persons guilty of bribery at the Ipswich election. Agreed to.—Lord J. Russell, in reply to some observations of Sir R. Peel, acknowledged the fair course the Right Hon. Baronet and those who acted with him had pursued relative to the Municipal Corporations Bill.—The remainder of the business of the evening was principally taken up with the Committee on that measure.

July 1.—Sir W. Rae's motion on the Church of Scotland was withdrawn, on the statement of Lord J. Russell that a Commission should be appointed on the subject.—In the Committee on the Municipal Corporations Bill, the clauses up to the 38th were agreed to.

July 2.—The House went into Committee on the Municipal Corporations Bill, and the clauses up to 55 were passed.—Mr. Hume obtained leave to bring in a Bill to repeal so much of 25 Geo. II. as restrains the amusements of music and dancing. He also obtained leave to bring in a Bill to diminish expenses at elections, and to abolish the qualifications of Members required to serve in Parliament.

July 3.—Mr. H. L. Bulwer presented a petition from New South Wales, signed by 6000 of the free inhabitants of that colony, praying for the establishment of a Legislative Assembly there.—On the motion of Lord J. Russell, the House then resolved itself into Committee upon the Municipal Corporations Bill.

July 6.—The House again went into Committee on the Municipal Corporations Bill.

July 7.—A discussion took place on the presentation of petitions from Fifeshire, complaining of the appointment of Col. Lyndsay as Colonel of the Fifeshire Militia.—Lord John Russell said that the Secretary of State had no power over the appointment, and it would only have been his duty to advise his Majesty not to sanction it if the individual was disqualified upon proper grounds; but he did not think a difference of political opinions was a sufficient ground of disqualification.—Sir R. Peel concurred in that view of the subject.

July 8.—Mr. O'Brien moved the second reading of the Irish Poor Law Bill, which was opposed by Lord Morpeth, acceded to by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, after a protracted debate, was eventually carried, and ordered to be committed on the 22nd inst.—On the motion of Capt. G. Fergusson, that the report of the Entailed Estates (Scotland) Bill be taken into consideration, the Lord Advocate moved, as an amendment, that it be taken into further consideration that day three months, when the House decided in favour of the amendment by a majority of 70.

July 9.—The House resolved itself into Committee on the Municipal Corporations Bill.—Lord John Russell moved that the Bill be reported to the House, and that the report be received immediately. He made this motion for the purpose of having the Bill now re-committed *pro formâ*, in order that when the report was brought up and received, he might move that the Bill be printed.—The motions were agreed to in the order proposed.

July 10.—Mr. T. Duncombe presented a petition from Col. Bradley, complaining of the conduct of Major Arthur in removing him from the army. Lord Howick and Sir H. Hardinge, after some discussion, defended the conduct of Major Arthur.—Mr. T. Duncombe gave notice that he should, on the 21st inst., move for a Committee to inquire into the allegations made by Col. Bradley.—The petition was then laid upon the Table.—Mr. Hume inquired whether the Government had received a petition from Perthshire complaining that Capt. Knight, of the Coast Guard Service, had voted at the last election for Perthshire, as, in true, he had committed a breach of the law.—Lord J. Russell said that he had no official knowledge of such a petition.

July 13.—The Irish Church Bill was read a second time. In reply to Mr. D. W. Harvey, Lord J. Russell said that he had it in command from his Majesty to state, that his Majesty was willing to place at the disposal of Parliament the whole of his interests in the rights, privileges, and patronage of the Irish Church.—The House then resolved itself into a Committee of Supply. An animated discussion took place on the grant for Irish education, which was carried, on a division, by a majority of 143 against 41.

July 14.—On the motion of Lord J. Russell (*pro formâ*), the House went into a Committee upon the Municipal Corporations Bill, to which several new clauses were appended. The Bill, in its amended state, was then ordered to be printed.—Mr. Ewart's motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the best means of extending a knowledge of the arts, and the principles of design, among the manufacturing population of the country; and also to inquire into the constitution of the Royal Academy, and the effects produced by it, was acceded to.—Mr. Buckingham's motion for leave to bring in Bills to authorise the purchase of lands for the purpose of making public walks, gardens, and places of recreation in the open air, in the neighbourhood of all towns, for the use of the population generally; and to authorise the erection of public institutions to embrace the means of diffusing literary and scientific information, and forming libraries and museums in all towns, for the use of the inhabitants of the same, was agreed to.—Mr. Gisborne's motion for the re-appointment of a Select Committee to consider the claims of the Baron de Bode, was rejected, on a division, by a majority of 177 against 59.

July 16.—Lord J. Russell proposed the course, which he thought best to adopt in reference to the further progress of the Municipal Corporations Bill. He had found, contrary to his original idea, that he could not take the discussion on the report without submitting all the amendments which had been proposed in Committee to a second and third reading. Many of them were verbal, and the number of all was very great. Thence arose a considerable difficulty, which he saw no mode of obviating, except by adopting one of two courses—either to propose that all the motions of which notice had been given on bringing up the report, should be taken on the third reading, or that the Bill should be taken as it was, and the motions proposed on the report.—Capt. G. Berkeley's motion that a Select Committee be appointed to consider and report upon the best means of providing a Gallery for the accommodation of Ladies to hear the debates in the House of Commons, was carried, on a division, by a majority of 153 against 104.—The House went into Committee on the Municipal Corporations Bill.

July 17.—Lord J. Russell having moved, that the House should resolve into Committee on the Municipal Corporations Bill, Mr. Hume was about to make a statement with respect to the existence of Orange Lodges, when he was loudly called to order.—After a few words from the Speaker, Mr. Hume again addressed the House, and said, that if his information was true, he should have to impeach an individual of distinction of high crimes and misdemeanours against the State. The Hon. Member expressed his intention of moving, on Tuesday next, that the Select Committee already appointed should be directed to report what evidence they had taken respecting the existence of Orange Lodges in Ireland.—Sir R. Peel said his motion respecting the Irish Church was appointed for Tuesday, but now he should have to give precedence to the Hon. Member for Middlesex.—Mr. Hume said his motion was of more importance than the Irish Church.—After a long and rather stormy discussion, Mr. Hume fixed Monday for his motion.—The House then went into Committee on the Municipal Corporations Bill.

July 20.—Mr. W. Patten moved that the Committee on Orange Lodges have liberty to report evidence from time to time. He brought forward the motion because it was the desire of the Committee to submit certain evidence to the House without delay.—Mr. Jackson said that the Duke of Cumberland had, as Imperial Grand Master of certain lodges, issued 4,000 or 5,000 warrants; but that, if they were applied as had been represented, the proceeding had been contrary to the wish and intentions of the Royal Duke. They were never intended for the formation of lodges in the army. The motion was eventually agreed to, and the first report afterwards presented.—The Municipal Corporation Bill was read a third time and passed, after an animated debate, which terminated without a division.

July 21.—Several petitions were presented against the Irish Church Bill.—Lord Morpeth moved that the House resolve into a Committee on the Bill.—Sir R. Peel moved that it be an instruction to such Committee to separate the Bill; to confine that portion of it which regards the more effectual recovery of tithes to one Bill, and to embody what concerned a new appropriation of the property of the Church of Ireland in another Bill. He contended that if justice could prevail, his motion would be adopted; and deplored that there had been so much exaggeration on the subject of the revenues of the Irish Church. As to surplus, he declared that all the documents and reports of the Government proved the expectation to be visionary, and he therefore held that the pretence of a surplus was dishonest, and that the encouragement of the idea was only calculated to generate delusions, and to promote the undermining of the Protestant Establishment.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer resisted the motion, con-

tending that the object of the Right Hon. Baronet was not to divide the Bill, but to divide the House.—After a long discussion the House adjourned.

July 22.—The adjourned debate on the Irish Church Bill was resumed by Mr. Hume, who said if it were not passed the Irish Church must expect no more aid from the Parliament.—Mr. Goulburn and Sir J. Graham supported the proposition of Sir R. Peel, considering that the tithe question was a fit subject for legislation, and required some measure, but that the appropriation provisions ought to be separately considered.—Lord Howick spoke in favour of the whole Bill, and against any separation of it. He should prefer the rejection of the whole Bill rather than the separation.—On the motion of Mr. Brotherton the debate was again adjourned.

July 23.—The debate on the Irish Church Bill was again resumed. Mr. Ward spoke in favour of the Bill, and against the separation proposed by Sir R. Peel.—Sir R. Bateson strongly opposed the Bill, and supported Sir R. Peel's proposition.—Mr. Sheil supported the Bill at great length, as presenting the only hope of doing good to Ireland.—Lord Morpeth also supported the Bill.—Lord Stanley resisted the measure, and exposed the fallacy of the calculations of surplus, if the Protestant Establishment were to be maintained in Ireland.—Lord John Russell defended the Bill at some length, declaring that it had been brought forward most conscientiously, and after the fullest and most anxious consideration. He resisted the splitting of the Bill, and ridiculed the idea of collecting tithes, without an immense increase of our military force, or of the House being ready to enter into such a contest.—Mr. O'Connell concluded the debate, speaking strongly for the Bill.—The House then divided, when there appeared, for Sir R. Peel's proposition, 282; against it, 319; majority against it, 37.—The House then resolved into Committee, *pro forma*.

July 24.—Mr. G. Berkeley moved that the Committee appointed to consider the best plan for affording accommodation to ladies in the gallery be at liberty to make their report to the House, with a copy of the minutes of evidence taken before the Committee. Agreed to.—The Attorney-General brought in a Bill to regulate the Oaths and Declarations taken by Sheriffs in Cities and Counties, on entering upon office, which was read a first time.

## THE COLONIES.

### CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Papers from the Cape of Good Hope to the 13th of May, have been received. No decisive action had taken place with the Caffres for some time, and it was supposed that the confederacy of the insurgent chiefs had been broken up, as the enemy was no longer encountered in his former force, and no combined resistance was offered to the advance of the regular troops. The army, with the Governor at its head, continued to advance into the enemy's country, and had already passed the Kei river, and taken possession of the territories under the chief Hintza. About 18,000 head of cattle had been captured, and sent into the colony.

### EAST INDIES.

Orders had been received at Calcutta from the Court of Directors for the second distribution of the Deccan prize-money. The sums ordered to be paid amounted to twelve and a-half lacs of rupees, being for Bengal nearly 6½, for Madras, about 4, and for Bombay 2½ lacs.

### SYDNEY.

By an official document published by the Custom-house of Sydney, it appears that the exports of colonial produce during 1834 had increased.



in an astonishing manner, compared with the preceding year. The principal items of increase were in woollen articles to England, and provisions to Van Diemen's Land. The following are the details:—889,492 feet of cedar, estimated at 3125*l.*; butter and cheese, 2,578 cwt., 36,000*l.*; coals, 2024 tons, 825*l.*; cattle, 1826 head, 250*l.*; flour and biscuits, 536 tons, 8400*l.*; horses, 91, 400*l.*; maize, 22,000 bushels, 2200*l.*; salt provisions, 769 tons, 16,800*l.*; sheep, 862,200*l.*; soap, 225 cwt., 300*l.*; tobacco, 394 cwt., 1600*l.*; making a total value of 70,100*l.*

#### CEYLON.

A circular has been addressed by the Government to the merchants of Ceylon, stating that it is proposed to recommend the repeal of the tariff of export duties, and to substitute a general duty of two and a-half per cent. on all articles of export, except cinnamon and tobacco, exported to Travancore. It is also proposed therein to reduce the duty on cloth imported from India one-half; and it is stated to be considered desirable that the rate of duty should be, in general, five per cent. on imports from Europe, and, for the present, ten per cent. on imports from other places.

### FOREIGN STATES.

#### FRANCE.

The French papers give an account of the discovery of a plot to assassinate the King; and about twenty persons have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in it. Among these, is a man who has already been tried and acquitted of a similar offence.

#### SPAIN.

The accounts from the north of Spain describe the Carlist army in its retreat from before Bilbao to the Pretender's head-quarters at Onate, as in a state of complete disorganization. When some allowance is made for party colouring, this state of things may, perhaps, fairly be considered as a necessary condition of that sort of warfare in which the Basques are now engaged. Discouraged at once by the loss of their chief, by the consequent failure of the attempt on Bilbao, and by the threatened approach of hostile legions from France and England, it would have been inconsistent with all their past history had they remained in the open country under arms, to make head against the storm. They will doubtless retire, as heretofore, into their mountain fastnesses.

### BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

#### EDWARD (THE THIRD) LORD SUFFIELD.

THE death of this nobleman was the consequence of a fall from his horse on Tuesday, June 30, on his way to the House of Lords. It is remarkable that his Lordship had determined to go down to his seat, Gunton Park, in Norfolk, on the Friday preceding the accident, and to return in order to be present at the marriage of the Hon. Edward Harbord, his eldest son, with the Hon. Miss Gardner, which was to have taken place on the 20th of the past month. This resolution was changed in consequence of an earlier day being fixed, to prevent his Lordship's journeying. On the morning of the accident, he ordered his groom into the room during breakfast, and twice expressed his determination never again to ride the horse which occasioned his death. He at length, on the representation

of the man, consented to ride him for the last time ; it proved, indeed, the last.

In early life, Lord Suffield moved in the highest circles of fashion, and was distinguished for the polish of his manners, the energy of his character, and his skill in the manly exercises ; he was the fastest runner in England, with perhaps the exception of Lord Frederick Beauleek, for sixty yards. The same courage and enthusiasm which led to his pursuit of such pleasures was, however, early turned to the service of his country. He went abroad during Lord Castlereagh's administration, on a mission which partook both of a public and private nature, and he executed his task with fidelity and discretion. That Minister offered him his Private Secretaryship ; but the appointment did not take place. He sat in Parliament for Great Yarmouth and the borough of Shaftesbury.

He next devoted himself sedulously to the study of prison discipline, and was entrusted with the framing of the Bill for that purpose. He was amongst the most zealous and unwearied friends of the abolition of slavery. During the passage of the last measure through the House of Lords, he was the centre of communication with the London and Provincial Committees, and to his exertions the country owes much of the success that attended the plan. During the years in which he was thus employed in Parliament, he published several tracts on prison discipline, and also the best book extant on the game-laws. To him the nation is indebted for the abolition of spring-guns, and probably for the improvements in the late Game Act ; for there is the strongest reason to believe that Ministers were convinced by his pamphlet, and stimulated by his applications, to take up the question after it had failed in so many other hands.

Lord Suffield (then the Hon. E. Harbord) first appeared as the advocate of liberal measures in 1819, on the occasion of a public meeting held at Norwich, to petition for a Parliamentary inquiry into the transactions at Manchester. At that time, a large party of his friends, and hitherto political connexions, were assembled at Blickling, the seat of his brother—the Duke of Wellington, Colonel Wodehouse, and others. Resisting their most earnest entreaties and remonstrances, he appeared on the hustings, and spoke for the inquiry, professing, also, an entire independence of party. This occasioned a most serious breach with his family, and occasioned him a large subsequent pecuniary sacrifice : in a word, nothing could evince a more honourable or a more resolute determination to pursue a conscientious regard to what he deemed his duty.

On his brother's death, without issue, he acceded to the title and estate. His constituents at Shaftesbury, on this occasion, voted him a gold snuff-box, by a subscription limited to a guinea each person, and emanating from the opponents of the Grosvenor interest, on which he had been elected, in testimony of their approbation of his independent and *stainless* conduct in Parliament.

When he went to reside in Norfolk, he addressed himself, with the same characteristic enthusiasm, to the duties of his station. He rebuilt and repaired the farm-houses and cottages, added portions of land to each, and there are few villages to be compared with those on his estate for neatness and comfort. He enlarged the already spacious mansion, and adorned the park, which he first furnished with deer. He became Chairman of Sessions, and gave up his time to the business of his district. He was courteously accessible to all comers, and rarely declined to give his services wherever they could be useful. He instituted the Norfolk cricket-club, with a view to promote, by personal acquaintance, the harmony of the rising young men of the county. To this end, he gave an annual invitation to the club, who played a match at Gunton ; and during those days, he opened his halls to the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, giving balls and entertainments and rural sports to the whole vicinity. In the shoot-

ing season, the courts of his ample estate afforded sport to his large acquaintance, with whom he constantly filled his house from November till February. He was religious upon conviction, and without a particle of ostentation. He was sedulously attentive to the duties of a Christian: he read prayers daily to his household; and gave them, with the most unaffected piety, religious instruction. His charities were large, but silently distributed. In a single sentence, his whole thoughts were given to the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

His Lordship was twice married—first, to the Hon. Georgina Venables, only daughter of Lord Vernon, by whom he had two sons and a daughter; and, secondly, to Emily, daughter of Evelyn Shirley, Esq., of Easington Hall, Warwickshire, by whom he has several children, and who is now near confinement. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, the Hon. Edward Vernon Harbord, now Lord Suffield.

A horse seems to be fatal to this family. Lord Suffield's ancestor, John Harbord, returning from shooting, in his eightieth year, was killed on the spot, by his pony setting his foot into a rabbit-burrow, and falling, within a few hundred paces of the house.

#### CHARLES MATHEWS.

Charles Mathews was the son of a bookseller, at No. 18, Strand, where he was born on the 28th of June, 1776. He would therefore have attained his 59th year had he lived a day longer. Mr. Mathews was apprenticed to his father, but at an early period he imbibed a predilection for the sock and buskin, and his first attempt before an audience was made at the Richmond theatre, where he played Richmond in "Richard the Third." He, however, soon abandoned Melpomene for Thalia, and his first engagement was at Dublin, where he appeared in his favourite part of Lingo, in the "Agreeable Surprise." He afterwards joined the York company, under the noted Tate Wilkinson. Mr. Mathews's *début* on the London boards was on May 15, 1803, at the Haymarket theatre, in the character of Jabel, in Cumberland's comedy of "The Jew." It was in consequence of some neglect of his powers by the managers of the large houses that Mr. Mathews undertook his series of entertainments at the Old English Opera-house, familiarly known by the appellation of "At Home." His success was immense, and year after year witnessed crowds of laughter-loving faces to behold the mimic depicter of the manners and characters of the day. He repeated his *soirées* with unprecedented attraction at all the theatres in the united kingdom, and has had the honour of giving his entertainments before royalty at private parties. Mr. Mathews took a trip to the United States, where he was equally popular, and the fruits of his voyage were afterwards manifested in his "Trip to America." It was affirmed that he would not dare to cross the Atlantic again, after his vivid sketches of our Transatlantic brethren, but he formed a just estimate of his hold over the risible faculties of the Americans. He paid a second visit, and, after a slight opposition, which he put down at once in a very able and manly address, his career was as enthusiastic as heretofore. The change of climate and the severity of the voyage out and home shattered a constitution weakened from very arduous exertions, and we may say that he but reached the shores which gave him breath to go to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns." The disease of which he died was ossification of the heart, under which he had laboured for years, and which accounted for the nervous irritability of his temperament during his lifetime. Mr. Mathews's connexion with Mr. Yates in the Adelphi theatre is, of course, well known, but he only performed for the first two seasons, and took no part in the management afterwards. Mr. Yates took to the stage by the advice of his deceased partner, and it is somewhat remarkable that these two actors, possessing in so eminent a degree the *vis comica*, enacted Othello and Iago together in Liverpool. Mr. Mathews bore a very high character in private life, and his circle of acquaintance

included some of the leading rank and fashion of the day. At one time he possessed a very fine gallery of theatrical pictures, which were disposed of a short time since. Of his merit as an actor it would be a work of supererogation to speak. Few men have enjoyed a more deserved and more lasting popularity. If private worth, an unblemished and unimpeachable reputation, and talents of the highest order as a comedian, are a passport for fame and immortality, then will the name of Charles Matthews be recorded in the annals of the stage as one of its brightest ornaments.—*Standard*.

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married*—Sir W. R. P. Geary, Bart., M.P., of Oxon-henth, Kent, to Louisa, daughter of the late Hon Charles Andrew Bruce.

At St. George's Church, the Hon G. H. Cavendish, brother of the Earl of Burlington, to Lady Louisa Lascelles, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Harewood.

At Fordhook, the residence of Lady Noel Byron, the Right Hon. Lord King, to the Hon. Augusta Ada, only daughter of the late Lord Byron.

At Bere Regis, Charles James Radclyffe, Esq., late of the 5th Dragoon Guards, of Hewish House, Dorset, and second son of Robert Radclyffe, Esq., of Foxenton Hall, Lancashire, to Anna Maria, only daughter of the late Robert Ekins Lillington, Esq., of Stockley, Dorset.

At St. Marylebone Church, Winthrop Praed, Esq. M.P., to Helen, youngest daughter of the late George Bogle, Esq.

At Ansty, Fulwar Skipwith, Esq., third son of Sir G. Skipwith, Bart., of Newbold Hall, Warwickshire, to Mary Philadelphia, eldest daughter of the Rev. T. C. Adams, of Ansty, near Coventry.

At St. James's, Lord Arthur Lennox, brother to the Duke of Richmond, to Miss A. Campbell, daughter of Lady Charlotte Bury, and sister to Lady Tullamore.

Lord George Paulet, Captain, R.N., third son of the Marquess of Winchester, to Georgina, daughter of the late General Sir George Wood.

The Hon. James Hewett, son of Viscount Lifford, to the Lady Mary Acheson, daughter of the Earl of Gosford.

*Died*—At Enson Pen, near Spanish Town, Jamaica, Dorothy, the lamented wife of the Honourable Curtis Philip Berry.

At Belvidera Estate, in the Island of Jamaica, the Hon. George Cuthbert, President of the Council of that island.

At Chamarande, near Paris, Thomas Richd. Underwood, Esq., formerly of London, in his 64th year.

Lewis Allsopp Lowdham, Esq., Solicitor to his Majesty's Duchy of Cornwall, and Secretary of Lunatics to the Lords Commissioners for the Custody of the Great Seal.

Charles Ward, Esq., aged 65, Accountant of Bye and Cross Roads Letters, in which office he had served nearly fifty years.

Mr. Benjamin Marshall, the celebrated Animal Portrait Painter, in his 63th year.

At Wotton-under-Edge, in his 71st year, Henry Winchcombe Dyer, Esq.

At Lymington, James Fraser, Esq., of the Madras Civil Service.

Aged 33, Eugene Nugent, Esq., a gentleman of considerable literary eminence. He was a contributor to the "New Monthly," "Lardner's Cyclopaedia," &c.

Aged 94, the relict of Gen. Twiss, of the Royal Engineers.

Caroline Reid, daughter of Wm. Fielden, Esq., M.P. for Blackburne.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

### IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

#### LONDON.

*The Steamers*.—An arrangement has been entered into between the Lord Mayor, the Harbour-master, and the Watermen's Company, by which those masters and conductors of steamers who may navigate their vessels in a manner calculated to endanger the public safety will be made to answer for the offence. Responsible persons are stationed at the London-bridge Wharf, St. Katherine's, Shadwell, and Limehouse Hole, who have instructions to take down the names of all steamers passing up and down the river, and the exact time at

which they go by the several spots above named. A report is to be made weekly to the Lord Mayor, and the captains of those steamers who have been found to navigate their vessels at a greater rate or speed than five miles an hour between London and Greenwich, will be proceeded against at the Thames Police-office by summons or information, for the recovery of penalties; and in the event of repeating the offence, prosecuted by indictment.

The receipts of the St. Katherine's Docks for the past half-year, were greater than during any previous six

months. In the first half-year of 1834, 2180 ships entered the port of London, tonnage, 404,103. In the half-year just concluded, 2138 ships entered, tonnage 392,419, showing a decrease in the past half-year, as compared with the corresponding half-year of 1834, of 42 ships, tonnage 11,645. The ships which entered the St. Katherine's Docks in the half-year just concluded were 195, tonnage 51,822, showing an increase in 1835 of 7139 tons. A dividend of 1½ per cent was declared.

#### CORNWALL.

*Tribute to the Landers.*—The foundation stone of the column to commemorate the indefatigable exertions of the brothers, Richard and John Lander, and to record the untimely fate of the former, who was murdered by the natives in this recent expedition to the Quorra, has been laid at Truro, with Masonic honours, on Tuesday week. The ceremony was highly imposing. All the respectability and wealth of Truro and the neighbouring towns were present, to witness the interesting scene.

#### LANCASTER.

The "London Gazette" contained an order in council directing that the assizes and sessions held under commissions of gaol delivery, and other commissions for the despatch of civil and criminal business, for the County Palatine of Lancaster, heretofore holden at Lancaster, shall be hereafter holden, on the same circuit, both at Lancaster and Liverpool, in the said County Palatine.

#### NORFOLK.

A company has been formed in Norwich for rearing silk-worms. They are possessed of 120,000 of these valuable insects, in a most healthy state, and have planted 1000 mulberry trees for future provision. In the mean time contributions of mulberry leaves have been liberally afforded by many gentlemen who are desirous of encouraging the undertaking.

#### WALES.

*Roman Coins.*—A tremendous thunder-storm laid open to view in one of the small valleys near the Middle Bank Copper Works, a pot or urn of Roman coins, consisting of Victorinus, Gallie-

nus, Claudius, Gothicus, Tetricus, Tetricus Cæsar, Posthumus, Quintilius, Marius, and Salonia, many of them in perfect preservation. Mr. G. G. Francis, of Swansea, has upwards of 130 in his possession, and we are informed it is his intention to deposit them in the Swansea Museum. The vessel containing them was of an oval form, about eight inches long, four inches wide, and four deep, but it was unfortunately broken either by the rolling stones, or the persons who first discovered it.—*The Cambrian.*

#### WILTSHIRE.

The "Gazette" has contained an order in council directing that the assizes and sessions held under commissions of gaol delivery, and other commissions for the despatch of civil and criminal business, for the county of Wilts, heretofore holden at Salisbury, shall be hereafter holden alternately at Salisbury and Devizes; that is to say, on the summer circuit at Devizes, and on the spring circuit at Salisbury.

#### IRELAND.

The Committee to inquire into the nature and duties of the Board of Public Works in Ireland are still prosecuting their inquiry. There is no doubt that, in addition to the sum of 500,000*l.* to be issued by way of loan, a grant of 50,000*l.* will be made for the purpose of forwarding public works in Ireland. It is understood that Government will recommend that a sum of 75,000*l.* be granted for the purpose of rendering the Shannon navigable.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

The accounts from Ireland respecting the destitute condition of the peasantry, are perfectly appalling. In Dublin alone, it is computed that there are 40,000 persons absolutely without resources; and in one parish (that of St. Martin's), out of 24,000 inhabitants, 18,000 are paupers!—The Irish Government has directed the purchase of a large quantity of potatoes, which are to be immediately issued to the starving population of Mayo by the coast guard establishment. The Dublin people are already making preparations for the annual visit this year of the Scientific Society. The Provost and Fellows of Trinity College are engaged in the preliminary arrangements.

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